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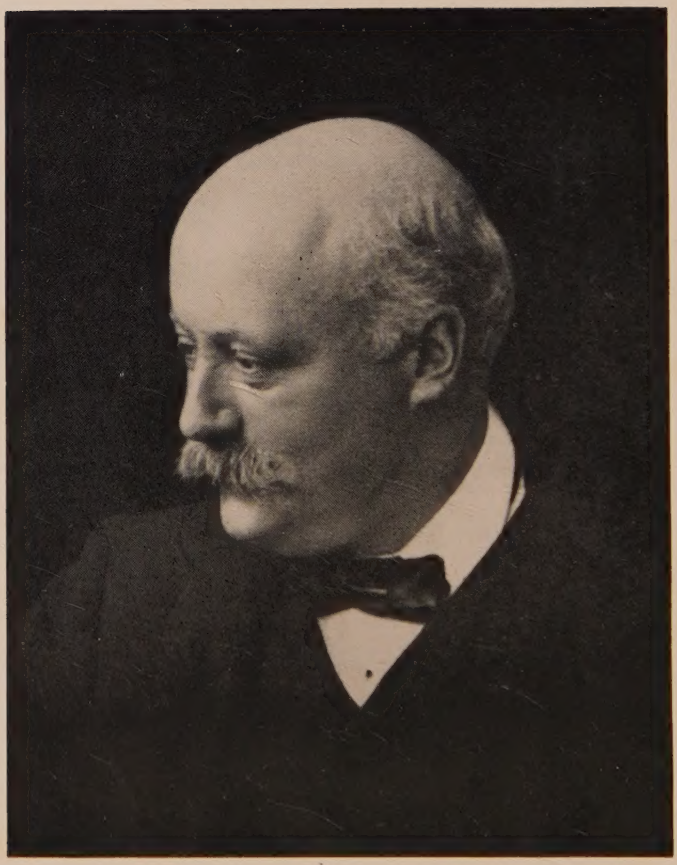
HIS LIFE AND WORKS



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HUBERT PARRY, 1898.

From a Photograph by Histed.

Frontispiece.

HUBERT PARRY

HIS LIFE AND WORKS

BY

CHARLES L. GRAVES

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1926

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CHAPTER IX

THE YEARS OF MAXIMUM EFFORT · NEW BURDENS AT HIGHNAM AND OXFORD · MUSIC AND MANAGEMENT

From 1895 onward Hubert Parry's diaries become for the greater part engagement books recording the name of every one he has seen in the course of the day. The diary for 1895 ceases altogether in October, and though subsequent volumes at this period enable one to realize the constant pressure of his work, they contain, apart from references to correcting proofs and band parts, hardly any indication that he wrote a note of music. Performances of new works are briefly noticed—works written, when he was in London, between 10 and 11 A.M. or after 10 P.M., and, when at Highnam, in intervals sandwiched between business talks with his bailiff, interviews with his tenants, attendance on the Bench, audit dinners, etc.

On the death of his stepmother, Mrs. Gambier-Parry, in May 1896, he inherited the Highnam estate, but did not reside there until the following December. In the previous year his brother-in-law, Lord Pembroke, so often his host at Wilton and during yachting excursions in the *Black Pearl*, died at the age of forty-five—a man of great gifts and charm, whose capacity for valuable public service was hampered by delicate health. How deeply Hubert Parry felt his loss is shown by a letter to Mr. W. S. Hannam:

"R.C.M., *June* 13, 1895.

"It was a very sad case indeed: mixed up with almost tragic circumstances. And to us specially it is the greatest loss, as my wife was his specially favourite sister, and my

children were almost daughters to him, as he had none of his own. They feel it very much. I don't think the world will ever be the same to them again."

He was then engaged on a setting of Dr. Robert Bridges' *Invocation to Music*, and had already written all but the last three numbers. The Dirge, as he told Mr. Hannam afterwards, was in memory of Lord Pembroke. Dr. Bridges was not entirely satisfied with all of his Ode, but Parry writes in a later letter: "I am most thankful for the parts in which he turned out such noble lines and thoughts as in the Dirge". The *Invocation to Music* was specially written in honour of the bi-centenary of Henry Purcell, and performed at the Leeds Festival in October 1895. The chorus was magnificent: though in the opinion of Mr. Hannam and other judges it fell short of the wonderful reconstituted chorus of 1892, trained by Alfred Broughton (who died prematurely in the summer of 1895) for Leeds, Henry Coates for Bradford, J. W. Bowling for Huddersfield, Henry Garland for Halifax, and G. H. Hirst —who afterwards was indefatigable in spreading the cult of Parry's music in Yorkshire—for Dewsbury.

Of the Yorkshire musical centres, Leeds occupied the first place in Parry's affections, but Sheffield ran it close. The correspondence, beginning in 1889 and extending over twenty-five years, with Dr. Henry Coward, the veteran conductor of the Sheffield Musical Union, affords a remarkable testimony to Dr. Coward's great qualities as a choir trainer, his untiring devotion to his art, and the splendid efficiency of his noble chorus. Most of Parry's large choral works were given by Dr. Coward. The *Sirens*, *Job* and *Judith* were performed frequently at Sheffield or Huddersfield, and Parry speaks of the Sheffield singers being "tremendously splendid in *De Profundis*" in 1892. In 1890 he gratefully acknowledges the charming address they sent him, with an appropriate memento in the shape of a case of Sheffield razors and a knife, welcome to one who always retained his boyish delight in knives. After 1900, in which year Dr. Coward started a professional orchestra, many of Parry's instrumental works were performed in Sheffield.

It was in the same year that Parry suggested a visit by the Sheffield Choir to the Paris Exhibition. Later letters refer to the fine performance by the Sheffield Choir of the *Sirens* in London in 1910, and the repetition of *Job* in 1913 impels him to declare that some of the best of the good times of his life had been spent with Dr. Coward at Sheffield.

The Royal College, as he remarks in one of his letters to Mr. Hannam, was a tremendous "nest of work", a "constant drive from morning till night"; and the following record is typical of the way in which a great part of his day was spent in 1896:

"Up to College soon after 11 A.M. Mrs. —— about the domestic servants' arrangements for the holidays. —— about the fall in his fees for the year. —— about his father having committed suicide. —— about the Clifton appointment. Miss —— about her sister starting a lodging-house. Mrs. —— about her son. —— about leaving before the end of the term. Miss —— about the testimonial. Miss —— with doctor's certificate. Mrs. —— about her son taking up music as a profession. —— about Dewsbury affairs. The American violinist —— to lunch. Miss —— about engagements as teacher. Arrangements about 2nd Study Concert. —— about getting off ensemble class."

Laborious days of this sort certainly lend point to Sir William Richmond's remonstrance; they also help to explain Parry's impatience with the sophisticated conversation of "Souls" and smart intellectuals. On February 8, 1896, he writes in his diary: "Dined with Lady Elcho, Burne-Jones and Lady B.-J., Arthur Balfour, Asquith, the Horners, Evan Charteris, Haldane, Godfrey Webb, etc. Conversation very artificial. A sort of business." As Sir Henry Hadow reminds us, Parry held that "every great artist is serious at heart", and though his laughter was irresistible he never forgot that "if fun is good, truth is better, and love best of all". No new musical works from his pen were produced in 1896, but his *Art of Music* was republished this year in an enlarged form as *The Evolution of the Art of Music*, and several of his more important choral works were given in the provinces

and in London. The performance of *Job* on March 20 by the Newcastle and Gateshead Choir, " a splendid lot of voices, 400 strong, and very well trained by Mr. Preston ", was altogether satisfactory, and Parry was much moved by the cordiality of his reception :

" After the rehearsal was over one of the men stepped down and made a speech, calling for three cheers for me. ' We can't give him the Freedom of the City, but we can give him our hearts ', and he quoted a letter from a lady who said that she regretted extremely being unable again to meet that ' grand man '—very gratifying to my vanity."

He came back to London from Newcastle by steamer, " a very grubby turn-out indeed and very second-rate company ". No grog was to be had on board, and he shared a cabin and one towel with three roughish boys. But the fine weather made up for these discomforts, and " coming up the Thames was lovely with crowds of tan-sailed barges glowing in the evening sunlight ". He also attended the performances of *Job* at Sheffield on October 13 and at Bristol on the 16th. He actually managed, emulating Sir Boyle Roche's bird, to be present at rehearsals at both places on the same day—the 12th. The Sheffield chorus was " marvellous " and " unsurpassable ", and " charmingly wild in their enthusiasm after the concert was over ". At Bristol he got through better than he feared, though the chorus were " very heavy to drag along. But Harry [Plunket Greene] and Ben Davies and the band were all right." In the same year *Saul* was given at Bradford, *St. Cecilia* at Oxford, and *The Lotos-Eaters* by the Bach Choir in London.

The manor and lands of Highnam—or Hynam, as it was formerly spelt—where Hubert Parry took up his residence at the close of 1896, belonged originally to the Abbey of Gloucester, but were granted to John Arnold in the thirty-third year of Henry VIII.'s reign. Highnam was held by the Arnold family for three generations in the male line, and then twice by heiresses : the first married Thomas Lucy of Charlcot House ; the second (their daughter)



HIGHNAM COURT.

To face page 4.

became the wife of Sir William Cook of Giddy Hall, Essex. His son and heir, Sir Robert Cook, married (1) Dorothy Fleetwood, (2) the widow of George Herbert the poet and daughter of Charles Danvers of Baynton, Wilts, who carried with her many of Herbert's writings to Highnam, where they were burnt, together with the house, after its siege and capture by the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller in the year 1643. Sir Robert Cook died in 1648; his wife, who survived him several years, was buried at Highnam. William Cook, a son by his father's first marriage, succeeded to the estate and rebuilt Highnam Court in the reign of Charles II. The architect's name is not known, but he is believed to have been a pupil of Inigo Jones. William Cook was living at Highnam in 1675, and the property remained in the Cook family until the younger of the two co-heiresses of Edward Cook married Henry Guise of Elmore. They bought out the elder sister, and the Guise family possessed Highnam for about a hundred years, until they sold it in 1837 to Thomas Gambier-Parry.

The house stands about two miles north-west of Gloucester, and the estate, bounded on the east by the River Severn, including the holdings in the adjoining parishes of Churcham and Dymock, now occupies 2400 acres, of which rather more than three-quarters are leased to eight tenant farmers, averaging 240 acres apiece. There are also several other lettings, including the well-known Dog Inn at Over and about fifty-five cottages and lodges, chiefly occupied by workmen employed on the estate, pensioners, and workmen employed by the tenant farmers. The whole estate is "heavily timbered"; of the Highnam estate proper, just a quarter is occupied by woods and parks. Mr. Thomas Gambier-Parry created the Pinetum, the chief glory of Highnam, where he planted many rare specimens of conifers; but the Pinetum area—about 9 acres—includes some splendid old Spanish chestnuts, one, in particular, of remarkable shape and growth. The two great elms, "Gog and Magog", standing near the front entrance, were also held by his son in especial affection.

The ties that bound Hubert Parry to Highnam had always been close and personal. He knew every man, woman and child on the estate. John Sowray, a Yorkshireman who came to Highnam in 1866, and had been his father's trusted bailiff for many years, rendered the same faithful services to Hubert till his death in 1904. Sowray was a man of sterling character, greatly respected throughout the countryside, and those of us who often stayed at Highnam will remember the affection with which our host always spoke of him, and the grief he felt at his loss. The family connexion, however, was maintained by the marriage of Sowray's daughter to Mr. Alfred Eels, his successor and equal in devotion to and admiration of his employer. Hardly a week passed, when Parry was away, without a report from Highnam. Of his life when he was in residence Mr. Eels gives me many characteristic details :

" He was on the best of terms with his tenants, and a very generous landlord. . . . Whatever the time of the year or the weather he was very fond of walking in the woods—especially the plantation of Spanish chestnuts near the Pinetum known as Sandy Hill, about the highest point in Highnam, and so called from the red sandy soil. The plantation contains about 600 clean, well-grown trees, and here he liked to stand and listen to the wind whispering through the leaves. From the Pinetum itself there are fine views looking over the woods to Gloucester and the Cathedral ; and another from the seat under the Deodara-cedar, looking west over Churcham and right away to the Forest of Dean beyond."

Along with his love of trees, some of which inspired him with a sort of personal affection, and his pride in the garden and its flowers, Hubert Parry was a close observer of bird life :

" Whenever he heard the cuckoo he used to take out his tuning-fork and make a note of the pitch and the interval. One year when he did not expect to be at Highnam during the cuckoo's visit, he asked my wife to listen for him, take the notes on the piano and record them for him with the dates. On one occasion he was anxious

to get the tune of an old song—I think it was called ' The Old Goose '—which was sung by George Blakemore, one of the oldest workmen on the estate. But as the man declared that he could not sing it while Sir Hubert was looking at him, they went into the mushroom-house, shut the door, and the song was sung in total darkness, the notes being taken down immediately afterwards."

In the year 1897 Hubert Parry was for a while immersed in business matters connected with the estate, the Parish Council, etc. Attendance at church revived his old antagonism to Anglican ritual, and it made him "squirm to hear all these people complacently call themselves ' miserable sinners ' ". In the spring he had been sworn in as a J.P. at Gloucester, and thenceforward sat on the Bench when in residence at Highnam. This was the year of the Diamond Jubilee, and he attended the special service in St. Paul's on June 22. Having been directed to take up his position by Sir George Martin's conducting desk, just behind the officiating clergy, he saw all the proceedings to the greatest advantage, specially noting " the glorious procession of many nationalities, the cheeriness of the Queen and her pleasure in the choir boys, the asinine behaviour of the Lord Mayor ", and the admirable dignity with which Sir George Martin behaved throughout. In July the Jubilee celebrations at Highnam were combined with the festivities in commemoration of his own silver wedding. Hubert Parry was in his element superintending all the multifarious preparations for the feast, races in the park, the tenants' dinner, and buying cigars and fireworks. Everybody was happy and the weather splendid. His Silver Wedding party included Miss Kitty Ramsay (now the Duchess of Atholl), Lady Valda Gleichen, Miss Susan Lushington, Plunket Greene, Spencer Lyttelton, Eddie Hamilton, Lionel Benson and the Robin Bensons, and they were all very merry.

The musical chronicle of the year opens with a reference on February 3 to the preliminary examination for scholarships at the R.C.M. " First to St. Paul's, Kensington, for the organ. Then to Paddington where there was a most

promising pianist boy." This was none other than Mr. Harold Samuel, who has since more than fulfilled his early promise by developing into the foremost living British interpreter of Bach on the piano. On March 27 we read in Parry's diary that he took his daughters to the Lamoureux concert, " where we had some flimsy French foolishness—by Vincent d'Indy, Charpentier and Berlioz—and Wagner, affectedly played, a poor turn-out altogether ". Towards modern French music Parry was seldom sympathetic. On the other hand, his admiration for Brahms had grown steadily with advancing years, and in the address to his pupils delivered at the opening of the summer term, he speaks of Brahms's death as an overwhelming loss, though it left them the comfort of " heroic work heroically done—a noble life lived out in untainted devotion to generous ideals ". He notes in his diary that he was " too much overcome in talking about Brahms " ; but the address, printed in the collection edited by Mr. Colles, is a notable tribute to " the last of the great German heroes of musical art ; the greatest and most noble member of the brotherhood of artists of our time ". Nor was he content with the homage of words : on May 29 he speaks of " taking every moment to get on with the orchestral Elegy for Brahms ". This Elegy was never published, but after Parry's death was revised by Sir Charles Stanford and performed at the Memorial Concert, in November 1918, at the Royal College of Music.

Parry's " characteristic Variations " for orchestra, in E minor, were given for the first time at the Philharmonic concert on June 3. " The band played up like bricks and it went capitally." On the same night he went on to the concert of the " Magpie Minstrels ", the Madrigal Society conducted by his friend Lionel Benson, but was not satisfied with the *tempi* adopted in the performance of his part-songs. Several of his finest compositions in this *genre*, in which he especially excelled, were written for and dedicated to this Society, and to the present writer, as no doubt to many other Magpies, some of their happiest memories are associated with their rehearsal and perform-

ance.[1] Another new work, the *Magnificat*, for soprano solo, choir and orchestra, was produced at the Hereford Festival in September, and " went very well " with Miss Anna Williams as soloist : " the chorus sang up splendidly ". *Job* had been given at the Albert Hall in March, but the audience were tired out before it came on after Spohr's *Last Judgment* ; " everybody drifted out and the whole effect of the performance was ruined ". Amends were made, however, at Birmingham, where the same work was given on October 8, and, after a fine performance, Richter was most sympathetic. " He praised the score very warmly, said it was wonderful, and we had an affectionate hug." *Job* was also given at Hull in November, followed by " a long supper in my honour, and extravagant complimentary speeches " ; and on December 4 the Orchestral Variations were well played at Liverpool, though " people didn't care about them much ".

In 1898, as we have already noted, Hubert Parry was knighted ; he had been puzzled by receiving congratulations before he saw his name in the Honours List, and observes that it must have been sent in before his acceptance was received. His investiture passed off quite pleasantly on July 13, his brother-in-law Sidney, Lord Pembroke, having taken him kindly under his wing. And the satisfaction of his friends reconciled him to a distinction about which he had no illusions, as may be gathered from a letter written in acknowledging congratulations :

" It was no doubt considered advisable that the *status* of the head of the R.C.M. should be of the same sort as the head of the R.A.M. I made such investigations as I could to find out how my declining would be taken, and they were not encouraging. But I didn't do it out of any idea that it wasn't fully up to my deserts, but rather because titles of this sort are apt to distract certain kinds of minds from judging a man as he is, and hinder them from estimating him at what he is really worth. However I suppose I shall have to make the best of it."

[1] Novello published three books of 4-part and 6-part songs this year, in which the words were chosen from Elizabethan song-books and modern lyrics.

An event of far greater importance in his life, as he viewed it, associated with this year was the marriage of his elder daughter to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who had distinguished himself greatly, while an undergraduate at Balliol, in the performance of the *Frogs* in 1892. As he was now in the Diplomatic Service and attached to the Legation at Copenhagen, Parry felt the severance keenly, though confident in the future. The wedding, which took place on April 12, was at St. Mary Abbot's, where the well-beloved Henry Bird was organist. So Sir Charles Stanford, writing from Biarritz on April 13 to express his regret at not being present, says : " I'd have liked to play the march from the *Birds* for her : but I suppose Bird played them himself, which was appropriate ". On June 1 Parry wrote to Mr. Jenkinson :

" Dolly seems to be happy at Copenhagen, and her good man is a thoroughly good man, so we ought to be happy, but she is a terrible loss to us."

The separation did not last long, for Parry paid his daughter and son-in-law a visit in August. The sea voyage brought him an unprecedented experience, for he writes in his diary on ship-board on August 7 : " Rolling about rather. Being out of sorts and overdone was actually seasick for the first time in my life."

The *Song of Darkness and Light*, to words by Robert Bridges, produced at the Gloucester Festival on September 15, was the only new work given in 1898, and " went very well, barring Ella Russell's going off the rails ". Parry adds the familiar comment : " People seemed to like it ". But there are few notices of his own music in this year's diary. He notes with natural satisfaction the high opinion which Joachim, a severe and not at all sympathetic critic of his work, had expressed of his Orchestral Variations, and records the " Parry Concert " given at Newbury on April 18, when the programme was entirely composed of his music, and the London contingent went out in the middle of the *Sirens* to catch their train, leaving the composer without trombones, horns, or principal trumpet.

He also gives a brief but highly diverting account of the performance of Bach's triple Concerto by Mlle. Janotha, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Craigie. The rehearsal on June 11 was made the occasion for photographing the performers, including Janotha's cat and ikon, about which she was very anxious. The Concerto went pretty fairly at the concert, " Lady Randolph pounding along, Mrs. Craigie gently helping in the background, and Janotha looking like a war-horse ". Parry may not have thought Mrs. Craigie a great pianist, but he admired her delicate and distinguished talent as a novelist, and wrote an overture and incidental music for her play *A Repentance*, which was produced early in the following year.

Of educational reforms in connexion with music, few were nearer his heart than the maintenance of a high standard in regard to degrees, and especially at Oxford:

(*To C. H. Lloyd*)

"R.C.M., *October* 11, 1898.

" About the reforms in the method of granting degrees I am very keen, and I think it a deadly mistake on the part of the profession to oppose it. It's all for their good. Why should a place like Oxford grant degrees wholesale to the rank and file of the profession, for just a fee and an examination? Their being in no real sense University men only maintains the old prejudice that musical men are an inferior caste. There are plenty of places for them to go to and get degrees and diplomas—Dublin, London, Durham. Oxford ought to show something that more definitely belongs to the place. The degree is granted too easily now, and lets in much too much of very second-rate rank and file. I don't pretend that the actual details of the scheme may not be advantageously reconsidered, but the principles seem to me essentially good. I don't think an exercise is sufficient by itself to pass for the Mus.Doc. There ought to be several works submitted, to cover more ground, as at Cambridge."

On the same date he wrote in precisely similar terms to Sir Charles Stanford. Sir Henry Hadow's proposal that

the Mus.Bac. degree should entail residence and (to aid impecunious students) that the R.C.M. should put into operation its power of granting degrees met with Parry's sympathy. It was, however, thrown out by the Hebdomadal Council. Parry expressed his regret at its defeat in a letter to Sir Henry Hadow in November, and repeated his criticisms of the existing system:

"I am always trying to bring the tests and questions up to date as much as possible, and we will go on doing that. But you will never prevent 'scugs' and mechanic and plodding duffers getting degrees as long as exams. and technique are the only tests required."

The diary for 1899 contains only the briefest entries, one of which is typical: "Work from morning to night incessantly, generally beginning directly after breakfast and going on till after 6.30 P.M. Then coming home for dinner and working after M. went to bed till near 12." Writing to Mr. Hannam on April 5, "in the midst of endeavouring to sit sedate at Quarter Sessions", he speaks of a visit to Leeds, but decides to stop at the Queen's Hotel "to keep as quiet as possible, for I am quite utterly at the heaviest strain I can stand". Early in the year he had a correspondence with Herbert Spencer, who consulted him about a "domestic musician" whom he wished to secure, and sent selected applications for Parry to pronounce upon. Herbert Spencer ultimately engaged a young lady through advertisement, while cordially acknowledging the immense amount of trouble Parry had taken in the matter.

In May his younger daughter became engaged to Mr. Plunket Greene, and in acknowledging Mr. Jenkinson's congratulations he writes on June 1: "She is radiantly happy and he seems no less so. He is a fine tower of strength to bring into the family. I hope he won't take her quite so far away as Dolly is." The wedding took place at Highnam on July 20, and "all passed off quite simply in the loveliest weather possible".

Hubert Parry had attended an Eisteddfod in April—his first experience of these gatherings—but did not find it

" very restful ", and on June 9, acknowledging the gift of a " lovely little book "—an edition of Horace—from Mr. Hannam, speaks of being " absurdly overdone " :

" Things go on piling up in such a way that I'm almost distracted. The book is quite a little treasure and so beautifully printed that though my eyes are wearing out I can read it without glasses. It will be a charming incitement to rub up my recollections of the amiable embodiment of poetical common sense; and to remember you and all your kindness whenever I read it."

Parry could appreciate the urbanity of Horace, but he looked to poetry for something more than common sense, and he seldom quoted the Latin poets. They never fired his imagination as the Greek tragedians or Aristophanes or even the writers of the Greek Anthology did.

In January he had visited the Scilly Islands and enjoyed his brief spell there " beyond description " ; and in August, after a heavy grind at exercises for the Oxford degrees, " the heaviest supply ever sent in ", he profited by an easterly wind and went over with his brother Sidney to the Channel Islands for a few days, visiting " beloved little Sark with much good luck and delight " :

(*To Sir Walter Parratt*)

" Rustington, *August* 21, 1899.

" It was just heavenly at Sark. It is one of the most lovable little islands I know : ruggedness and colour and situation make it quite romantic. . . . Ask that ship-lore-wise son of yours what line the *Goth* and *Guelph* belong to. I came across them last week and could not make them out."

A week later he offers to place his yacht at the disposal of Sir Walter and his son Geoffrey for a fortnight from September 2 : " There's room for three and for her size she's very comfortable ". In the same letter he asks Parratt to run his eye over the proof of " Who shall dwell with greatness ? "—Parry's contribution, in the form of a

5-part song, to words by Austin Dobson, to the Album of Choral Songs in honour of Queen Victoria—in case he had overlooked anything, especially in stops or wording, as he hadn't any copy of the poem with him. This, as Sir Walter told me, was characteristic of his method, which was to learn the poem by heart. When it came to writing it out, he did so from memory, with results that were seldom accurate. This appears to have been the only new composition published in 1899, but many of his works were performed during the year, mostly in the provinces—*De Profundis* at Cambridge and Dublin; *Saul* at Belfast and Sheffield; the *Sirens* at Worcester and *Darkness and Light* at Norwich. *Prometheus* was revived by the Bach Choir in London, and a "Parry concert" was held at Richmond.

At the close of the year, on the retirement of Sir John Stainer from the post of Professor of Music to the University of Oxford, Parry was appointed as his successor. The satisfaction felt at Oxford is happily expressed in the letter which he received early in December from his old friend Henry Pelham, his contemporary at Exeter and now President of Trinity College, a fine historian, a great gentleman and a perfect Head of a House:

"I cannot say how pleased we all are to see you at last, where you should be, at the head of Oxford music and musicians. It is splendid."

Pelham, it should be explained, had strongly urged Parry to stand for the professorship in 1889 on the death of Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley. The situation was then rather difficult, for while Parry was assured of strong support, it was not clear whether Sir John Stainer would accept the post—he had already given up his organistship at St. Paul's owing to defective eyesight. In April 1889 Parry wrote to Stainer urging him to accept, as the only man who had a chance of doing any good, and saying that he (Parry) would be delighted to be his Choragus. But Stainer's decision remained in abeyance for more than a month, and Parry, not liking to disregard the efforts of

his supporters or seem to regard the post as negligible, went so far as to send a copy of his application to his friend Dr. Charles Lloyd. If Stainer would accept, he would welcome the appointment of one who was not only his senior and an old, dear and much respected friend, but a first-rate musician and already an Oxford resident. If not, Parry would be sorry to give the impression that he was either careless of such a distinction or unwilling to face the labours and responsibilities attached to it. The knot was unravelled a few days later by a chance meeting with Stainer at Gloucester station, at which Stainer told Parry that his eyes were much better and that he was quite willing to accept the professorship. In the circumstances Parry decided that it would be both ungenerous and impolitic to stand against him. A contest might result in splitting the vote and bringing in an undesirable candidate. Sir John Stainer's election, it may be added, made no difference whatever in the harmonious and affectionate relations of the two men to the close of the life of the elder. Parry frequently stayed with Stainer at Oxford and never failed to speak of the kindliness and sympathy of his host and predecessor in the professorship which Parry held till 1908. Sir Walter Parratt then succeeded to the post and after ten years was followed by Sir Hugh Allen. The services which Ouseley, Stainer, Parratt and Parry rendered to Oxford music are concisely summed up in some notes on " music at the Universities " by Sir Hugh Allen, read in his absence at a meeting of the Musical Association on April 25, 1922 :

" The renaissance of Oxford music began with Ouseley's appointment as Professor. He reorganized the whole business of degrees. His position at the University gave a great fillip to music and made people believe that a gentleman might have to do with music without being defiled."

To this statement it may be added that, as a fellow-examiner with Ouseley for a good many years, Hubert Parry lent him the most vigorous support in maintaining a high standard. Also that in raising the status of the

professional musician Parry had even greater difficulties to contend with and exerted a wider and more enduring influence.

Sir Hugh Allen goes on to say that the rest of the nineteenth century, so far as it concerned Oxford music, is too well known to need writing about, but that two or three points stand out :

> " (1) Stainer brought a new standard of values to Oxford chapel performances.
>
> " (2) Parratt made it the Mecca of all organ playing, and eventually through his teaching made English organ playing the finest in the world.
>
> " (3) Parry gave the distinction to his professorship of the finest musicianship and scholarship that any University ever had. The Greek Plays owe everything to him at Oxford, and a good deal at Cambridge."

This tribute is generous and substantially true, but it overlooks the devoted assistance of Oxford scholars—Hogarth and Godley and Cyril Bailey—and musicians such as the late Dr. Charles Lloyd and Sir Hugh Allen himself, who threw into the training of the chorus in the later productions of the Greek Plays that tremendous and inspiring energy which have made him, whether at New College or with the Bach Choir, at the R.C.M. or as Oxford Professor, an altogether outstanding personality in the musical world.

" Parry's influence on his art ", Mr. Fuller-Maitland wrote after his death, " and the ideals he maintained at the College will be felt as long as music shall endure ; yet it may be doubted whether a great composer is in his right place at the head of a scholastic institution, unless he have, what Parry certainly had not, the power of delegating to others a large part of his official duties ". There are good reasons, which I give elsewhere, for dissenting from this view, but it gains considerable support from the record of 1900, which was assuredly an *annus mirabilis* in respect of the range and number of the new

activities which were superimposed upon the routine of the College work. That was arduous enough, with the constant succession of boards, committees, examinations, the supervision of studies and the enlargement of the buildings; but the burden was increased by Parry's accessibility to "rows and rows of people of all sorts waiting to be interviewed", or, as he further classifies them in one of the entries in his diary for this year, "parents, guardians and irresponsible idiots as well". Then there were the incompetents who came with introductions to sing to him: sometimes exasperating him by their futility, *e.g.* a girl "with no voice, no sense—nothing;—ridiculous"; sometimes arousing his compassion, as when the victim of a charlatan presented himself and is summed up as having "no voice, no musicianship; utterly hopeless and *old*".

Attendance at the College concerts was part of the day's work, but he seldom missed an opportunity of going to hear the works of old College pupils when they were performed outside, as, for example, Coleridge Taylor's new Suite at the Philharmonic, or Arthur Somervell's "Maud" cycle at one of the series of joint recitals given by Leonard Borwick and Plunket Greene. Dannreuther's serious illness caused him anxiety in the spring, and when Sir Charles Stanford was laid up in March Parry undertook his work not merely at the orchestral concerts of the College, but as conductor of the Bach Choir in the B minor Mass—a service gratefully acknowledged by Stanford's gift of the full MS. score of his "Irish Symphony". At the end of the year he speaks of his existence having become a struggle owing to the number of very active committees which threaten to interfere with his College work. The phrase was no exaggeration. In 1900 he regularly attended all the monthly meetings of the Committee appointed to revise the *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. It was hard work, though "the best we can do is to pass about 20 tunes at a sitting". He also joined the Committee of the Church Music Reform Committee and attended the meetings of the newly formed International Society of Music as President of the British section; the People's Concert Society; and the musical

sub-committee appointed in connexion with the Paris Exhibition. He also served on the Committee for the reorganization of the Bach Choir. His association with all these movements was not honorary or perfunctory: it was practical, active and energetic, involving a good deal of time and thought in drafting rules and writing reports.

But his chief external preoccupation in 1900 was with the reconstituted University of London. He was not only a regular attendant at the meetings of the new Senate but was an active member of the Reorganization Committee in which his services were specially enlisted in connexion with framing the regulations of the Faculty of Music. Throughout the later months of 1899 he was in constant communication with the London University Commission of 1898–1900 on the subject of the association of the London Schools of Music with the University in its reconstituted form. Parry's view was that little or no benefit could be derived from such association, but he did not wish to show any selfish disregard of public opinion or a lack of public spirit. The correspondence entailed by these negotiations was considerable, but as it was confidential it may suffice to say that Parry, while naturally desirous to guard the College from any unnecessary interference with its development, was perfectly ready to reconcile these legitimate claims with the public interest, and showed both patience and diplomacy in devising means of helping the Commission in a difficult dilemma. The desire for independence was held in a stronger form by most of his colleagues, and it is not too much to say that, but for Parry's skilful conduct of the negotiations and broadminded views, it is very doubtful whether any of the Colleges of music would have come into the scheme at all. In this context it may be noted that a considerable further tax on his time was involved in interviews with those who were concerned in promoting legislation for the registration of teachers, in view of its effect on the musical profession.

Here, again, it may be added that in the election to the Musical Professorship at Melbourne in October, for which there were forty candidates, Parry supported the claims

of Marshall Hall—a good example of his readiness to revise an earlier estimate of a musician whom other leaders of the profession regarded as a " wild man ".

Parry was admitted to Convocation at Oxford on January 30 : " a funny picturesque function ", and delivered his inaugural lecture as Professor on March 7. It was given in the Town Hall instead of the Sheldonian, in order to accommodate more people. The Hall was crammed, and Sir Henry Hadow writes that " it was the largest attendance of any lecture in my time ".

Further lectures and examinations for degrees account for at least six other visits to Oxford. He also lectured twice at the Royal Institution in January and February, and at the Westbourne Park Institute on December 4, one of the rare occasions when he was fairly well satisfied with himself. On the other hand he speaks with severe disparagement of the quality of his College addresses—that delivered on May 7 being described as " the poorest I ever gave ". The number of public functions or dinners to which he was invited in virtue of his official position was greater than ever. Of those connected with music alone I note the Madrigal Society's dinner and the Wagner Society's dinner, where he took the chair, in the month of May. He was again in the chair at the dinner of the Royal College of Organists on June 20 and had to make a long speech. In October he attended the dinner of the Musicians' Company. Outside music he dined twice with the Literary Society ; went to the Academy Banquet on May 5 where he found Sargent, his next-door neighbour, " very companionable " ; and in December, at the L.C.C.'s dinner to the new Metropolitan Mayors, heard some excellent speeches from Sir Willoughby Dickinson and Lord Rosebery, and " talked incessantly all through the dinner " to Lord Moulton, " a curiously eager man in touch with every kind of intellectual interest ". The few " swell " or " sumptuous " dinners that he attended—two of them to meet Royalty—are recorded without any comment.

Crowded though his life was with work and engagements of every sort—so crowded that in May he mentions going

to his tailor's to try on some new clothes " which had been waiting for three months "—he did not give up theatre-going. His record for 1900 is quite remarkable—twenty plays, two music-halls, two operas and one pantomime. The plays were of all sorts, from *Twelfth Night* (with Sir Frank Benson), *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *La Gioconda* (with Duse) *Magda* and *Pelléas and Mélisande* (with Mrs. Patrick Campbell) and the *Rivals* down to *San Toy* and the *Messenger Boy*—which he thoroughly enjoyed, and which relieved him of a fit of depression caused by a bad rehearsal of his new work for Birmingham. His impressions are briefly but tersely recorded. Thus a melodrama at Drury Lane is dismissed as " regular garbage " : of the Palace Theatre he writes " mostly atrociously vulgar singers and music, but all worth enduring for some of the Biograph photographs of the war " : *Pelléas* was beautifully put on and Mrs. Patrick Campbell charming, but much of the dialogue was idiotic and " the perpetual whine in which they all spoke was very trying ". He was disappointed with Stephen Phillips's *Herod* : " a gorgeous spectacle, but Herod too obvious a villain ". *Per contra*, the entertainment at the Hippodrome, with " dogs, Japs, lions and horses ", was one of the best variety shows he ever saw. This record needs to be completed by a curious episode. At the Holman Hunts he saw Isadora Duncan, then a newly risen dancing star, perform on May 26, and afterwards attended two of her performances at the New Gallery. At the first Andrew Lang, another victim of pre-war tarantulation, " was in a bad temper " at having to make " some prefatory remarks ", and said he had never been asked. At the second Parry discharged this duty without protest. It is only right to say that his appreciation of the lady's evolutions stops a long way short of infatuation : the strongest epithet he uses is " pretty ". He was more in his element at the 'Varsity match on July 5, where he had the good fortune to see part of R. E. Foster's " record " innings. His exercise was generally taken on a bicycle—in Richmond or Wimbledon Park when he was in town. At Highnam he played a certain amount of golf in the

park, but he never belonged to a golf club, and only paid intermittent allegiance to that exacting pastime.

The only real holiday he got this year was a short yachting cruise in the *Latois* with Frank Pownall in the second week of August. They sailed to the Solent and then to Portland—where Pownall's boy was in the *Prince George*—Exmouth, Dartmouth, Plymouth and Fowey. On their run home the weather was wild enough to please Parry and the yacht was swept by heavy seas before reaching Plymouth. A great part of this year was spent in the train. I find from his diary that he paid twelve visits to Highnam and at least ten to Rustington. At Highnam he was assiduous in his duties on the Bench and much occupied with estate business, repairs, the rearing of pheasants, cutting of timber, etc. Guests were invited for shooting parties, at one of which on December 28 he actually carried a gun—a most unusual thing for him ; and in the evening there were violent and exciting games of billiard fives, a boisterous game in which the onlookers were not always immune from peril.

In earlier years he often complains of being interrupted in the work of composition. These complaints are now seldom heard. He had learned to accommodate himself to the exigencies of his life to such an extent that he could utilize any odd moments for special work, and concentrate himself upon it in the most unfavourable conditions. He began on the music of the *Agamemnon* on February 11, and between this date and the performance in November there are thirty-eight days on which he gave all the time he could spare from his other engagements—often late at night—to working at the score. His other new works were the *Te Deum* for soli, choir and orchestra, produced at the Hereford Festival on September 11, and " The Soldier's Tent " for bass solo and orchestra, first performed at the Birmingham Festival on October 2. The rehearsals of both works were inadequate — at Hereford a regular scramble ; and at the performance of the *Te Deum* the soprano soloist lost her head three times, otherwise " the whole result was very creditable and people seemed much

pleased ". " The Soldier's Tent " written for Plunket Greene went finely at Birmingham, after an appalling first rehearsal; but the *De Profundis*, also included in the programme, was " terribly bad and flabby ".

There still remains to be mentioned his volume on *Music in the Seventeenth Century*, his contribution to the Oxford History of Music. He completed the MS. on March 14 and sent it off to Sir Henry Hadow, the editor, with whom he was in constant correspondence throughout the remainder of the year. Parry had largely outrun the space allotted to him; drastic retrenchment was necessary, a laborious process rendered all the more difficult by new materials constantly turning up and old matter being mislaid. Also his MS. had been badly typed: the typescript was crammed with mistakes, and the printers of the Clarendon Press displayed in addition to legitimate scrutiny a " perversely ingenious correctiveness " which at times exasperated the author. But he has nothing but praise for Sir Henry Hadow's editorial vigilance in criticizing and canvassing arguable statements, as he had for his general helpfulness in all that concerned the welfare of music in Oxford.

Apart from the College concerts—at one of which Glazounov's 6th Symphony was given—and the Festivals, Parry did a fair amount of concert-going—mostly for the specific purpose of hearing the works of his pupils. Of non-obligatory attendances one may note a War Fund concert at Covent Garden on February 22, when " Patti sang some things to extraordinary perfection ", and " a ridiculous banjo and mandolin band " excited his resentment. On May 28 he was at the Richter concert, " pleased to sit in the old familiar places with the Bensons and Spencer Lyttelton ". The performance of *Judith* in January at Swansea, where he was the guest of the Mayor, was a mixed experience; with a good chorus, an incapable band, a contralto who did not know her part, and a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

The year 1900 was marked by the passing of two notable figures in the musical world—George Grove and Arthur

Sullivan. "G.'s" death at the age of eighty was a release after years of infirmity, which had sadly clouded his once gay and radiant spirit. The news reached the College on May 29 and, at the close of the orchestra practice that morning, Parry made a short but moving speech to the pupils and the band played the Funeral March from the "Eroica" Symphony. He drove down to Sydenham for the funeral on the 31st, luckily escaping injury in a bad carriage accident on the way, and saw "poor old 'G.'s' coffin lowered deep in an ugly comfortless corner in an ugly crowded cemetery." Arthur Sullivan, who was only fifty-eight when he died, was one of "G.'s" dearest friends, and though his outlook on life and art diverged widely from Parry's their personal relations had always been most cordial. When, owing to illness, Sullivan had to give up an engagement to conduct a concert at Leeds in December 1896 and Parry took his place, Sullivan was affectionately grateful for the service :

"1 Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.,
"*December* 2, 1896.

"What a dear, good fellow you are! I don't know which is the greatest—your head or your heart. It is an enormous relief to me to know that the Leeds people will not suffer in the least by my defection.

"I am very sorry you won't make one half of the concert consist of your own works, because I know it would interest the public so enormously, and I shall try and induce the Committee to persuade you into the right path. My ambition now is to jump into the breach some day and conduct a Concert of *your* works. So give me the chance when I return in the spring.

"Again, dear Hubert, my most heartfelt thanks."

Parry was chosen to represent the Prince of Wales at the funeral at St. Paul's on November 27—"a wonderful collection of people of theatrical and musical celebrity", and altogether a strange contrast to the ceremony at Sydenham. But while Sullivan's operas still cause him to be held in grateful remembrance, "G.'s" memory has

always been kept green at the College and in the hearts of those whom he cheered and befriended. Here it may be mentioned that Parry was present at the unveiling of the statue to his brother-in-law, Lord Pembroke, at Wilton on May 19, at which Mr. Balfour spoke " haltingly, though the matter was good ".

Parry's second daughter, Gwendolen, and her husband, Mr. Plunket Greene, were now near neighbours, having taken a house in Kensington Square. The Ponsonbys had returned from Copenhagen, and were also living in London, to his great satisfaction. Mrs. Ponsonby's health caused him much anxiety throughout the year, but it was happily relieved by the birth of his first grandchild on December 28. The close of the year was also marked by another important event in Parry's life—the purchase of the *Humber*, a ketch-rigged vessel built at Hull, and afterwards converted into a yacht, lengthened, and renamed the *Wanderer*, in which he took his annual yachting holiday until 1914. He hardly ever passed a year without an accident, and 1900 was no exception. He was nearly smashed up on his way to " G.'s " funeral, and on December 21, in a " trial trip " with his wife's new pony and cart, some of the harness broke, the pony bolted, and he was " pitched clean over the splash-board, landing on all fours without hurting myself ".

In the early weeks of 1901 Parry was troubled with a serious recurrence of his old heart trouble and, in his own words, " to relieve the kindly anxiety of friends, Treves was sent for to consult with Griffiths. He gave rather a serious report and commanded an absolute break-off of work for over a month and a trip abroad somewhere." Lady Maud consulted Sir Walter Parratt about Madeira, and Hubert gratefully acknowledged the information on February 21 from Rustington, announcing his intention to sail by the *Norham Castle* :

" I'll write to the Company for tickets, but if that blessed boy of yours can without inconvenience help

towards the getting of a better sort of berth, it will add yet another incentive to those blessings I have constantly to invoke upon the family."

I have already mentioned his purchase of the *Humber*, and on February 19 his diary contains the entry : " Spent afternoon at shipyard trying to plan the new interior of the *Humber*. Found it puzzling." The puzzle, however, was satisfactorily solved and the *Wanderer* became a great joy to her owner. Every year up to and including 1914 he sailed in her, accompanied by such sea-loving friends as L. Pearsall Smith, Frank Pownall, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. C. H. Lloyd, Dr. G. R. Sinclair of Hereford, Mr. Claude Aveling and his brother Sidney Gambier-Parry. The last named accompanied him in March on his trip to Madeira, from which they returned at the end of the month. The doctors were disappointed with his progress—probably retarded by his labour on the proofs of his book which he took with him—but Parry at once resumed his work at high pressure in order to clear up accumulations of correspondence and arrears of all sorts. Nor was he inclined to spare himself physical exertion, as may be gathered from the following entry on April 20 :

" Furious North Easter. Bitter cold. Round the harbour in the morning. Got into the *Splasher* [a small open boat] and took only one reef down. Went blazing out to sea. Directly she got outside, she was completely overpowered, and wouldn't go to windward or go about. Forced her round with the oar, but owing to the tide making out of the harbour missed the entrance and had hurriedly to anchor for the best part of an hour with the sea breaking over me in a bitter wind. Denyer and Jack ultimately came out and helped me."

In June he writes to W. S. Hannam acknowledging the gift of a " dear little Virgil ", a companion volume to the Horace which " lies constantly at hand ". Incidentally, he remarks that his illness has knocked bicycling completely on the head, " as my heart has gone all wrong with the persistent strain of work in recent years ". On the eve of the Gloucester Festival we find him writing to Sir Walter

Parratt, who had also been at Madeira, to ask his advice about an important organistship, and submitting a list of eligible candidates:

"And how was beloved Madeira? and Geoff? And did the sea behave itself pleasantly? And where did you go? Sprinkle a word or two of your own news when you write about Ripon."

In a postscript he suggests that Sir Walter should run round to Highnam during the Festival while Mrs. "Bobbie" Spencer and Miss Norah Dawnay were there. It was a great attraction, as the other fortunate members of that house-party will readily testify. Mrs. "Bobbie" Spencer's early death was a great grief to her friends: Miss Norah Dawnay, who had studied at the R.C.M., sang the songs of Brahms with remarkable fervour and charm. *Job* was included in the Festival programme, and the week was thoroughly enjoyable but for one of Parry's innumerable accidents. He spoke prematurely in June of his bicycling being "knocked on the head", for it was while bicycling that he had a bad fall, straining his shoulder and damaging his right hand. But in a letter to Mr. Barclay Squire, written with his left hand on September 26, he says that his accident had been "too much fussed over". Mr. Squire was about to start for Venice, and Parry wondered whether there was a chance of his finding a Gian Gabrieli sonata there. Throughout a correspondence which lasted for more than thirty years there is hardly a single letter in which Parry, directly or indirectly, does not indicate his habitual reliance on Mr. Squire's exhaustive and scholarly knowledge of early vocal and choral music, English and foreign—a knowledge that has always been at the service of all musicians. In procuring illustrations for his lectures Parry consulted Mr. Squire more frequently than any one else, and their long and cordial co-operation was strengthened by the appointment of Mr. Squire as Librarian to the Royal College, a post he still holds. It would be quite misleading, however, to represent their association as exclusively based on a common

interest in musical archæology. Along with inquiries about the works of the early Flemish, German, French or Italian writers, we find such entries as " I'm game for any play you like—Henry James or Oscar Barrett or any other 'Johnnie' you please, *Hänsel und Gretel* included ". Parry never failed to keep in touch with any evidences of the evolution of music from Dunstable to Pélissier. On November 26 he notes in his diary, " dined with Doll and Arthur (his daughter and son-in-law) and went with the latter to hear Sousa. A blatant business." He did not condemn without hearing, and could find merit, as well as blatant vulgarity, in comic, popular and music-hall songs —a branch of composition which he subsequently treated in his lectures. Moreover, he would often go two or three times to hear works which had not pleased him, in order to be fair and arrive at a reasoned and deliberate judgment.

Work at the Royal College was seriously dislocated in the early months of 1902 by an outbreak of smallpox among the College servants, and at the end of February, in a letter to Dr. C. H. Lloyd, Parry describes his arduous task in having to keep the College going with the place shut up. Three weeks later lessons were still being given outside at shops and studios, and the impending annual examination added to his troubles. His anxieties were aggravated by the illness of his wife, and the discovery of the doctor attending her that the bailiff at Highnam, " dear old Sowray ", for forty years and more a devoted friend of the family, was suffering from an incurable malady.

In April he received a letter from Sir George Martin, the organist of St. Paul's, mainly about the memorial to Stainer, but with an amusing postscript about the first performance in St. Paul's of *Blest Pair of Sirens* :

" You know that for some years I have struggled with the Dean and Chapter about the 'Blest Pair', but they blushed so tremendously at the word 'Sirens' that I did not like to press them too hard ! However, on the afternoon of April 30 we are, I am delighted to say, going to sing your Ode 'At a Solemn Music.' The occasion is the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy."

Easter had been largely spent in making arrangements for carrying on the business of the estate. An entry in his diary in the autumn of this year serves to remind us how strangely contrasted were the duties of a landed proprietor and the director of a musical school:

"*October* 14, 1902.

". . . After breakfast to see the work being done in the White Hall, which is full of scaffolding. Then to see Sowray, who was looking very white and weak, but discussed the affairs of the estate with some of his old humour. Sat with him a long time. Saw Berry, who is to be promoted to the charge of the garden. Then a spell with Payne[1] (the coachman). After luncheon to Quarter Sessions where there was a great gathering of magistrates. Saw Willie Guise about some exchange of bits of property. Then to 'The Dog' and a confabulation with Wintle [solicitor] about estate affairs, and then home and letters. After tea up to the Pinetum and to see about shooting our game. At 6.30 to 'The Dog' and saw Wintle again about the audit, and then to the Audit Dinner. Got home soon after 10."

A month later he was sending to W. S. Hannam his new volume on *Music in the Seventeenth Century*—"delayed by the everlasting racket of work"—a book which, in the opinion of Sir Henry Hadow, gives distinction to the entire series of the Oxford History, of which it forms the third volume.

The new musical compositions published this year included the Coronation Hymn, "God of all Created Things", and two more books (v. and vi.) of English lyrics. In connexion with the hymn, an entry in his diary on June 24 will be read with interest:

"To the Abbey for the full rehearsal. Went through the Cloisters and came into the Chancel just as the Bishop of London stepped on to the dais where the covered thrones

[1] Mr. Payne was a great admirer of Parry's music, and in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of his *Te Deum* in 1900 wrote to say, "I think it very grand: majestic is perhaps the better word".

are, and, addressing mainly the performers on the organ screen and the choir, for the rest of the Abbey was almost empty, announced the necessity of the King's undergoing an operation and the postponement of the Coronation, ending with an appeal to all to join in a Litany. He then went up to the altar and began. The choir joined in with a most superb tone and produced an effect I have never experienced before—so solemn and pathetic. A few kneeling figures on the floor of the Chancel. The sunlight streaming in on the ancient recumbent figures on the tombs and the thousands of empty seats. I came away soon after and went back to the College, passing through the crowds who did not know the news."

In the record of the double or multiple life which he led in these years, the entries in his diary, which become more and more objective after 1900, throw little light on his musical activities. The gaps are, however, filled to some extent by his correspondence. In the previous year, when Sir Henry Hadow had approached him with a view to securing some official recognition for Manns's lifelong labours as a great musical educator, Parry had suggested a Mus.Doc. at Oxford — on the analogy of the degree conferred on Richter — as the most fitting reward. The suggestion bore fruit, and on May 12, 1903, Parry, as Professor of Music, " presented " Manns for his Mus.Doc. in a speech in which he was truly described as *optimus interpres veterum, qui et peregrina et nova sibi acquisiverat.*

In March we find a reference to Strauss's *Heldenleben*, " a wild orgy of irresponsibility with fine points ", and May 1 brought him an invitation from Dr. Emil Streithof, the Director of the Duisburger Gesangverein, to take part in the Duisburg Musical Festival to be held on the 23rd and 24th of that month :

" The Committee would deem it an honour to perform before you personally your beautiful opus : *Blest Pair of Sirens.* You may feel convinced that the execution of your splendid music will be a great delight and a satisfaction to our chorus, and that each member is sure to do his best to fully justify your idea."

The invitation was accepted, and Parry started with

Mr. Plunket Greene, who was engaged to sing at the Festival, on the morning of the 23rd, reaching Duisburg at midnight:

"We were met by Jaeger [Mr. August Jaeger of Novello's, an enthusiastic and genial music-lover whose early death was deeply regretted by all who knew him] and Herr Müller, a member of the Committee. Had to sit up with them drinking German beer till long past 1 A.M. Next morning we got up about 9 feeling very ragged. To rehearsal at 10. The first thing that struck me with a chill of discomfort was the arrangement of the orchestra in a thin strip all down the middle of the platform from the conductor's desk to the back wall. It looked so ungetatable. The rehearsal was all extremely bad and rough. Band poor in tone and no attempt at delicacy or even accuracy. I was much depressed by the chorus too, which always seemed behind the beat, and some of the *tempi* in the *Sirens* were quite wrong. However, I spoke to the conductor, Josephson, and he got them better. Great luncheon party of Kapellmeisters and musicians at Josephson's, after which, with Jaeger and Harry, I went and drank coffee at a restaurant and wandered in the woods. Concert at 6. Everything went much better than the rehearsal seemed to promise—especially the *Sirens*, which sounded quite well though it did come next after *Tod und Verklärung*. The public received it in most friendly fashion and I received a huge bay wreath. The Concert took over 4 hours. Then we waited 2 hours and got supper at 12.30 in the same room as the Concert. Huge multitude of speeches—fifteen I think—and general exuberance. My health was drunk, and I had to drink with nearly everybody—including the chorus girls who trooped up to the high table to clink with me. Didn't get to bed till 3 A.M. Up at 10 and after breakfast to Düsseldorf. Josephson came to the station to say goodbye—very friendly of him."

On the very next day after getting back Parry went to Harrogate for a concert and big dinner at the opening of the Kursaal. The diary notes on June 2 that he read the Life of "G.", "which brings him back most vividly and lovelily". A few days later there is another reference to Richard Strauss:

"*June* 9.—Strauss to luncheon. He was very pleasant and amusing and told amusing stories of his

experiences with the Kaiser. He took the College orchestra through *Tod und Verklärung* after lunch and seemed greatly impressed by their playing—said it was a miracle for pupils."

Parry's "War and Peace" (an ode to words by A. C. Benson and the composer) for solos, choir and orchestra, was produced by the Royal Choral Society in April, and he also contributed the anthem "I was glad", and processional music for the deferred coronation of King Edward. *Voces Clamantium*, a motet for soprano and baritone solos, choir and orchestra, was heard for the first time at the Hereford Festival. To this year belongs another record of a typical day:

"Work at home. To College. Interviewed a boy sent by —— who enthused about his genius. Very unprepossessing and quite absolutely incapable, ignorant and helpless. Mooned about with spoony chords on the pf. and couldn't so much as read a simple hymn tune. Dismal! Wasted an hour over him. After lunch struggle with a man to rehearse *Job*. Later on the conductor of the Amsterdam orchestra and his wife and Glazounov had to be shown over the College. To the Philharmonic concert for a while. Back early to pick up M., and take her to Princess Louise's, where we had music and supper that kept us till 1 in the morning."

There were moments when Parry was decidedly inclined to echo the cynical view that life would be endurable but for its amusements; but the year ended joyfully with the revival of the *Birds* at Cambridge, of which full mention is made elsewhere, and on December 14 his pleasure at seeing the College students disporting themselves at their ball was only tempered by the regret that his own dancing days were over. A year later, however, we find the entry on December 7, 1904, "To College Ball, where I even danced". But if he had to give up old pastimes, he found a new vent for his physical energy and love of speed in 1904, when we read in the diary, under date September 3, "Took my first turn at driving the motor after tea, and found it decidedly difficult". In a very short time the

difficulties vanished, and his driving recalled that of Jehu. At the wheel Parry combined efficiency with a total disregard for risk. I shall never forget the fearful joy of my first experience of a motor drive with him, when I was staying at Highnam for one of the Gloucester Festivals.

In the spring of 1904 the cares of the estate weighed heavily on him, and he gives a lively picture of a day at the end of April :

" The whole morning occupied with business. First finance with Eels, the outlook being extremely depressing. Then to see a farm horse that had a greasy hock ; the chickens and the potato pest. Then to the recreation room. After lunch a walk with Maud to the Pinetum, paying a visit to Mrs. Thorne [the gamekeeper's wife] on the way. After tea letters and a visit to Mrs. Sowray. . . . So the whole day gone without a single hour for work."

The recreation-room was a small concert-hall which he was building in the park for the use of the local folk.

At the Gloucester Festival " The Love that casteth out Fear ", a *Sinfonia Sacra* for contralto and bass solos, semi-chorus, chorus and orchestra, was given for the first time, and at Leeds his *Voces Clamantium* was included in the programme. Parry was present, but I have the assurance of Mr. Hannam, who sat next him at rehearsal, that the mingled grandeur and strangeness of Beethoven's Mass in D impressed him more than anything else. The rush of a life in which every hour was packed full to overflowing by increasing demands on his time is all too apparent in a letter to his friend and pupil Mr. Napier Miles, always a generous patron of aspiring talent in the West Country :

" Highnam Court,
" *December* 19, 1904.

" I've really had an incredible racket for the last fortnight—what with our opera, and the Patrons' Fund Concert, and a special orchestral concert for which Volbach came over and conducted a work of his, added to the mass of work which comes at the end of the term. And then there has

been a sudden uprising of the question of the pitch of military bands which was at once plumped on to my shoulders, entailing the drawing up of a difficult memorial and interviewing all sorts of people about it and so on and so on. So your letter on my table waited for attention in vain. I'm so glad Marie Hall is all right again. I was extremely sorry the poor little soul should have had such a serious illness and often thought of her. Someone kindly sent me news once or twice about her in answer to a note I sent her. I hope she has quite entirely recovered and is playing as finely as ever. Indeed I wish I had time to write a Violin Concerto. I'm already pledged to do much more than is possible without extreme efforts for a good 12 months—including 2 books and two pretty big books! I always seem to have more on hand than I can tackle without very constant and pressing work."

It was to the same correspondent that Parry had a little earlier expressed his fear that "the old sonata", which Mr. Napier Miles had wished to see was lost: "I lose endless MSS. all through my reluctance to get into print" —and, he might have added, his periodical tidying bouts in which masses of papers were ruthlessly destroyed.

Like all men who have risen to a commanding position, Hubert Parry was the target of the begging letter-writer, and if he erred at all in his response it was certainly not on the side of caution or niggardliness. Amongst his papers is a batch of letters, dating from 1904, from the most importunate and the most gifted of these correspondents. It was rather an exceptional case, of a journalist of real literary talent and genuine interest in music—he had been originally befriended by Browning, obtained a good position on the London press, but ruined his prospects and health by excess. After a long sojourn in the country he returned to London, resumed his work, but in a short time he lost his self-respect and the hope of ever being able to stand on his own feet again without constant cadging from his too generous friends. Self-pity and self-rebuke are strangely mixed in these unhappy letters, many of them endorsed by Parry with "sent £5" or "sent £3". In the last of all the writer says that Parry had helped him to save his

books and music, and adds " there is no new formula of gratitude for your last kindness ". He was conscious of having exploited Parry's kindness to the last degree : " it is obvious that you have an amazing amount of Christian charity ". There were many other applicants for his bounty—some of them less considerate and even audacious in demanding help.

Then there were the people who wanted him to set their words to music—impossible poems, serious or facetious—and when he did not answer them (which very rarely happened) repeated their request. He was thus not only interrupted by visitors or, as in Phillimore Place, by musical neighbours, but by tiresome or absurd correspondents, though they sometimes appealed to his sense of the ludicrous. One author, who sent him an excruciatingly idiotic comic poem to set to music, was greatly disconcerted at his not receiving an immediate reply, and wrote (in the third person) to express the hope that Sir Hubert Parry had not been laid aside by the prevalent epidemic of influenza, otherwise he could not understand his silence.

When Sir Edward Elgar received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford on February 7, 1905, he was " presented " in Convocation by Hubert Parry as Professor of Music. The speech was delivered in Latin : the following is a literal transcript of the original draft in English in Hubert's handwriting :

" Born and bred where the ancient elegance of the Malvern Hills has gladdened the hearts of the dwellers in Western lands for countless centuries, he meditated on the mysteries of Art and knew that he was destined to solve them. Unaided he unravelled the secrets of the Music of Instruments, of the Music of Voices, of Melody and Harmony and the many-voiced intricacies of Polyphony. Sometimes playing on the pliant Violin, and sometimes joining his fellow votaries of Art in the pleasant Glee and Madrigal, he grew in the graces of knowledge and the skill of a composer till in due time the works of his imagination were happily revealed to a delighted world. The Saga of ' King Olaf ', made eloquent in Music, gladdened the ears of the people of Hanley, and the news went hastening through the land that

a composer of mark had given voice. The music-loving people of Leeds rejoiced to hear him singing of 'Caractacus'; the people of many lands were gladdened by the skilful variety of his friendly Variations, wherein a master of the complex orchestra was revealed, and the people of the Land of Cockaigne listened amazed and delighted when he told them in his racy and spirited Overture of their humours and their ways. But how shall we tell of the multitude of his achievements—how 'The Dream of Gerontius' awoke a fervour of sympathetic appreciation in the souls of many people; how the Oratorio of 'The Apostles', which the fortunate ones of Birmingham first heard, told the people of many lands the meaning he imposed upon the sacred story; how the 'Sea Pictures' adorned the universal domestic hearth and his Imperial March the splendours of a great coronation; how his fame spread from land to land, when in a common bond of appreciation the distant Muscovite was at one with the remotest American; how, while yet young, he swayed the hearing crowds with the subtlety and fire of his orchestration, with the sweetness of his melody, with the richness of his harmony? From *Ultima Thule* to the lands of the underworld men welcome his many-sided eloquence, and rejoice in the feast of good things he provides for them, with glad assurance that what has been is a presage of more that is to be (*praesagia et auguria etiam plenioris artis et maturioris*) to the honour of the composer and the land which gave him birth."

In the previous year Sir Edward Elgar offered, in gratitude for an act of friendly intervention on Parry's part, to relieve Parry in any way in his administrative work—copying, transposing or adapting, "anything in fact that an ordinary copyist could or could not quite do, I would take the greatest pride and pleasure in doing it for you".

These records may be taken as a sufficient answer to the charge brought by Mr. Bernard Shaw in an article in *Music and Letters* after Parry's death, that Sir Edward Elgar had been viewed unsympathetically in the early stages of his career by a clique of British musicians headed by Sir Hubert Parry. The charge was not justified by any evidence and was never withdrawn, though Sir Edward wrote in the next number of *Music and Letters* to state that

he had received nothing but encouragement and ungrudging kindness from Parry, and that the implication that Parry had in some way slighted him was without foundation.

The happiest days in 1905 were probably those spent at Oxford for the performance of the *Clouds*. His health again gave anxiety to his family and friends, and there are frequent references in his diary to the misbehaviour of his heart, especially in April. One of the entries may suffice; it is characteristic of his inveterate habit of taking risks:

"*April* 23.—Heart queer first thing, but got all the work done. To the harbour and out for my first sail. But unluckily, just as I got outside, my heart went wrong and nothing would induce it to come right. I went in about 1, motored home and then it came on desperately bad and I lost consciousness for a few seconds. Harry [Plunket Greene] went off for Going who made me lie down and was very serious over it."

In September he was again in the doctor's, or rather surgeon's, hands, but was mainly concerned in his sensations as he regained consciousness after the operation:

"I wish I could remember the strange things that passed through my mind as I was coming to. Returning consciousness suggested decimal 9 recurring! And I wondered at the phenomenon of sentient life being suspended in such a way. Wasn't fit to sit up till past 3 (nearly four hours after the operation)."

In four days he returned to the College for the entrance examinations on September 21, and did a full day's work, though still feeling in a "queer and irritable" condition. But three days later he writes:

"Started [from Highnam] for London at about 2.10 P.M. and had a splendid run arriving at 17 Kensington Square at about 17 minutes past 5—the fastest we have ever done. I drove all the way."

His yachting holiday in August was less successful than usual:

(*To Sir Walter Parratt*)

"RUSTINGTON, *September* 7.

"We got back a few days ago, after the most unseasonable cruise we ever had. There was no possibility of coming round to see you for we were so constantly hung up in harbours that I got all behindhand, and only managed to get to England in time for a rehearsal at Worcester by sailing from Queenstown across to Land's End after a three days' gale with the storm drum still flying! And I said good-bye to such sports for the year on Sunday evening last, when I found nearly 100 letters awaiting me."

Two days later he made his first appearance as Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates at Gloucester, and records in his diary that "not being accustomed to such a position I was considerably at sea over formal details and no doubt scandalized the police". There were a number of cases, and he had to "harden his heart a good deal in giving out the verdicts".

On the musical side this year is interesting for a revelation of his attitude towards the excesses of the young modernists. In sending tickets for the Patrons' Fund[1] Concert to Mr. Napier Miles at the end of June he promises him "some of the strangest noises ever made in the Queen's Hall, though they are nothing to the noises of some other composers we have dispensed with". A few days later he describes the Concert as "a very mixed show, and musically speaking far and away the worst we have had so far: the things sent in were so indifferent that it was difficult to rig up a programme at all". Parry, to borrow a phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's, had often deplored "the supercilious neglect of genius" shown by the fashionable world in England, but he was not less severe in denouncing the opposite extreme—"the rhapsodical pursuit of quacks."

[1] The Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund for the encouragement of young British composers and the periodic performance of their work—not confined to students of the R.C.M.—was founded by Sir Ernest Palmer in 1903.

Of the music to the *Clouds* I shall have more to say in another place. His long-withheld setting of Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin* for tenor and bass solos, chorus and orchestra, was heard for the first time at the Norwich Festival in October, and a good many of his earlier works were given in the provinces and in London—the *Sirens* at Oxford and Hanley, *Judith* at Huddersfield and Noddfu in Montgomeryshire, *Job* at Hanley, *De Profundis* at the Worcester Festival, and his Orchestral Variations, " which sounded to me rather tiresome ", twice in London. That is not a complete list, but it serves to show that his choral works had by no means exhausted their appeal.

From 1900 onwards, as I have already observed, Parry's diaries are increasingly confined to the record of engagements. Anything private—his opinion of people or his own feelings about things in general—he sometimes writes on the blank pages at the end of the diary. But more and more he came to use separate note-books for his thoughts and conclusions on life and art—which reappear in his addresses or books. The diaries seldom contain anything of special interest, though they still serve now and then as a safety-valve, when it relieved him to write down what irritated or exasperated him. But the later diaries do not give a true picture of the man : one would only gather from them that he was a very busy and rather over-tired public servant and gain no inkling that he was also a creative artist. And the same impression is conveyed by his letters with their constant reiteration of such phrases as : " I am more hustled than I have ever been. It is impossible to keep level with even the daily routine of work," which at times became a " wild racket ". He enjoyed nothing more than renewing his personal relations with the Leeds chorus, but Mr. Hannam remembers with regret " how little time he was able to spend with us at the Festivals after 1904. It was always the same story—pressure of engagements in London and hurry to and fro. He came for rehearsals, returned to London, and then came back for the performance. I hope we tried to make the best of the short time we had with him." Of that there can be no doubt ; Parry

regretted the shortness of these flying visits all the more because they were delightful, whether he forgathered with Mr. Hannam in Leeds or at his "jolly Wharfedale home". In 1906 his letters frequently take the form of reluctant refusals of attractive invitations—as for example to stay with Mr. Napier Miles for the performance of Bach's *Singet dem Herrn* at Bristol, to witness the fruits of Mr. Miles's musical energies, and incidentally inspect the new dock at Avonmouth. Yet he seldom if ever failed to respond to inquiries about candidates for musical posts, or appeals for deserving and aspiring musicians. He did not entirely abandon the hope of "writing something for Marie Hall", but it was impossible at the moment: "Time for any work of my own seems to grow less and less". Motoring provided him with an ever-increasing variety of exciting experiences. In June 1906, writing to his son-in-law Plunket Greene about a proposed concert at Scarborough at which the alternatives were *Job* or "The Love that casteth out Fear", he announces that the Panhard had broken down, and on October 22, after discussing chauffeurs and the Audit dinner at Highnam, he goes on:

"We were nearly finished off coming up to town in the Gladiator yesterday. The roads were just awful and we had no non-skids. She ran clean out of control four times; at Cheltenham clean off the road on to the side-walk between a couple of trees, and at Uxbridge she turned clean round on her axis and went backwards on to the side-walk. It's not pleasant, that sort of fun."

The most lurid account of Parry's rashness as a motorist is given by a member of his family. He drove down the steep and winding road which leads from Savernake Forest into Marlborough at such a pace that when they reached the bottom the chauffeur got out and was sick! There is also the story of his stopping on the road into Gloucester to take up an old woman, burdened with baskets, on the way to the market. When they arrived she was so overcome by the speed of her transit that she had to be given restoratives. The allegation that, after acquiescing in the imposition of fines on motorists for exceeding the speed limit by

his fellow-magistrates on the Gloucester bench, he was in the habit of paying the fines himself cannot be verified, but is intrinsically probable.

In August he had his usual holiday cruise in the *Wanderer*, sailing round the Land's End to Clovelly and Lundy Island, where he went ashore and " walked across to a place on the top of the cliffs where we looked down on the forlorn wreck of the battleship *Montague* ". He sailed up the Avon to within sight of King's Weston, Mr. Miles's place, but it came on to blow so hard right up the river that it made it almost impossible for him to get back to the ship if he sailed up to Avonmouth in his dinghy. Besides he was anxious to get back to Rustington, where Lady Maud was ill.

His own health left much to be desired at the end of the year, and it was only by a most painful effort that he got through a lecture at Oxford on November 28 ; " almost all through my heart went on misbehaving, and I ended streaming with perspiration. Fortunately Allen came to my rescue afterwards, helped me home, and saw me off at the station." On the following day Dr. Beauchamp, after a careful examination, found nothing organically wrong, but insisted that Parry must knock off work completely for at least six weeks. As a result of this warning he started on January 10, 1907, for a tour to the Riviera, Genoa, Pisa and Florence with his wife.

Every seat in the train to Paris was full, but, with that characteristic power of detachment and concentration which enabled him to work in the most unfavourable conditions, he occupied himself on the journey with reading a German treatise on Fugues. He was already engaged on his monograph on Bach, and in the same year, writing to a friend who was in great anxiety about his wife, expresses the hope that he will be able to hear Bach's Mass in B minor at Leeds and get from it " some of the relief which great music always gives when one is in trouble ". Parry, as I have more than once shown, hardly ever spoke with satisfaction about his own compositions ; but he was cheered and delighted when they pleased his friends, and amongst

the letters which he treasured was one from the well-beloved Alfred Lyttelton written on February 10, 1907:

"My dear Hubert—I was 50 last week, but felt 18 after hearing your beautiful and noble work. Were I a millionaire I should always have half an hour of, say, the 'Sirens' before I made a speech. Then I should have the reputation of an orator, for your 'musick' transfigures me. No answer, old boy—you are pretty busy I know."

Another undated letter from the same writer breathes the same spirit of affectionate admiration. Parry had sent him signed copies of two of his works and Alfred Lyttelton thus acknowledges the gift:

"I value these two noble works quite inexpressibly. Nothing could have given me greater delight than getting them from you. I can't help saying that when I went up to sing in the 'Sirens' the other day at Queen's Hall, I was quite unable to finish—it raised in me such emotion that

> 'All my mother came into my eyes
> And gave me up to tears.'

It *is* a jolly thing to have really known a man of genius well once."

Of the effect of such testimony on Hubert Parry one may fairly say in Emerson's words: "Some natures are too good to be spoiled by praise, and wherever the vein of thought reaches down into the profound, there is no danger from vanity".

Soon after Parry's return from abroad Sir August Manns passed away. The services that he and Sir Charles Hallé had rendered at the Crystal Palace and Manchester respectively in familiarizing the British public with the masterpieces of symphonic music cannot be overestimated, and Parry was deeply sensible of the debt that England and English musicians owed to these two foreigners. He attended Manns's funeral at Sydenham on March 6 and writes in his diary on that date: "Hideous church and not much of a congregation. Rather unworthy of the dear old hero altogether." In his earlier days he had thought Manns captious and unsympathetic, but this mood had long passed,

and he kept amongst his papers the following letter written by Manns to Sir George Grove in April 1883 :

" . . . H. Parry's Symphony is a very remarkable work. A little less ' polyphony ' and a little more ' placido ' in the midst of the ceaseless *Sturm und Drang* would be improvements at least to my enjoyment of such genuinely enthusiastical flow of high-souled aspirations. Such music is awfully difficult to master and my ears will ring with it for some time to come, in consequence of the close study which I had to make of the score. However I am myself pleased with the result."

" The Love that casteth out Fear " was repeated at the Gloucester Festival in September and, so far as the performance went, to Parry's complete satisfaction : " the mystic choir quite superlative and mystic soloists also. Many people seemed really to enter into it." This work and the *Sirens* were also included in the Leeds Festival programme, and the first version of *The Vision of Life* was produced at Cardiff in September. On the score of health the record of 1907 was decidedly depressing. He underwent another operation in April—" a long job from which I came round slowly. Felt quite bowled over and couldn't do more than potter about and read light books." Yet in June he was working as hard as ever and motoring with his usual disregard of risk. In a letter to Plunket Greene on June 25, after apologizing for his forgetfulness about a song which he had sketched and then lost in the " deadly hustle " of his life, he continues :

" I hope you had a good run away from Oxford. I had a painful experience—going fast down hill came round a corner and found the road positively solid with a huge flock of sheep. Put both brakes on and they didn't act, and ran into the middle of them. Dragged a lot of poor beasts along under the car and had to back to pull them out.—And they all mildly got up and limped away ! I suppose their thick fleeces saved them. But it wasn't pleasant."

His early autumn holiday cruise was spoiled by uncertain weather—too wet and wild and then too calm—and in a letter to Sir Henry Hadow at the end of September he

writes: "I never like aimless cruising. I like to get something done, and was more or less defeated at every turn this time."

At the Leeds Festival Parry was seriously indisposed—Mr. Hannam sat on the platform with restoratives—and in the middle of October he had another severe heart attack. This time his doctor took a very serious view of his condition and advised his giving up the College and all conducting for at least six months, during which all possible superfluous effort was to be avoided. However, Dr. Dawson—now Lord Dawson of Penn—who was called in and examined him a week later, was slightly more reassuring. "The organism was worn but not damaged, and I must pull up." But as usual a compromise was effected; he had undertaken to give up everything likely to be a strain, and trusted to his capacity for pulling round. He was already better, but the stress of work was terribly heavy and he was always on the verge of another collapse—"just keeping my head above water, but not much". In November he records his first meeting with the Kaiser:

"To Windsor. Paid the Parratts a visit. Joined the Deputation from Oxford at the White Hart, and when we were all robed drove up to the Castle where we were ushered into a long drawing-room. We formed ourselves into a horse-shoe, and the Kaiser came in in uniform with D.C.L. robes over it and stood facing us. Curzon made an admirable speech and the Kaiser responded. Then he shook hands with all of us in very frank and pleasant fashion, saying a few words when he found opportunity. He completely fascinated me, and I quite fell in love with him."

By way of contrast with this favourable impression of Imperial affability, one may note the hostile criticism of a British peer with whom he stayed in the following month:

"When at —— in December, I realized most painfully that there are planes of thought so wide apart that people who live on the different ones cannot get into touch with one another. —— was as usual laying down the law about everything under heaven; all quite logical and

practical and yet I was in disagreement with everything he propounded."

In these circumstances, and when in a minority of one, he took refuge in silence and " sat quiet ". But in public, or when he was challenged, he did not shrink from avowing his views. Early in 1908 he had the satisfaction of completing his study of Bach, and on February 7 he writes : " Last touches to the B.B. (Bach Book) and took it to Putnam's to be sent off to New York ". It was fortunate that he was enabled to finish a noble act of homage to his favourite composer before the most serious of all his " break-downs " in health, excepting his last illness. The diary for 1908 is painful reading, for though he kept a brave face in public, and his geniality, his ruddy complexion and general appearance of vitality and energy deceived those who were not behind the scenes, the brief entries tell an almost continuous story of distress, suffering and effort. On the morning of February 17 he had three severe heart attacks. Dr. Beauchamp was hurriedly summoned : " the old story, new physic and orders to go away. He wouldn't let me go up to the College at all." On the 21st further complications arose, and Dr. Dawson was again called in. As the result of pummelling and sounding, Parry was pronounced to be suffering—apart from heart derangement—from an enlarged liver and dropsy in both legs. " My only chance was to go away altogether for three months. He (Dawson) said I must give up my lecture at Oxford next week, and that I should probably have to give up the College unless I was prepared to become a hopeless invalid. The Oxford professorship at all events must go. . . . I wrote to Warren resigning the professorship." Parry had already privately informed Sir Henry Hadow in the previous October that he would have to resign in June, and expressed his desire that he (Sir Henry) should succeed to the professorship if he could " cope with the very exacting work of the Mus.Doc. exam." But in February 1908 he had no choice but to sever the official connexion at once, though the severance was a " great and painful blow " :

(*To Sir Herbert Warren*)

"Royal College of Music,
"*February* 22, 1908.

"My dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor—I am excessively sorry for the trouble I am giving, but it is not my choice. I have been in the doctors' hands for some time and they had a consultation this morning, at which their verdict was most unfavourable. I did all I could to combat it but . . . there was nothing to be done. First about my lecture. I am having it typed in case it should be thought advisable to have it read, and Dr. Allen has the illustrations in hand.

"My misfortunes, however, don't end here. My doctors are so severe in their verdict that I evidently shall not be allowed to superintend the examination in May. They talk airily of my applying for excuse from my duties for 6 months. But that does not seem to me the right view at all. If a man cannot do the work which belongs to my responsible office, he must make way for someone who can. So, though it is painful to me beyond expression, I feel the only right course is to tender my resignation of the Professorship. I had hoped I might hold on at least till the end of the year of tenure—June 30th—but I think as I cannot do the work even now it will be only right that I should resign at once."

This letter—written in his own hand in accordance with his inveterate habit of dispensing with secretarial aid or dictation—was answered by the Vice-Chancellor on the 24th regretfully accepting the resignation, and Parry notes in his diary: "This severance and end of my work at Oxford simply stupefies me with distress". Sir Henry Hadow, to whom he wrote on the same day, though not unprepared, was deeply grieved not only by the decision but by its reason. "I can't write about it", he says in his reply: "you don't know how much I owe to you, and how much all of us owe. But we haven't any doubt about it here." As Sir Herbert Warren put it, the resignation would rob Oxford "of one of our chief ornaments and delights", but it might save Parry's power for the world by leaving him more leisure for composition, and so might "give us, as the Greeks say, twice and thrice something fine".

Hubert Parry never underestimated the dignity of the position, but his distress was not due to love of office so much as his love of Oxford. He owed more to Cambridge in regard to the recognition of his genius when he was making his way in the 'eighties, but Oxford always held the first place in his affections. And though the official ties were now severed, some of the happiest hours yet in store for him were spent in the company of his Oxford friends, young and old.

Parry went off to Sicily on the last day of February, but before he started he received a letter from the head of the Temple Choir School :

" Doctor [Dr. Walford Davies] told us to-day that you had been ill, and said I might write to say we were very sorry to hear it and hope you will have a good time while you are away and soon get better. We gave you three cheers to wish you this and also because we like your music very much at the Temple. Please forgive me for writing this.—Yours faithfully, L. HEYES (Head Boy)."

There was no need to ask for forgiveness. The goodwill of the young was always dear to Hubert Parry, and the letter survived his periodic destructions of papers.

It was at Taormina, where he joined the Ponsonbys in March, that he heard and enjoyed the mandolin players who came and played at the hotel :

" After dinner we had a performance of two guitars and two mandolins played with great artistic feeling, and wonderful gradations of light and shade. A Pastorale with a long crescendo to *ff* and dying away to nothing was charmingly done."

Parry had no scorn for any art, however humble, if the manner of its expression was sincere. A well-known painter who was stopping in the same hotel, used to hold his ears or run away, while the mandolinists were playing. The three months' absence was reduced to two, and Parry resumed work at the College in May in spite of the continuance of heart attacks. July found him worse than ever ; he writes to his son-in-law, Mr. Plunket Greene, on

July 1: "I'm going through a spell of the most outrageous despair I have ever lived through". He speaks of having possibly to give up his Worcester work, and on July 17 Dr. Beauchamp gave what appeared to him to be the worst report he was ever given. Dr. Dawson was once more called in and said, "I should have to go away again for at least six weeks at a stretch and give up writing any big works, except by doctor's permission". That the "Worcester work" was not abandoned is proved by a letter from Sir Ivor Atkins—the organist of Worcester Cathedral—written just after the Festival which he had conducted, and which Parry was fortunately able to attend after all:

"To receive such a letter as yours, from one whom I hold in such veneration as a musician and a man is more than compensation for anything one may have gone through. . . . With such words from the musical head of us all I feel as if I had been (what I have tried to be) a faithful servant in matters musical. I will take the earliest opportunity of conveying your message to my contingent, who indeed love you as much as I do myself, though they cannot know in the same degree of your generosity and unselfishness."

The work, produced on September 9, 1908, was "Beyond these Voices there is Peace", and Sir Ivor Atkins adds that it had moved him deeply: "from first to last it is noble". The Eton Memorial Ode, to words by Dr. Robert Bridges, given on November 18, was "vigorously sung and went well without any hitches", Hubert adding in a moment of expansion in his diary, "Boys delightful: I loved them". During the early part of November he was engaged on re-scoring his early work *The Glories of our Blood and State*, "which I remember to be rather thin". But the month ended badly with another operation, and at Christmas he went off with Lady Maud to recuperate on the Riviera.

Though another minor operation was necessary in January, there was a marked improvement in Parry's health in 1909. He had acted (to a certain extent) on the

advice of his doctors, and the results were apparent in a recovery of spirits and a renewed capacity for enjoying and profiting by recreation. The diary is comparatively free from the despondency which marked the entries of the previous year. He went to hear a " very good performance " of the *Meistersinger* on February 13. The *Meistersinger* in the main gave him more unalloyed satisfaction than any of Wagner's operas, and Sir Henry Hadow, in his address to the Musical Association in June 1919, helps us to understand his preference:

" Briefly his attitude (towards the conflicting claims of the old and the new) was that of Hans Sachs. By temperament, by predilection, by training, Parry was on the conservative side: he reverenced above all things nobility of thought, cleanness of life, thoroughness of workmanship; he distrusted the rhetoric and emotionalism, the overwrought feeling and the overcharged palette. But no man was ever less of a pedant: his sympathy was unbounded with forms of art most alien from his own: and he was stern only to imposture and insincerity, to the work of the mountebank and of the conscious imitator."

This performance, it may be added, was in English, and he did not feel quite comfortable with the change: " The association with the sound of the German language is so strong ". February also brought him happily into touch again with Oxford, on the occasion of the revival of the *Frogs*, for which he wrote some new " fooling ". There was a scrimmage over the band parts, which reduced Dr. Allen to desperation, and the band, mainly composed of lady amateurs, gave him some bad quarters-of-an-hour at rehearsal. But the professional reinforcements greatly improved matters and the last performance " went exuberantly well with all sorts of fooling for the finish and with speeches at the end. I was quite played out and talked foolishness. A fine audience." Then he was dragged off to supper at 11.30; " a long business with much speechmaking. Cyril Bailey made generous remarks about ' Paristophanes ' and so did Allen. I talked rot, and left them at about 3.15 A.M. singing Ἰακχε lustily. They were as jolly

as could be." These were strenuous joys, for Hubert had to leave by an early train next morning, but at least they dispelled his foreboding of the severance of the loves which bound him mutually to Oxford. A letter to Sir Walter Parratt in March makes it clear that there was some friction with one of his staff, but that the Director had abstained from endeavouring in any way to influence the Executive Committee in their decision. The trials of the harassed landed proprietor were renewed at Easter, and the entry in his diary for April 20 will be something of a surprise to those who only knew him as a musician :

"Very long spell with Eels. Difficulties at poultry yard owing to ——'s illness. Inspection of overcrowded cottages. Painters make troublesome applications — fencing at Dog Inn. —— [tenant farmers] wanting things. Hopeless situation at the Laundry. Pensioners' application under the Small Holdings Act. Game books—fearful state of estate finances—pheasant rearing—K.'s house in disrepair—H.'s premises all to pieces—cart-horse past work—muddle in housemaid's accounts—rating of cottages, etc. etc. Became quite demoralised."

It is pleasant to turn from this immersion in distasteful details, which might inspire a dismal *largo al factotum*, to the friendly greeting sent him by Sir Edward Elgar from Italy on May 18 :

" I hope you are well and that you are writing. I am so delighted we are to have *Job* in Hereford Cathedral. Your Cardiff ' Vision ' was, I conclude, too strong for the Church, but I hope we may have it soon. It's really strong bracing stuff, and, like your Odes, some of us love it and love you for giving us these things."

CHAPTER X

THE LAST PHASE · WAR-TIME ACTIVITIES · THE END

The German scare was at its height in the spring of 1909, and during the latter half of April Parry conducted a long and animated political correspondence with an intimate friend on the burning questions of the hour. Extracts from these letters are given in another place ; it is enough to say here that they are interesting, not merely as a full and frank exposition of his views, but as indicating a self-control and freedom from irritation due to his improved health. Incidentally they furnish further evidence of the continued liveliness of his motoring career. He writes from Highnam on April 15: "The Humber smashed up yesterday, and we have left her at Swindon. The Charron is out of order too, so I shall have to go up by train on Sunday."

Parry took his summer holiday at sea in the *Wanderer*, and thoroughly enjoyed it, in the congenial companionship of Frank Pownall, who joined him at Cherbourg, and Logan Pearsall Smith. It was quite a long cruise : to the Channel Islands ; then by Plymouth, the Lizard and Penzance round the Land's End to Queenstown, and so along the coast past the Old Head of Kinsale and Cape Clear to the Skelligs, where he effected an awkward landing in the creek where he went ashore twelve years before. They had fine weather on their outward cruise ; gloomy skies, heavy seas and high winds as they turned eastwards. Mr. Pearsall Smith left him at Milford Haven, where they had taken shelter, and though they had rough seas off the Cornish coast and were "mercilessly chucked about", the yacht sailed well, they reached Plymouth safely on the 22nd, and

Parry got back to Highnam on the 24th, after three weeks of the rest and refreshment that he loved best. His diary is little more than a rather full log, but we learn from it that he was able to enjoy bathing again, that he did a good deal of fishing, and read Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*, which left "an uncanny sensation", though he thought that it was "worth going at again", an opinion on which he subsequently acted.

Another link with the past was severed this autumn by the death of Mr. Edward Brind, one of the earliest of his musical instructors, and over the initials "C. H. H. P." he contributed the following memorial notice to the Highnam Parish magazine for October:

"In the years between 1860 and 1876 Highnam Church was exceptionally fortunate in having such an admirable musician and such a gifted and estimable man for its organist as Mr. E. Brind. The high standard of the efficiency of the Choir and of the music sung and played in the Church were amongst the most efficacious things in establishing its musical traditions. It is therefore most appropriate that the little organ which belonged to him and which was used by him in his home at Cirencester, whilst he was organist there, should have been presented to Highnam by his widow and placed in the Church, as a memorial of the honourable service which he rendered to the place and the great regard and respect in which he was held by all his neighbours in the parish.

"Those who can still remember his playing and his teaching, and whose affection for him has not lessened in the many years which have elapsed since he left Highnam for an organistship of more importance and responsibility, are very grateful to Mrs. Brind for the kind thought which prompted so serviceable and acceptable a gift."

His settings of Mary Coleridge's poems published in the autumn brought him a touching note on October 14 from her father, the late Mr. Arthur Coleridge: "Bless you now and evermore. Your music married to Mary's poetry is a wedding for ever memorable and dear." Mary Coleridge, a rare and exquisite writer in both prose and verse, had died in August 1907. The Bach book was also published this

autumn. In sending a copy to Mr. Hannam as a reminder of his gratitude for many kindnesses, Parry explains the motive of his tribute to the one and only Johann Sebastian :

" I owe him a debt which I wanted to repay for many years past, but life is so crowded that it was a great difficulty to get it done, and now it is done I'm afraid it will be too stiff reading for the uninitiated public. But I had to do it from the highest point of view I could attain to, and I live in hope that it may be useful to some few people who take their music whole-heartedly."

That was certainly the spirit in which the book was welcomed by all lovers of Bach, including Sir Ivor Atkins, who wrote on November 12 :

" You, of all people in the world to-day—so it seems to me—are just the one whom one would wish to write of The Master, and it seemed too good to be true that you were engaged upon it. Yet here it is."

The salutary effects of giving up some of his superfluous work lasted on into 1910. Speaking of his opening address at the College in January, Parry betrays something approaching satisfaction, for though he " went on thinking that he had nothing to say that would be of any good " to the pupils, " they seemed to be more appreciative even than usual ". There is a guarded satisfaction also in his reference to the first performance of his " Symphonic Fantasia in B minor " at the Royal College in a letter to Mr. Napier Miles :

" Royal College of Music,
" *March* 4, 1910.

" I'm glad you thought well of the Symphony. They certainly played it splendidly. I suppose it is a bit stern as you say. On the whole I'm glad you thought so. Just at this time of day it seems to me inevitable ; though it militates against its acceptance. It seemed to me it said what I wanted it to say—but it's not likely to be taken in at a first hearing, and as generally happens in such a case it may be a good while before it gets another."

It was not his mission to prophesy smooth things, and his honesty was not always pleasing to parents. He notes in his diary about this time an interview with an " exasperating mother, Lady ——, who went off in a towering rage after vainly endeavouring to persuade me that her daughter was a genius ". He was not to be intimidated by exacting and irrational demands, and he never suffered fools gladly, but distress and trouble never left him unmoved. He excelled in the difficult art of condolence, for which the advance of years gave him increasing opportunities. The autumn proved an anxious time owing to a severe motor accident which befell his wife, happily without the permanent injuries which were at first dreaded ; and his visit to Leeds for the Festival was marred by ill-health, aggravated by other complications. The success achieved by his earlier works was seldom repeated. But this was not due to their austere character. In the view of one of his most intimate Leeds friends, who enjoyed special opportunities for observation, they were rarely if ever adequately performed :

" The ' pushing fellows ' took care to get time for the rehearsal of their works, and Parry was so kind of heart that he hardly liked to pull up the chorus and orchestra as he ought to have done. Moreover on some occasions his health did not permit of his conducting in an adequate manner, and in 1910 he was almost in a state of collapse. I used at times to be exasperated beyond measure when I saw that the great music did not ' come off ' as it ought to have done."

This view was substantially confirmed by Parry's desire to have the *Pied Piper* withdrawn from the Leeds programme at the eleventh hour, owing to the inadequacy of its preparation. Writing to Mr. Plunket Greene on October 12, in view of his " readiness to help people in difficulties " Parry says that the unfortunate *Piper* had been " only skimmed " by the chorus, and the rehearsal had proved a complete fiasco, " the whole choir going off the rails at a crucial point ; it was so awful that something gave way inside me. I was so sick that I lost hold. Everything became dizzy." The choir-master had explained that it

was all owing to the trouble they had experienced over another work : " the choir haven't had time to go through the *Piper* since they came back from their holiday, so there is bound to be a smash." No conductor could pull a thing through when the chorus didn't know their notes. But Parry was indisposed to take the initiative himself ; he was anxious not to hurt the feelings of the choir-master—Mr. Fricker—the conductor of the Festival, Sir Charles Stanford, or the chorus. Accordingly he begged Plunket Greene—who was the soloist in his work—to watch events and seize on any suggestion, however unsubstantial, about the performance being unsafe, so as to have it postponed on the ground that the attention given to other works prevented the adequate preparation of the *Piper* ; and that, circumstances having prevented his going to Leeds for a choral rehearsal, the unpreparedness of the choir had not been discovered till it was too late :

" The point is that the performance will not be worthy of the reputation of the chorus in any case. Of course the inadequacies will be put down to my conducting as was the case with the unprepared *De Profundis* at Birmingham. But there will be people who know that would not be the case and the situation will be distressing hereafter. The only possible course is to get the work withdrawn with as little fuss as possible. Forgive my giving you rather an uncomfortable moment. But I don't see any other way out of it."

Fortunately these misgivings were not realized. For the sequel I am indebted to Mr. Plunket Greene's account :

" I don't think the matter ever went beyond him and myself. I know that I induced him to ' stick it out ', and assured him that the performance would be all right, bad though the rehearsal had been. As a matter of fact it went quite well, though it wasn't the delightful joke it should have been, and the situation was further complicated by the fact that on the day he had a very bad heart attack and was undecided up to the last instant whether he could possibly conduct. He was really very bad and, for him, in a real blue funk, not for himself but for the performance. He made me promise never to take my eye off him and if

I saw him collapsing to beckon to C. V. S.—who sat with the score in the front row so as to be ready for any emergency. It was rather anxious work to sing and keep one eye on the book and the other on the conductor instead of on his stick! Fortunately nothing happened, and I don't suppose any one was a whit the wiser."

Mr. Hannam contributes another and a happier reminiscence of this Festival—the last Leeds Festival which Hubert attended: "I sat next him during the performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion. There had been some joking, but when the conductor came in I remember Parry's saying with great solemnity, 'Let us now compose ourselves for serious things'."

Ill-health and worry were seldom able to prevent Parry from finding solace in great music. In this context I may quote the testimony of Mr. Colles, who had special opportunities for observation:

"It would be impossible to count the number of times I have found Sir Hubert sitting at the back of some small concert-hall, or lurking in the aisles of some half-empty church, to which he had come because he knew that some little-known work was to be played or a fine performance of a great one given, but to which scarcely another musician in London had thought it worth while to turn out."

The episode of the *Pied Piper* has been recounted at length not so much in illustration of the physical disabilities with which he had so frequently to contend in later life as of his unselfishness and considerateness to others. It was the same spirit that prompted him in 1911 to seize the occasion of the entrance on their new buildings of the Royal Academy of Music to address the pupils of the Royal College on the "friendly rivalry" which had existed between the two institutions. That was the essence of their mutual relations, and one of the most admirable features of the history of the Associated Board was the readiness of the older institution to co-operate with the younger on equal terms. Personal contact between the Professors, many of whom taught at both schools, had resulted in warm regard and mutual recognition, "and the great part of the credit seems to be

due to the Academy". Enlarging on this text Parry went on to distinguish between true and false or fanatic loyalty. "The highest ideal of loyalty should be able to embrace enemies and rivals and competitors as well as friends"; but it was irreconcilable with the commercialism which had infected artistic circles and introduced a new and disagreeable type of business loyalty, which was not loyalty at all but a keen eye to the main chance. Commerce and art were in his view incompatibles, but, with his characteristic benevolence to youth, he acquits his young hearers of sordid aims: "It is when people get older that the temptations to be ungenerous to rivals, and to adopt the injurious form of what they would complacently misdescribe as loyalty, are more prevalent", though he somewhat inconsistently goes on to admit that the young do not have great capacities of discrimination, and are easily led to adopt a party and take sides. But the value and beauty of "sympathetic competition" is eloquently maintained throughout the address, and the precept was reinforced by his own practice. It is not to be wondered at that the study of Nietzsche, to which he returned during the year, was a fruitful source of interest and exasperation.

For the Coronation service, on June 11, 1911, he wrote a *Te Deum*, and in his reference to the rehearsal speaks of Sir Frederick Bridge being "very good humoured about my fractiousness". He was also engaged in the summer and autumn on a set of Chorale Preludes on English tunes for the organ. The most majestic of all instruments had been his earliest love. It has been recorded how as a boy he kept a complete record of all the organs on which he played, and acquired a good deal of practical knowledge of organ building. His Bach studies had no doubt revived this early interest, but he so far distrusted his mastery of organ technique that he turned for advice to experts, and there is a whole batch of letters to Sir Charles Stanford and Dr. C. H. Lloyd, to whom he submitted seven of his Preludes. In the opening letters of the correspondence on July 30, he says: "I haven't got an organ (at Rustington) and I haven't played on one to speak of for 25 years, so it

would be easy to overlook some detail or other—or to put things in an awkward way for hands or feet". On October 11 he sent the revised version of the Prelude on Wesley's "Hampton" to Lloyd, adding "I don't want to put your name[1] to anything you don't feel quite satisfied with". The occasion on which he ended his long abstention from organ playing remains very clearly in my memory. It was in May 1906 at Hurstbourne Priors, where the Plunket Greenes were then living, and Hubert motored down to play the new organ in the church at a special inaugural service for which he had composed a piece—"Praise God in His Holiness"—with bass solo. He was in the best of spirits, and his delight in the organ was like that of a child with a new toy. The visit, all too brief for his family and friends, had a characteristic end. At the moment of his starting on a bleak and cheerless day to drive his (open) car up to London, he was found to have no overcoat, and only by the greatest persuasion on the part of his son-in-law was he induced to borrow an "aquascutum", arriving, as he afterwards confessed, half-frozen at his journey's end.

The impending changes at the Leeds Festival form the subject of a long letter to Mr. Hannam, on February 6, 1912, in which he expresses his great regret at the termination of Sir Charles Stanford's tenure of the conductorship. He regretted also that destiny seemed to point to a foreigner as Stanford's successor, since foreign conductors, however eminent, were not likely to be in touch with English traditions of choral music. But if, as he hoped, they decided to give an Englishman a chance in that branch, he said without hesitation that Allen would be the man. Of the foreign conductors suggested Mengelberg attracted him most; and he showed his foresight in mentioning Hamilton Harty as already one of the most promising native orchestral conductors. In April he was again in the hands of the surgeons, but speedily recovered. Easter was spent at Highnam, where he attended a meeting of the Parish Council and notes in his diary: "Their backs

[1] The set is dedicated "to my old friend C. H. Lloyd".

up about high rates for Education. A protest to the Education Authorities passed with myself in a minority of one! Very angry." At the end of the month he was at Rustington; Lady Maud had been too ill to be able to get to Highnam, and for a time "even her beloved Rustington did her no good". For himself, he was as usual "submerged in committees and business and trifles of all sorts". Mr. Colles rightly insists on Parry's eagerness to extend wholehearted recognition to fine work, even when it was antipathetic to his taste. He had a Victorian distrust of the French genius. Yet he procured an early performance of Debussy's string quartet at the College, and his catholic taste is shown in the letter to Mr. Napier Miles on May 27 about a forthcoming College Chamber Concert:

"Nothing very special—a string Trio by Max Reger and a Dvořák Quartet. I must confess to its being a rather rummy programme, as I have had to accept a Duo Sonata for 2 fiddles by Handel and a piece by Guilmant for the organ. But I think it won't be without its merits."

This catholicity of outlook still enabled him to find amusement in the lighter aspects of life—even in its frivolities. The dancing craze had already infected Mayfair, and on June 19 his diary records a visit to the Haymarket Theatre, "where the society beauties were learning their evolutions in the Proserpine Ballet.[1] They looked very dishevelled and were in their stockings—some with huge holes in them and their toes coming through." But these diversions did not prevent him from "composing his mind to serious things". He was still at work on the Organ Preludes and a few days later wrote to Dr. Lloyd:

"Highnam, *June* 30, 1912.

"I have been thinking a lot about indicating the association of some of the Chorale Preludes with their hymns, and don't get comfortable about it. The first lines are liable to lead careless people on the wrong tack. So I propose, as an alternative, to give each tune a sort of

[1] Produced on the occasion of the Keats-Shelley centenary. The incidental music was composed by Parry.

motto from the hymn, which will indicate the hymn to those who are not careless, and give the suggestion of a clue to those that are. I propose to put to ' Rockingham ':

> Thither be all Thy children led
> And may they all thy sweetness know.

To the ' Old 104 ' :

> Like clouds are they borne
> To do thy great will.

To ' Melcombe ' :

> New mercies each returning day
> Hover around us while we pray.

The others will have the first lines. Let me know as soon as you can (at College) whether you disapprove."

For his August yachting holiday, which lasted for four weeks, he had Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith and Sir Walter Raleigh as companions. Throughout the whole cruise, which was over the same waters as those traversed in 1909, the weather was broken and stormy. At Falmouth, on the way out, they broke loose from their moorings in the night, were driven broadside on to the piles and had to be taken off by a tug; and during an " awful night " at Milford Haven the skipper was within an ace of being swept overboard. Even Parry found the constant pitching and rolling, plunging and " squirming ", uncomfortable, and was moved to describe the weather as " horrible ". On the night of the 16th, on the way from the Fastnet to the Old Head of Kinsale, sleep was impossible, and he never took his clothes off. His friends maintained an undefeated cheerfulness throughout and (when the weather permitted) played a great deal of chess. And there were great discussions on all manner of interesting topics, including modern phases of philosophy, and brilliant reminiscences of his experiences in India from Sir Walter Raleigh. The clash of three such original minds makes one regret that Parry's diary was not more detailed; for Sir Walter Raleigh could not talk to any one for three

minutes without saying something wise or delightfully extravagant. The outward cruise ended, as in 1909, in Ballinskelligs Bay, and at Queenstown on the way home Parry had his first and last sight of the ill-fated *Lusitania.*

At the end of September he underwent another minor operation, was confined to his room for a fortnight, and for a while was grateful to his daughter Mrs. Plunket Greene for reading to him. Writing to her on October 6, to say how much he missed her and looked forward to the arrival of her sister Mrs. Ponsonby, he adds that he is very sorry for Lady Maud, " for I quite realize that I am quite unbearable ". A letter to Mr. Hannam on October 12, written in pencil, speaks of his being likely to be disabled for some time yet, but shows a reviving interest in his work and the promise of the younger generation:

" What has become of Butterworth ? We didn't keep him so long as I hoped. I hope his worthy father is all right. I liked him so much when we were with you together last Festival.

" I'll send you the ' Ode on the Nativity ' when I can get a copy. The Milton Ode has always appeared to me quite impracticable. The identical form of the stanza tends to monotony.

" Of course it would be delightful to hear *De Profundis* again at Leeds. I hope it may come off. I hope Allen may come off as conductor too. He has got a terrific lot of go about him."

The Butterworth alluded to was the gifted and only son of Sir A. Kaye Butterworth, then and until 1921 General Manager of the North Eastern Railway. George Butterworth had already given proof of a distinguished talent for orchestral composition when he was killed in action on the Somme on August 5, 1916.

The death of Dr. Kitchin, the Dean of Durham, in October revived the gratitude and affection which began more than fifty years earlier when Parry was his pupil at Twyford. Dr. Kitchin's son-in-law, acknowledging Parry's letter of condolence, gave a moving account of the peaceful end of this good man, and the noble memoran-

dum attached to his will: "Let no one make a memoir or biography of me. . . . Let my burial be as little mournful as possible: the earthly end of a poor sinner who dies thankful to the Almighty God for a long and very happy life."

Parry's last Symphony, or Symphonic Fantasia in B minor, inscribed "1912", was produced at a Philharmonic concert in the Queen's Hall on December 5 and repeated three times in the following year—on February 11 by Mr. Balfour Gardiner; on April 17 at Bournemouth by Mr. (now Sir Dan) Godfrey; and in November again at the Queen's Hall in London, "a really wonderful performance". In a letter conveying New Year greetings to Sir Walter Parratt from Highnam on January 5, allusion is made to the break-down of his Registrar, Mr. Frank Pownall, of whose progress he had received "very good news", but the hopes of the recovery of this faithful and devoted friend were unhappily not realized. Parry himself was none too well, and in May was again peremptorily ordered to take a rest. On May 22 he writes in his diary: "Council meeting at 5 P.M. . . . They sent me out while they considered Dawson's letter on my condition. They regarded it as very serious and banished me from the College for the rest of the term. There was a tremendous lot of business, in which I took a very active part to show them I was not so bad as they thought." However, he went off to Highnam, where he set to work at once on his music to the *Acharnians* for the O.U.D.S., and writing to Sir Walter Parratt on May 27 expresses the view that the doctors had "laid it on too heavily" and that the Executive had "overdone their kind intentions" in forbidding him the College for the rest of the term. But by his own admission he was far from well: and when he went to watch the cricket match between Gloucestershire and Sussex at Gloucester on the 30th, notes in his diary that "it excited him too much". The relief from official duties, however, enabled him to return to composition, and we find him busy during the summer months over the revision of his *Te Deum* (with English words) for the Gloucester

Festival, the music to the *Acharnians*, his set of " Shulbrede Tunes " for pianoforte, and a new version of his early Fantasia and Fugue for organ. His " Ode to Music " was included in the programme for the Leeds Festival, but in a letter to Mr. Hannam on July 12 he doubts whether it will give " your great choir many opportunities. It was written so essentially for the College and to show off our resources, that it always seems to me likely to be out of place anywhere else." He hopes that Allen will prove a success but speaks dismally of his own health :

" It seems to me as if I had got to the end of my tether. I have hardly picked up at all yet : my remaining hope is in my cruise at sea for which I shall start at the end of this month."

August found him on board the *Wanderer*, cruising in familiar Northern waters. " Many of my ' Rusty ' flowers ", he writes in his diary, " lasted all the way to Staffa and Iona, and I went ashore in Iona with one of them in my buttonhole ". He was back at Highnam for the Gloucester Festival early in September, the last of his Festivals and Festival house-parties. On September 23 he writes in better spirits to Plunket Greene about a dinner and evening at the theatre :

" Let's go and investigate rag - time ! I've never sampled it yet. Or if that would make you too sick, we can settle upon some other diversion while we eat our dinner. Love to Mac. [Sir Alexander Mackenzie] if you see him."

Mr. Plunket Greene tells me that as far as he can remember, the " rag-time " play was *In Dahomey*, sung and played by a coloured troupe at the Shaftesbury Theatre ; anyhow, that they did go and that Parry " loved it ", being immensely impressed by the sense of rhythm shown by the performers.

Though his cruise had refreshed him for a time the good effects soon wore off. He had to undergo yet another operation and was most reluctantly obliged to abandon Leeds. It was, as he writes to Mr. Hannam on October 1, very sad for him to be away from a Leeds Festival for the

first time since the Sullivan days. But he was still in a "groggy condition" after his operation, and quite unfit for the excitement and activities of such an occasion. He would have much liked to see how Allen got on, but was pretty confident that he would suit the Yorkshire people. Above all he would have liked to meet his Leeds friends again. "I don't at all want to lose sight of them. Some of my pleasantest memories are bound up with them."

Five weeks later, writing to Mr. Napier Miles on November 6, he speaks of himself as still in a "sadly shaky condition. My doctor shakes his head at my conducting at all, and won't hear of my conducting more than once a month." And he was further shaken by the death on December 5 of Spencer Lyttelton, bound to him by the closest ties for more than fifty years from their Eton days, and latterly a valued member of the Executive Committee of the Royal College of Music. He heard the "dreadful news" at the College on his way home, and "I confess it rather stupefied me":

(*To Mrs. Ponsonby*)

"Royal College of Music,
"*December* 10, 1913.

". . . That dear old Spencer is a most terrible loss. It has almost bowled me over. I took it for granted he would outlast me, and that some day, when my work was not so exacting, I should be able to enjoy the ancient friendship to the full. One never thinks of some things till too late; and I remember with pain how, when he would sometimes come into my room here when I was busy and sit down and talk, I used to get restive, when I ought to have been glad to get any opportunity to talk with him. And so one lets one's chances slip irreparably. And really I depended on him so much. I never lost the feeling of his being the older boy at Eton, and with the ardent friendship was mixed up a sort of gratitude. We shall miss him badly here. In his quiet independent way he was very helpful."

Spencer Lyttelton was once described as an institution rather than a man, but the phrase implied no lack of

humanity, only that he seemed like a rock in a sea of change. Under a somewhat gruff exterior he had a heart of gold, and up to his last brief illness he seemed immune from the infirmities of ordinary mortals. Alfred Lyttelton's death in the previous July had also moved Parry deeply, but Spencer was considerably nearer to him in age—he was only a few months older—and their personal contact had been closer at all stages.

The last of the pre-war years ended in "a desperate race against time to finish the *Acharnians*, complicated by all the copyists in London being occupied with Pantomime work".

In comparison with the diaries kept from 1900 onwards, that for 1914 is much richer in comment and self-revelation, and recalls the excitement and unrest of the feverish months which preceded what Mr. Page has called the "Grand Smash":

"*January* 6.—Dined with Mrs. Gaskell—a small and intimate party. Bob Lyttelton and his wife and Lady Brassey. We talked a great deal of dear old Spencer, and were cheerfully merry in recalling his quaint ways.

"*February* 4.—In afternoon to the Peace Centenary meeting at the Mansion House. Asquith much off colour. Archbishop flowery. The best speech was Bryce's, which was even amusing. He made some really good points, *e.g.* 'War need never happen if people make up their minds they won't have it'.

"*February* 12.—Scoring new movements for the *Acharnians* till about 1.15 P.M. In afternoon made pianoforte arrangement of new movements. At 4 P.M. Allen came; discussed *tempi* and readings, and put more heart into me. . . .

"*February* 19.—Dined at the Universities Club and to Queen's Hall for the Philharmonic Concert. Strauss's *Heldenleben* disgusted me this time; such a fussy, made-up hero. Brilliant technique and inadequate thoughts."

Parry went down for the afternoon and evening performance of the *Acharnians* at Oxford on February 21, and—apart from a bad moment in the overture when his brain "refused to act"—everything went splendidly,

winding up with speeches, an oyster supper and much merriment. In March a visit to the opera brought about a revision of his estimate of *Parsifal*:

"*March* 9.—Took Maud to *Parsifal*. Found the dialogue much too long, but the Grail scene impressed me as of old. It was very finely put on. The dialogue in the later parts again tiresome and the last scene seemed to me this time an anticlimax; the emotional situation not sufficient to make up for the much less impressive finale than that of the 1st Act.

"*March* 27.—To the Queen's Hall to hear Vaughan Williams's *London City*—full of interest and thought with fine effects of scoring. . . .

"*May* 2.—To Burlington House for the Academy Dinner. Sat next Thomas Hardy who was amiable and gentle, and opposite to Rendall the headmaster of Winchester. The speeches were quite remarkably bad—especially Evelyn Wood's, who dragged in contentious matter — conscription, Ulster, etc. Admiral Noel very bad. Haldane prosy and tame. Poynter best. Prince Arthur childish.

"*May* 8.—Sub-Committee of Royal Choral Society at Albert Hall. Had to take the chair. Rushed all the arrangements through for the coming season and allotted the singers. Bridge proposed to do *Judith*, but I said 'Not while I am on the Committee'.

"*May* 21.—To Bournemouth for the *Acharnians* [at the twenty-first anniversary celebration of the Bournemouth orchestra]. Round to the church and looked at my mother's grave. Luckily found the parson in the church and arranged with him about repairing the tombstone. Mayor's luncheon at Grand Hotel. He proved a very good-natured and amusing party. I had to make a speech, and we were all photographed. Concert delayed till 3.15. The band were most sympathetic over the *Acharnians*—quite vociferous. The audience puzzled as if they were afraid it was not quite proper.

"*June* 10.—To Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov*. A confused piece as far as the play goes, but most enjoyable—warm, ingenuous: a glimpse from a new region altogether. I enjoyed it thoroughly throughout. Music mostly barbaric with its constant reiteration of short figures—wonderfully effective.

"*June* 17.—To the College in car at 12. Arranged illustrations for lecture. Luncheon alone. Had to sit doing nothing for some time. Aveling [the new Registrar] alarmed: telegraphed to Dr. Beauchamp, who forbade my lecturing. Aveling drew up a notice and I tore it up. We had a tussle, but I gave the lecture at 3.15 and got through it quite decently.

"*June* 23.—To Drury Lane to hear Strauss's *Legend of Joseph*. Quite disgusted—vulgar, stupid and lascivious, without any spring in it. The plaster angel that saves Joseph from Potiphar's wife's tortures is too grossly ridiculous. And Joseph's dancing! People of course wild with enthusiasm. But it was artificially contrived.

"*June* 29.—Went to see *Joseph* again to test my unfavourable impressions of the first time. They were amply confirmed. But I enjoyed Stravinsky's *Rossignol* immensely—such thorough-going extravagance and fun, and beautifully put on the stage.

"*July* 6.—To hear Rimsky-Korsakov's *Ivan the Terrible* which delighted me hugely. The best piece of musical work I have heard so far among the Russians. Full of invention and colour; warm and spontaneous."

During the first half of this year he gave much time to the revision of the score of his *Vision of Life* with a view to its performance at Norwich—an expectation frustrated by the War. And in July he was engaged on his "English" Suite for string orchestra—dedicated to Miss Emily Daymond. On the very eve of the War he started with Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith on what proved to be his last yachting excursion. After a number of eventful and decidedly unrestful experiences — owing to naval regulations and difficulties connected with his faithful servant and factotum George Schlichenmeyer—he returned to Rustington on September 7.

In a letter to Mr. Barclay Squire dated "in the Solent" August 3, Parry anticipates having to give up his projected yachting trip to Sweden, but still counts on the possibility of getting to the fjords of Norway:

"We started this morning after a stupid alarm that no craft was to be allowed to put to sea from Littlehampton. I think the harbourmaster must have expected the Germans

to call! We had a good sailing breeze and were careering gaily up the Solent when a navy launch came at us full tilt and told us we were going over mined ground and should be fired into if we didn't turn back. We had been avoiding strange-looking buoys for some time."

In a further letter to the same friend "off Ryde" on August 7, he confesses that things are looking exceedingly grim. Norway and Sweden are both "off", and "sailing may be completely knocked on the head. Moreover, at a sort of time like the present there's nothing like regular definite work." He describes the regulations regarding shipping and yachting, and adds that his only idea at the moment is to try for Fowey and see "poor old Frank Pownall". On the 17th he was at Dartmouth, and in a letter to Sir Walter Parratt speaks of being still much hampered by shipping regulations of all sorts and worried about the prospect of George being interned "because he was once a German, though he has not been in Germany for 20 years". Parry had appealed to the Home Secretary on his behalf. He also refers to the Laureate's stanzas beginning "Thou sleeper, awake" in the *Times* of August 8, and compares them unfavourably with William Watson's sonnet "To the Troubler of the World" (the *Times*, August 6): "That really had a ring in it". The authorities, so he had learned from his new Registrar, Mr. Aveling, had been considering whether the Royal College of Music should be requisitioned as a hospital, but this disquieting expectation was not realized. Parry returned to Rustington on September 7, and a fortnight later delivered his opening address at the College.

These war addresses form a separate group in Mr. Colles's collection, and the first is in many ways the most remarkable. He felt that to a great extent *inter arma silent Musae*, and could not share the view of those idealists who might wish him to devote himself to domestic concerns and disregard the great issues outside. The College must go on, and yet they who remained could not help being thrilled with admiration for those of their happy family party who had been honourably inspired to face the risk of military

life and the awful conditions of modern warfare. Yet the College in relation to war stood apart from other educational institutions. "Our pupils are made of different stuff from the pupils of ordinary schools. They are gifted in a rare and special way—some are so gifted that their loss could hardly be made good." The world, he went on, could not afford to throw away such lives as if they were of no more account than lives which gave no special promise of a rare kind :

"Think for yourselves what it would have meant if Wagner had happened to lose his life in the Dresden disturbances in 1849, and the world had never had *Tristan* or *Die Meistersinger*, or the *Ring* or *Parsifal*. We hear of Kreisler being in the Austrian army and Rachmaninoff with the Russians, and we honour them for their devotion, even if we think such beings should be set apart for other purposes."

Yet on the other hand they could not help rejoicing that musicians should show the same spirit and mettle for strenuous action as men of other callings. The old "silly notion" that musicians were soft might have had some warrant when there was so much of the back street about English music. There was no ground for it now that music had come into the light of day and was cultivated by others besides the commercial classes, at both ends of the social scale. Yet the conflict of pride and anxiety remained, especially since the rarer souls were often the more venturesome and self-sacrificing, while those who could be more easily spared declined to take the risks and undergo the discipline which would make them better and happier. None the less it was their duty to make it easy for their best to go, while fully recognizing the exceptional value of what they spared. "This parting with some of our best will bring the reality of the War home to us, and steady us, and make us think of all it means in a serious spirit."

Parry's view in regard to the exemption of highly gifted and artistic natures at this stage of the War is clearly expressed in a letter that he wrote to the mother of one of the students on February 4, 1915 :

" I am sorry to say your letter arrived just too late, as your son had taken the decisive step and was enrolled as a member of His Majesty's Forces. I had always been averse to his joining up, as he is too exceptionally gifted to be counted on the same footing as the millions who have no exceptional promise of a special kind. As I have pointed out to him, people who have special gifts may benefit the country and humanity at large in a higher way than those who offer themselves as mere unspecialized individuals in the fighting hosts. I have a very high opinion of him and a great regard for him, and I have told him young men like him ought to be specially sheltered from danger rather than be exposed to it."

Mr. Arthur L. Benjamin, the student in question, in sending me this letter for publication notes that the Director, " one of the very few who command respect which comes of love ", never thought of applying the principles which it lays down to his own case, but offered his yacht and himself for active service.

From what they owed to their brother musicians at the front, Parry passes, in the most moving passage in the address, to the one great thought that overshadowed all others—the overwhelming and soul-shaking experience of witnessing the downfall of a great nation from honour and high estate. " How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning." The German nation, which in former times was glorified by producing some of the noblest minds that had ever shone in the world of art, had committed the most gigantic crime ever perpetrated by a nation in history. The initial crime of suddenly declaring war on France had been followed up by others as base and hideous. They had become " a nation that hates. The so-called philosophy that represents their present state is the philosophy of hatred and destruction." The gospel of Nietzsche and the text-books of their war-lords, which had excited our derision and incredulity, had been faithfully carried out in practice. What many of us thought to be mere eccentric individual aberrations had proved to represent the general opinion and feeling of the nation. And this hideous perversion had forced

him most reluctantly to revise his estimate of German culture:

"I have my own confession to make. For I have been for a quarter of a century or more a pro-Teuton. I owed too much to their music and the philosophers and authors of former times to believe it possible that the nation at large could be imbued with the teaching of a few advocates of mere brutal violence and martial aggression; with the extravagance of those who talked about super-morality; with the ruthless implications of their insistence that the State is power, and nothing but power, and has no concern with honour, right, justice or fairplay. But we are painfully disabused. We are forced to admit that men who seemed to libel and traduce them have proved to be right We know now that it is the hideous militarism of the Prussians that has poisoned the wells of the spirit throughout Germany. . . . We know now that if we cannot scotch the war-fiend the world will not be worth living in. We know too that we must be prepared for tremendous sacrifices, for sufferings, for losses, for terrible blows and anxieties. And we must learn to look them steadfastly and coolly in the face."

The War, he held, was righteous and inevitable, and they had good reason to be proud of their splendid soldiers and sailors and of the solidarity of the Empire. But non-combatants must not forget their obligations. Civil and domestic life had to go on; and it would go on best if they maintained steadiness of nerve and even cheerfulness, refusing to yield to panic, to be awed or flattered by rumours, or indulge in useless imprecations against the Germans. If Germany triumphed he hoped the College would set an example of self-possession, and prefer extermination to submission. But if, on the other hand, the Imperial bird of Prussia, "which to me looks so much like a spatch-cocked carrion crow, is duly and properly cooked, I hope we shall show none of that same arrogance which has caused it to be the most poisonous emblem in the whole universe, but display our victorious joy with modesty and even with chivalrous courtesy to our enemies".

In conclusion, he justified the pursuit and cultivation

of their art even by the side of the greatest doings of active life on several grounds. The highest guarantee of music was that it should be capable of being a divine consoler in times of the most piteous distress. " The great thoughts of real composers, to which we devote ourselves, are such spiritual food as keeps on lifting us into the higher spheres when great victories are mere memories." In the second place, " our art may be greatly inspired by heroism ; not the fussy, aggressive, blatant heroism of the Prussian *Heldenleben*, but the heroism we hear of daily in stories from the front. Real heroism is chivalrous and frank, modest and unaggressive, cheerful in adversity and unboastful in success. True music can be inspired by such qualities, and when it really is so inspired it can convey a noble message to us." Thirdly, " our devotion to our art is one of the things which help to that better state of man which counteracts the brutalizing impulses ". A truly independent democratic spirit would never submit to the debasing influence of militarism. " It is by encouraging the democracy to be independent and take an interest in things which make them reasonable and enlightened, that such enormities and savageries as seem inevitable in warfare may be ultimately ended." Lastly, for the moment they could welcome their art " as a relief from preoccupation with horrors, and as a safeguard against spending superfluous time in trying to devise language adequate to the situation ". It was for the honour of the nation that they should not be impatient, but possess their souls " with firmness, with the hope that things would come right in the end, and with the resolve so to use their own little opportunities as to add something to the credit of the country in the million-faceted consummation which must be achieved ".

There must be some, for whom music lost its savour and its powers as a consoler and anodyne in the War, who will think he rates its claims too high. But the fine and generous spirit of this address was beyond doubt a potent influence in maintaining cheerfulness and self-control among the students, and when the daylight raids were at their

worst there was no panic; work went on as usual, and the pupils "behaved capitally". To return to 1914, we may note, as an example of his ready recognition of work that claimed attention without commanding his sympathy, the performance of Debussy's quartet at a College Concert in October. He writes in his diary that it seemed more absurd each time he heard it: "always trying to do things for which a quartet is not the best medium". On November 12 his Symphonic Poem *From Death to Life* was given at Brighton, and on December 17 he records the revival of his early work *The Glories of our Blood and State* by the Bach Choir. "They did *The Glories* fairly well and fairly revelled in Stanford's 2nd series of Sea Songs, and gave a very good performance of Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*. Big stuff, but full of impertinences as well as noble moments."

Throughout the War Parry devoted a great deal of time to the "Music in War-time" movement, which early in 1915 was brought under the supervision of the Professional Classes Relief Fund, and his diaries contain constant notes of his engagements to attend committees—engagements which he was most conscientious in fulfilling in addition to all the other committees connected with his College work. By February 1915 "Music in War-time" had already assisted nearly two hundred necessitous cases, and had over fifty concerts in hand before the end of March. The late Mr. Paul Waterhouse, who served with Parry on the Professional Classes Relief Fund, told me how admirable and indefatigable he was in the discharge of his duties. He was assiduous in canvassing for subscriptions, writing many appeals with his own hand and gratefully acknowledging the contributions which, as he says in one letter, proved "a welcome contrast to the rebuffs and snubs I get from most people". He was anxious to provide accommodation for wounded soldiers at Highnam, but was reluctantly obliged to give up the idea, as it would have involved a reconstruction of the entire house owing to its old-fashioned sanitation.

In spite of many preoccupations and distractions the

years 1915 and 1916 were by no means unfertile in creative work. He completed his Chorale Preludes for organ, wrote the six well-known motets including the Psalm, "Lord, let me know mine end", five of which were given by the Bach Choir in 1916; and in that year he composed the Naval Ode, "The Chivalry of the Sea", to words by Dr. Robert Bridges, given by the Bach Choir in December 1916. His diaries, though mainly concerned with business engagements and betraying signs of frequent weariness—as when he writes in one entry typical of many: "very tangled business; I was not fit for the chair. Too tired"—nevertheless yield a good deal of information on his manner of life:

"*January* 27, 1915.—To Mansion House at 3. Meeting to discuss Recruits' Bands. Rudyard Kipling and others spoke. I was much amused with Zangwill who on hearing I could not stay long said, 'Will you not stop to hear me?' Then to Professional Classes sub-committee. We wrangled a lot and I found myself constantly in opposition without success. Then to Meeting of Music in War Time in Westbourne Grove, and was forced to speak at the end, having missed most of the meeting.

"*March* 18.—To Queen's Hall at 10.30. Very good rehearsal of 'From Death to Life'. Band played up most amiably. Got back to College soon after 11. Heavy correspondence. At 1 to say good-bye to Aveling's nephew who is going off to the front to-night. Back to College for luncheon. In afternoon letters and preparation for Executive at 5. Finished soon after 6. Found Dolly had arrived at 17 Kensington Square: she had been hearing Darke play the Chorale Preludes on his organ. To Philharmonic with her and Maud. 'Death to Life' went capitally, but I could feel it was not a success.

"*March* 23.—To Horse Guards' parade to hear the Recruiting Bands' show performance. They played remarkably well with decision and spirit and capital technique. Rogan [the bandmaster] was quite friendly, which did him credit, as I had been unsympathetic to his sumptuous views.

"*March* 28.—Stephen Graham and his wife and H. W. Nevinson and Bee Pembroke [Lady Pembroke] to luncheon: a most interesting party. Nevinson shy at first but opened out and was informing. . . .

"*April* 1.—To College and thence to a Hall in Eccleston Street to go through the arrangement of 'And when our Country's Cause' for military band—with the Guards' band. Found it very amusing to conduct a military band. They did it very well, and it sounded all right.

"*April* 14.—Emily Daymond, Tom Parry [his nephew] and I started from Rustington for Brighton at 2. Had a jolly run and arrived before 3. . . . At the Pier we found the Band of the Grenadiers in diminished numbers but playing very ably, Williams conducting. The *Birds* March sounded quite decent and was well received. Goodhart [of Eton] there. We had discussions with Williams about possible improvements in the score, etc. They played a very clever *pot-pourri* of his on national airs.

"*April* 24.—To College at 10.15 and then to Albert Hall for the rehearsal of the afternoon's concert. . . . The rehearsal was interesting and thunderous. I never heard such a tremendous volume of sound as that produced by the Recruiting Bands and the Coldstreams together in the empty Hall. It was even exhausting. . . . Back to College for lunch with professors. Concert at 3. Had to attend to receive the King and Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra. . . . My chorus from *St. Cecilia* went with spirit and the whole programme, especially a March for drums and fifes, was very effective and arousing.

"*May* 1.— . . . Induced by Emily Daymond to go to St. James's, Paddington, to hear Darke play some of my Chorale Preludes, which he did very finely. Interrupted by a wedding and went back to the College where Darke played some more.

"*May* 3.—Getting ready address. To College at 12. Aveling gave me the distressing news that his nephew had died in Hospital of severe wounds received in the recent fighting. It depressed me so much that I could hardly get through the address without breaking down. So it was a very bad one.

"*May* 13.— . . . Clara Butt's Concert at Albert Hall at 8.30. My 'Aviator's Song'[1] quite out of place. The one impressive thing was Tchaikovsky's '1812' by the combined three Guards' bands. The greatest uproar I ever heard. But they did it remarkably well.

"*May* 20.—Work at home. College at 12.30. Poor Mr. B., Novello's head engraver, called to see me in great

[1] *A Hymn for Aviators*, words by Mary Hamilton.

distress about being repatriated which he didn't want at all. I tried to comfort him. After lunch to see Frank and Helen [Pownall]. Found him very low,[1] lingering over old photographs. She fiercely brave. Tried to cheer them up."

Parry felt the loss of his yachting greatly and grew restless in the summer, as the time of these annual excursions approached. He accordingly invited Dr., now Sir Hugh Allen, to come with him for a trip to America and " hunt submarines ", and the invitation was accepted with alacrity. They started on August 7 and were away just five weeks—eighteen days on land and seventeen at sea. There are few references to the trip in his diary, and none of any special interest, but Sir Hugh Allen has given me his reminiscences. The journey was taken solely for refreshment, without any other motive. But Parry took with him five books on architecture and did a certain amount of work at his own book on *Instinct and Character*, with regard to which he remarked in conversation that it was " coming out just as he expected ". They went straight to Quebec, and thence to Montreal, Toronto (where they visited the Musical Conservatory), and Niagara. At the hotel within sound of the Falls there was a good piano, and Sir Hugh heard Parry play for about an hour—Schumann and Chopin—with all that peculiar charm which his friends found in his playing in early days. They also visited New York and Boston and went to Harvard. The undergraduates were away on vacation, but they inspected the Observatory under the guidance of the Director and Professor of Astronomy, the late E. C. Pickering. The tour was so contrived that with the exception of a few hours in the train, it was all done by boat—the prime object of the journey. Sir Hugh tells me that, though he had known Parry as a friend and colleague for many years, this was the first occasion on which he enjoyed his intimate and continuous companionship for a considerable time. Travel tests friendship, but in this instance only

[1] George Pownall, their only son, had been killed in Gallipoli a fortnight before.

strengthened the bond. They had great talks about the College and other matters, but the impression that remained in Sir Hugh's mind was that of being in contact with " a great man, a great seer, with the affection of a father ".

In October and November 1915 Parry notes his attendance at meetings of the Musical Association, of which he had been elected President, but he did not find the discussions enlivening. On November 10 he heard the College Choral Class, sadly attenuated, singing Mr. Walthew's *Pied Piper*, the setting written " when he was my pupil, which caused me to withhold mine for several years ", and on the 15th he heard Balfour Gardiner's *Fantasia* at the Philharmonic, " a wonderful bag of orchestral tricks ". Death had made many inroads on the circle of his friends even before the War, and the tragically sudden end of Lady Richmond grieved him sorely :

" *November* 22.—When I got home George told me the dreadful news of Lady Richmond having been killed by a motor in Hammersmith. I went down to Beevor Lodge after dinner. Willie was well attended by his children and was very calm and self-possessed.

" *November* 26.—With Maud, Molly and Freddy [von Hügel] to Chiswick Church for the funeral of our beloved Clara Richmond. Willie came and behaved with marvellous self-command and dignity. . . . After dinner to Beevor Lodge and sat with Willie.

" *November* 27.—Again to Beevor Lodge. Willie had been much depressed and talked vehemently to keep the spectres at bay.

" *January* 16, 1916.—Emily Daymond came to luncheon and we all went to the Temple to hear them do ' The Nativity '. I was much impressed by the whole service. The beautiful language and feeling of the prayers came out so well. . . . The performance of the ' Nativity ' was astonishingly good. Walford Davies's treatment of the difficult accompaniment was miraculous, and the Choir interpreted it marvellously and made even a fine lot of sound when required.

" *February* 20.—Scrambled through some letters and off to St. Paul's for Martin's funeral. It was most impressive, and the choir sang divinely. I never heard a more beautiful quality of tone in my life. Vast numbers of prominent

musicians were present. I sat with Mackenzie and Bridge in front close to the big aperture in the pavement through which the coffin was lowered. I noticed how the representative musicians were all ageing together.

"*February* 27.—A queer birthday—an unquiet and rather desultory morning. In the afternoon to Queen's Hall for a Sunday concert. They gave my 'Unwritten Tragedy' overture which I conducted without rehearsal. The band were miraculously attentive, and it could not have been better. As Wood said: 'If they had had a rehearsal, perhaps they would not have played it so well. It made them concentrate.'"

Meanwhile Frank Pownall's long illness had ended in the death of a beloved friend of fifty years' standing. It was a merciful release, as Parry writes to Sir Henry Hadow on January 31, 1916:

"But now of course the loss comes home to us all, and we think of him as he was before his illness. Mrs. Pownall has been really magnificent through it all—always setting herself aside and trying to be of service to him, and other people too who felt the pain of it. Now I am afraid the loss of son and husband will come home to her in full force. She has had more trouble in her life than any one I know, and she is not broken yet, and I think her courage will carry her through it. It is a comfort to her to feel that everybody appreciated him so thoroughly."

Writing to Mr. Napier Miles on April 1, he regrets his compulsory absence from Highnam: "I am hardly ever there now." And he goes on to describe his impressions of the wounded soldiers, and to give a picture of the College in War time:

"Your hospital must be very interesting. I haven't much time to go to hospitals, but when I do I am filled with wonder and delight at the pluck and spirit of the poor wounded chaps, and they have lots to tell if they are not too bad! We have been shockingly punished at the College. Over 100 students have gone into different branches of the service, and actually 16 existing scholars are at the Front or preparing to go there. I'm rather proud of them. But I miss them a lot, and the College numbers have gone down sadly. But we do our best to keep things going."

On May 22 he went with his daughter and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby to the College for the Bach Choir Concert where they sang the new motets " most beautifully " :

" I never felt anything so sympathetic. They encored the 6-part one and the Choir paid a singular compliment to the 7-part 'At the Round Earth's imagined Corners', as they all stayed while the audience went out and then sang it again, even better than the first time."

Parry's pleasure, it may be added, was greatly enhanced by the letter which he received from Sir Hugh Allen acknowledging the dedication of the last-named work to the Bach Choir, of which Sir Hugh was the Conductor :

" You said many very kind things last night. Let me say one or two things to-day. That you will dedicate this wonderful 7-part motet to us is to add to the innumerable kindnesses you have shown us as a Society the highest honour we could desire. We love it the more as it is a lasting indication that you were pleased with us, our only regret being that we should have liked to do it so much better. We have now two works, 'Blest Pair' and 'At the Round Earth's imagined Corners', as a heritage from you, and no Society with such a distinction can be anything but proud. You have given the world a great possession and to have entrusted the keeping of these two masterpieces to us fills us with happiness."

Highnam had suffered severely in the winter gales of 1915–16, when over one hundred of the finest elms, some of them conspicuous landmarks, had been blown down. On March 28, 1916, Parry's bailiff reported a terrible gale on the previous night, with great damage to trees—cedars, firs and rare conifers—and in a thunderstorm in June the church was struck by lightning and considerable damage done inside and out. Parry paid a short visit to Highnam in May, during which he records his satisfaction at finding that he could still nearly manage his old *cheval de bataille* —Beethoven's *opus* 111.

It would be a profound mistake for those who did not know Hubert Parry to imagine, because these entries in his diary are largely concerned with music and musicians, that

he deliberately secluded himself from thoughts of the War. It was true that he was fortunate in being able to find consolation in hearing great music, but the shadow was always there and ever deepening. His three College addresses in 1915 remain to show how deeply he meditated on the causes of the War, its relation to life and its bearing on art, and with what earnest and unceasing endeavour he brought his wide reading of history and philosophy, and his own varied experience of mankind to illustrate and fortify his message to the young. It was in the main a message of good cheer, but he was as far removed from foolish optimism as from " defeatism ". It may have been a premonition that moved him to say in January 1915, " I suppose some of us may not see the end of the War ", but he immediately added that " we have that feeling of fellowship with those who will survive it that we project ourselves into the future as if we were going to be there ".

He hoped that goodwill and humanity would ultimately prevail, but refrained from prophecies, warned by the failure of experts. " It is impossible to guess what will happen when the War is over. Perhaps people may take their art more seriously. Perhaps they will be so wearied that they will only want the most trivial kinds of music, as many do now." Here the second guess has unfortunately been nearer the mark. But he was always quick to seize on the gains of the War without minimizing the terrible losses in the best blood, breed and seed of England. So in his first Address in 1915 he welcomes the growth of the " community feeling ", the expansion of the sense of comradeship, as one of the few compensations which war has to offer, and which seemed " to counterbalance the sterile class distinctions which make frank comradeship impossible ". " Fellowship in danger ", he goes on, " is exhilarating. The sense of comradeship helps in sorrow and in effort, in danger and in dying." The War, he asserts, was largely the outcome of other wars, and of the legacy of hate, and of galling terms which showed the utter futility of war as a cure for anything. But he also admitted as a contributory cause " the madness of self-complacency

which took possession of the Prussians and impelled them to the inconceivable stupidity of thinking that they could conquer and Germanize the whole world ". The War was " the most colossal object-lesson the world had ever had of the stupefying effect of an absolutely false attitude of mind ". One stupidity led to another. Great thinkers the Germans had been, but metaphysics do not bring men into touch with actualities ; enslaved by an evil and false theory of life, which had its origin mainly in Prussian Junkerdom, and the belief that human beings can be ruled better by blows than goodwill, the docile German people had been shepherded by their own countrymen into the shambles. There was always hope even for quarrelsome people if they tried hard to understand each other—if they tried to get into the convolutions of an adversary's mind and see how he comes to think what he does. " That, we perceive, the Germans did not try to do."

In the address at the opening of the summer term of 1915 Parry discusses the individual in war with special reference to those who are musically endowed. He admits that the spiritual or artistic education, which brings much greater sensitiveness of every kind, makes pain and distress harder to bear : but he was inclined to believe that it also brings greater ardour, keenness and self-mastery. The army in 1915, being voluntary and with a larger proportion drawn from the superior and educated classes, was in mental development far superior to any large army ever known. But no one questioned its devotion or courage. Then he digressed to deal with the terrible uncertainties of war, the awful waste of human life, specially of those who, if spared, might be numbered among the world's greatest heroes. These terrible chances ought to make them take thought seriously. Yet a man might be amongst the merriest and most light-hearted, and be gay and glad in all the joys of life, and yet feel serious things deeply and fully. " The man who has courage to keep cheerful in his own misfortunes and is downcast only about other people's has the true and serviceable admixture of seriousness and cheerfulness." This was the spirit of the splendid men in the trenches, and

it ought to give those who stayed at home a touch of their heroism. There was need of the reminder, for we had been in some ways too lucky: there were many to whom the reality of what was happening had not come home—silly and idle people, loafers and wastrels, half-witted female dupes of fashion; those who, when their levity failed, became hysterical and unworthy of the splendid achievements of our soldiers and sailors, or indulged in spasms of abuse aimed at public men who were doing their duty magnificently. Every nation, including our own, comprised an enormous number of such people; the difference lay in the proportion of finer souls, and our comfort was that the great crisis had revealed such a large and splendid reserve of spirit and vitality:

"It is no wonder foreigners were misled, for like ourselves they were only able to judge by what appears in newspapers; and as newspapers find more profitable 'copy' in recording the doings of the do-nothings and their levities and follies, there was some excuse for the people at home and elsewhere who thought we were going to perdition."

Parry hardly said enough, though he did say something, of the regeneration of many of those who before the War came had done little but amuse themselves, but had now found a savour and aim in life. He did not live to read that remarkable saying in Admiral Tirpitz's *Memoirs* that the most formidable element Germany had to contend with was the spirit of the polo-playing Englishmen.

He ends the address by congratulating the pupils on having their work to occupy them. He did not wish to proscribe merriment, so long as it was not the merriment of levity but "the wholesome joy of life and doing, which in spite of the background of terrible things cannot and need not be extinguished". Such cheerfulness was not incompatible with patience and steadfastness, with lending their hands and hearts where chance offered or sympathy was called for. If the final outcome was victory it could only be completed by victories other than those of arms—victories over the worthless parts of ourselves and our lower impulses; and all the nation could take part in such

victories. This was the address which he describes in his diary as " one of his poorest " ; but as this narrative shows, it was very seldom that he was satisfied with what he said or wrote.

As time went on, and the strain on the country became more and more exacting, he recognized the increasing need of reconsidering their position and, if possible, justifying themselves in continuing to cultivate music when the attention of the nation was for the most part engrossed in the War. This is the theme of the address given in September 1915, and it gave him the opportunity of declaring, with all the emphasis at his command, that the College was not a place for merely teaching people music. From the outset it had been organized with a view to rendering special services to the nation. It aimed at a corporate life, " the inspiring association of diverse people with a common object which unites human beings in the happiest of fellowships ". Above and beyond the broadening of the musical horizon by spreading the appreciation of secular music, especially orchestral, chamber and operatic music, and training first-rate orchestral players, the policy of the College had always been " to inspire our people with the widest possible views and to make their education minister to their understanding of far more than the individual studies to which they specially devoted themselves, so that wherever they went after they left us they might diffuse more light ". They had also encouraged composers to experiment and, by the Patrons' Fund, founded in 1903 by Sir Ernest Palmer, had offered them opportunities hitherto non-existent for bringing their works to a hearing—whether they belonged to the College or not. These were high aims, and in view of the constancy with which they had been pursued, the Director held that they were justified in devoting themselves to their usual work at the College at a time like the present. They could not help being aware that music must drop into the background for a time :

" But that is all the more reason why we should be faithful to it. . . . As a matter of fact there never was a

time when it was more necessary to be faithful to such objects. Music is one of the most effectual ministers of civilization. And when civilization is imperilled, as it is now, by a fearful reversion to methods of violence and destruction, it behoves those who are concerned with the spiritual constituents of civilization to maintain their efforts to the utmost."

If some readers are inclined to think that the claims of music are put too high, it should be borne in mind that he was addressing an audience of whom the majority were girls, and that he was careful to restrict his claim to those who followed their art seriously and not as a mere relaxation or amusement. "If they could serve their country more effectually by joining with others in some work which would be of national service, perhaps it would be better for them to give their music a rest for a time."

Parry's diary in 1917 contains little of interest. He was swallowed up in Committees — at the College, the Associated Board, the University of London and the War Relief Fund. He was down for a few days at Highnam in February, but while he found time to jot down a few memoranda on birds' notes his principal preoccupation appears to have been the question of rationing sugar. In March the College routine dominates the diary, culminating in the annual examinations. The vacation lasted from March 31 till April 30, and he paid visits to both Highnam and Rustington. On April 28 he was in London for a performance of "The Chivalry of the Sea" at the Albert Hall, which went well, the choir being most responsive and friendly, though the reception was rather mild. May was a month of boards and meetings, but he was down at Rustington on the 4th, when he notes the interval of the cuckoo's call as F—D♭, and again on the 26th and 27th. June brought scholarship examinations and the usual round of committees, but he had a day off at Oxford with Sir Hugh Allen on the 17th :

"Arrived at Oxford at 2. Found Allen at New College, and we had a short rehearsal and then went into the garden where there were lots of wounded. Ley [the organist of Christ Church] joined us and we went to the Cathedral.

After service Ley gave a recital and played ' Celestial Joys ' magnificently. Dined in Hall, full of cadets. Chapel [New College] absolutely full at 8.30, with crowds up to the Western door. ' Jesu, meine Freude ' sympathetically done. They sang ' Lord, let me know mine end ' [the last of his Songs of Farewell] beautifully—the first time I had heard it. It seemed to come off all right. Ley played ' God our Help ' brilliantly. We sat up in Allen's room till 11.15. Pretty tired all of us."

At the end of the month he paid a flying visit to Highnam and the term, after the customary rush, ended on July 21. August was spent mainly at Rustington with occational visits to London to attend War Relief Committees ; early in September he was with the Ponsonbys at Shulbrede Priory, back in London before the middle of the month to attend Committees and prepare for the opening of the Term on the 24th, down at Rustington on the 28th, and again at Shulbrede on the 30th. He seldom alludes to the progress of the War in his diary, but it was always in his thoughts :

" What he was to me during the War (writes his youngest sister, Mrs. Cripps) I can never say. He wrote to me regularly, however busy he might be, just little short letters of cheer, and came to see me whenever he could. He was particularly fond of my husband, as he always was of any one straight and clean and simple. I remember he came at once to see him after he came back the first time from Gallipoli, looked at him intently, listened to all he said most carefully, and when he was going away said to me, ' Thank God he has come back just the same ; I was so afraid that all he had gone through would change and coarsen him.' "

October was a month of air raids and alarms from which the College did not wholly escape :

" *Oct.* 2.—George found a piece of shrapnel on the roof of No. 17 (Kensington Square). Work at home ; College at 12. Found them all much excited, as a big shrapnel case had come through the roof of the Concert room, and embedded itself in the floor of the platform, luckily just missing the organ. Another raid alarm in the morning, but died away. The pupils behaved capitally at the orchestra practice and work went on as usual. . . . Emily [Day-

mond] walked home with me a little after 6. All the clerks and girls and the rest cleared out of the College as early as possible. We expected another raid, but were mercifully spared it, and the night seemed strangely peaceful."

The College lost two good friends this autumn in its President and Secretary :

(*To J. A. Fuller-Maitland*)

"*October* 30, 1917.

" We have had a very heavy blow in the loss of that dear old friend Charles Morley. He was such a level-headed and generous-minded person ; and his connexion with the College dated from long before it came into existence. We shall miss him badly. Poor old Prince Christian too. He was a very kindly accommodating sort of President."

Parry managed to spend several week-ends at Rustington in October and November. Allusions to the Patrons' Fund occur in the diary, and there is an undated letter to a friend belonging to this or the next year in which he says : " I'm in the middle of a Patrons' Fund rehearsal, witnessing a young Brummagem lion wallowing in his own messes ". On November 24 he records a concert at the Albert Hall at which " Agnes [Nicholls] sang the *Judith* Finale magnificently and was well received. The Choir sang *Chivalry* splendidly, but I don't think the audience liked it." The College term ended on December 15, and on the same day he was present at the Concert at the Albert Hall held in honour of the fallen :

" To Albert Hall at 2.20. Huge gathering and very impressive. Long rows of khaki in the boxes. The scheme of the concert was unfortunately misconstrued, as it was mainly in the mournful key of regret for those who had fallen, whereas the soldiers were not concerned for that, but even in an exuberant state ready for triumphal exhilaration at coming together again with a sense of honour. They bore it meekly, but it was oppressive. The Choir sang well—especially in ' There is an Old Belief ', but naturally there was no enthusiasm for sad things. It would have

been better in Church. Arthur Balfour read ' Let us now praise famous men ' and Lord Derby the lists of officers and regiments, which latter was punctuated with shouts of applause throughout. Robert Morant sat with me."

He left for Highnam on the 18th to superintend the carrying out of the Government instructions for the felling of trees on the estate—a grievous experience, described in his letter to Plunket Greene from Rustington on the 22nd :

" I have just arrived here after a harrowing three days at Highnam . . . the situation is heart-rending. Government instructions to cut down a large number of the finest elms in the place! I had to go round this week to look at them all. Glorious, old, noble trees that have taken centuries to grow—and doomed irrevocably. They are going to clear the whole of the chestnut wood in the next fortnight—shave it off clean. The larch wood by the brickfields is to be cleared—that I don't mind so much—and they threaten to take all the ash in the woods, as they say they are too good and straight. The place looks bald already. What it will be when they have accomplished all their fell designs is too tragic to think of."

The same note of keen personal regret is sounded in his diary when he describes the fall of " Magog ", the smaller of the two great elms at the front, and how he went by himself to say good-bye to the larch plantation and the doomed chestnut grove. Down at Rustington, where he spent Christmas, he was laid up for ten days, unable to go out and in the doctor's hands all the time. For a while he did some mild work, sitting over the fire, and notes in his diary a flying visit from Sir Hugh Allen, then preoccupied with pig-keeping, on the 28th. But on the 29th he was peremptorily ordered to bed and did not resume his ordinary course of life till January 4, when he worked at the revision of his book on *Instinct and Character*, took a walk to the beach, and received the permission of Dr. Going to return to London on the morrow.

The nine months that remained were as crowded as any that had gone before. There was no respite from Committees and Boards and examinations, or the drudgery of

details aggravated by his inability to delegate responsibility, or to utilize labour-saving appliances. He went on to the end writing letters with his own hand. As his son-in-law Mr. Ponsonby tells me, he always preferred going on errands himself to ringing a bell. Yet though the wheels of the War-chariot "drave heavily," he was not daunted or discouraged, but earned the right to be ranked with those of whom Matthew Arnold wrote in *Rugby Chapel:*

> "Yours is the praise, if mankind
> Hath not as yet in its march
> Fainted and fallen and died!
>
> Languor is not in your heart,
> Weakness is not in your word,
> Weariness not on your brow."

His address to the College pupils on January 7, shorter than usual, and delivered to a very small attendance, is informed by a steadfast hopefulness; but if he refused to contemplate the possibility of defeat, he was fully alive to the dangers of victory. Such a world-convulsion as they were passing through brought out the worst side of the worst people. Moreover the men who had borne the burden and heat of the day would want to have what they called a "good time", and "the general idea of a good time is the gratification of the least respectable impulses":

"There are a noble few who keep the steadfast beacons in view, and whose minds are not extinguished by the horrors they have to endure, but with the majority of those whose business is fighting the great questions which concern humanity most urgently hardly exist."

He now admitted that many of the idle rich had redeemed their self-indulgence magnificently. They had lacked opportunity of doing anything serviceable before, but when the opportunity came proved astonishingly worthy of it:

"We are naturally dazzled by the magnificent grit and courage and devotion of our fighting men. They, indeed,

have renewed our pride and confidence in the dear old country. But what has been done at home by devoted civilians, whom we do not hear so much about, is quite as much a thing to be proud of."

He returns to the point, already made in an earlier address, that the Germans had misread the British spirit:

"The pictures afforded by the newspapers of the gross levities of the over-wealthy misled them. The fact that newspapers are not concerned with quiet efforts to do good, and that the big pleasure-seeking multitude do not care to know anything about them, has had its compensations. If the Prussians had waited a generation or so till the poison had done its work more completely, they might have had a better chance of success."

Bad smells, he observes, are extremely useful when they call our attention to things which have gone wrong, and have to be put right. But the evil tradition was not eradicated. There were still extraordinary numbers of people—far too many—who thought that mere dissipation was the principal aim of existence, and even the cataclysm of the War could not be expected to do more than reduce their numbers. Parry avowed his inability to believe that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new". There were elements in human nature too deeply rooted to be abolished in a few short years, even of such upheaval as that brought about by the War. It was useless to attempt to cure evils in spasms. The continuity of things was shown by the fact that both evil and good went on. "The former can only be eliminated, as the latter can only be built up, by patience and steadfastness. . . . If the continuity of things was really to be broken we should merely plunge into chaos." The passage that follows declares in the clearest possible way his refusal to accept the new gospel of a "clean cut" with the past, and expounds his own creed of progress in which the generations that come after are the critical disciples but never slaves or iconoclasts in their attitude to those that have gone before:

"If the world had been nothing but disorder and injustice before the War, there would be some excuse for hoping it would all be changed at one fell swoop. But it was not. If it had been, our men at the front would not have made us so proud, and our devoted people at home would not have made such splendid sacrifices or done such noble work. The foundations were sound, though some people had managed to build such ugly and rotten rubbish on the top of them. . . .

"And we can have no chance of coming to any useful conclusions how to make our lives serviceable and worth living if we do not try to understand the past and how wise people have tried to interpret mankind's experiences and efforts. There is no need to agree with what wise men have said and thought. As a matter of fact the wise men always disagreed with one another, and they go on doing so still. That is where our personal share and responsibility come in. What we have got to do is to take interest in their views, and try to understand them sufficiently to choose those which are right and just, and not pick and choose only the things that seem to favour our own little personal interests.

"It is on the thought and action of the past that our own judgments have to be formed, and if the old world is to pass away and count as nothing, where shall we find the basis of our own judgments and conduct? The glorious literature of our country will still exist, which is one of the greatest heritages a nation can have, and the noblest music will still be available to inspire us; and the finest qualities of men will still be displayed, as well as a good many of the worst. And it is mainly on the ways in which people maintain the slow but steadfast progress of the past that it depends whether the former increase in numbers and the latter decrease."

Music had suffered in the past from its peculiar and ancillary relation to those who made amusement the main object of their lives. "The classes which concentrate on amusement think music is a sort of amusement." So a musician used to be a sort of petted domestic servant: "when he was not occupied domestically he was a doubtful but tolerated member of the lower middle classes". The result had been that it was not altogether easy for musicians

to come into close and frequent contact with men who were doing the more strenuous work of the world. And on the other hand these men in their turn classed musicians with the pleasure-seekers and distrusted them because they were supposed to supply pleasure for pay, and not to do anything really serviceable. Happily this view was passing, and there was a prospect that men of action and responsibility would regard music " as a genuine factor in the welfare of the nation, and not as a mere plaything for the vacant hours of wastrels or an appanage of fashion ". This broadening of the horizon and raising of the dignity of their art imposed obligations on all who pursued it in the true spirit. They would have to adapt themselves to a more spacious and responsible position, to look at their art from outside as well as inside, and develop the capacity to take interest in wider spheres of existence. In fine, they would have to judge it from the standard of its value to humanity rather than of its pleasure to themselves. Hubert Parry was peculiarly well fitted to speak with authority on the subject of the raising of the status of the musician, for no man of his generation had done more to bring it about by demolishing the barriers of class prejudice which had buttressed the old and not altogether unwarranted view that musicians were amusing animals, but unmanly and " impossible " socially.

The 7th, the day on which this address was delivered, was a full day with letters and interviews and a meeting of the " Music in War-time " Committee, at which difficult business was transacted and one of the members was " petulant and perverse ". In the evening, however, he refreshed himself by reading " Morley's delightful recollections ". On the 16th he writes in his diary : " Fox turned up with but one arm and stayed to lunch. I felt it most deeply. He behaved quite quietly as though not feeling it as we did." Mr. Douglas Fox, it may be explained, had been one of the most brilliant organ pupils who ever studied at the R.C.M. He held an organ-scholarship at Keble College, went out with the Gloucesters, was badly wounded in 1917 and lost his right arm. When Sir Hugh

Allen, then organist of New College, heard of this disaster, he went into the College Chapel that evening, played the service with his left hand, and wrote at once to Mr. Fox to say that it would be all right. This message of good cheer was amply fulfilled by the sequel. In a very short time Mr. Douglas Fox was back at Oxford, playing the organ in a way little short of miraculous, and for the last seven years has been doing splendid work as organist and director of music at Bradfield College.

Parry spent two more week-ends at Rustington in January. February found him immersed in College work and much distracted by the exigencies of Food Control—both at home and at the College—attending at the Town Hall, Kensington, standing in the queues at Barker's and " infuriated by the way people came and forced themselves in out of their turn ". He managed, however, to attend a demonstration of the Dalcroze method of " Eurhythmics " on the 23rd and on the 27th—I quote from Mr. Colles—

" He celebrated his seventieth birthday amongst signs of love and affection on the part of the remaining Collegians which delighted and surprised him ; but the times were too dark and had weighed too heavily upon him for the festival to be unclouded.

" ' The days of our age are threescore years and ten ; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their life then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone.'

" The words seemed to be graven on his memory, so that he could not escape their influence. He alluded to them in his address, and in his replies to the congratulations of friends. That hardly-won cheerfulness of outlook, which made thoughtless people imagine him to be a man of an easy and sanguine temperament, was maintained only by a struggle. It was with difficulty that he could force himself to say, ' Yes, I'm seventy, but I'm good for ten years more '."

His diary for March mentions Dr. Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony* and a concert conducted by Mr. Adrian Boult, both distinguished ex-pupils of the R.C.M. He paid a brief visit to Highnam on March 8-10, and on March 13

attended the concert in the Albert Hall organized to celebrate the final stage of the Votes for Women campaign. He had taken charge of the music, and on March 15 Mrs. Fawcett wrote to thank him for his services :

" The music said for us what no words could say, and it was an added delight that you were in charge of it all, with memories going back to Rhoda and Agnes in their young days and of Harry [Mr. Fawcett] with all his chivalries and enthusiasms. The Council passed a special vote of thanks to you, the Bach Choir and the Orchestra yesterday, but this is a little personal line. Your ' Jerusalem ' ought to be made the Women Voters' Hymn."

Mrs. Fawcett alludes to his setting of Blake's poem, which ends with the memorable words :

> " I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In England's green and pleasant land."

An undated letter from Dr. Bridges, belonging to an earlier stage of the War, makes it clear that it was he who suggested that Parry should write " suitable, simple music to Blake's stanzas—music that an audience could take up and join in ". He wanted it for a meeting of the " Fight for Right " movement in the Queen's Hall, and suggested that, if Parry could not do it himself, he should delegate the task to George Butterworth—who was unhappily killed in the year 1916.

Parry, acknowledging Mrs. Fawcett's letter on March 18, speaks of the concert as " a glorious occasion for you and every one concerned. Quite thrilling. I thought myself very lucky to be allowed to take part in it." He goes on to speak of the " dear memories " awakened by Mrs. Fawcett's letter. He had stayed with the Fawcetts when the *Birds* was first done in Cambridge, but that was only one of many cherished recollections dating back to his early married life. Miss Agnes Garrett and her cousin Rhoda were neighbours and intimates in the old days at Rustington, when neighbours were few, and mentions of

their wonderful kindness and helpfulness in any domestic difficulty abound in his early diaries. There is always a caress in his reference to them and their way of life and outlook. The letter to Mrs. Fawcett ends with an acknowledgment:

"Your choice of the *Leonora* overture was an inspiration! How it did fit! I confess I was very anxious about the music. It was such a responsibility. But it seemed to come out all right, and the performers put their backs into it with a will. Thank you for what you say about the 'Jerusalem' song. I wish indeed it might become the Women Voters' hymn, as you suggest. People seem to enjoy singing it. And having the vote ought to diffuse a good deal of joy too. So they would combine happily. A thousand thanks for being so kind. Love to Agnes, please."

It will thus be seen that "Jerusalem" was suggested for one movement and claimed for another. It has since come to appeal to an audience wider than that of movements, however important, and bids fair to be permanently included in the repertory of national songs.

The term ended on the 23rd, and the black weeks which followed the great German advance on March 21 were spent mainly at Rustington, with a short visit to Highnam and journeys to town to attend War Relief Committees. A long letter written from Rustington on March 29 throws some light on the temper in which he faced the situation. It was in reply to an appeal on behalf of a pupil, who had not, in Parry's opinion, taken advantage of the opportunities to develop the gifts on the basis of which a scholarship had been awarded. The pupil's parents were fastidious and apprehensive of imaginary dangers:

"In these days no one can be excused for hiding away from dangers and discomforts and repudiating their common footing with others, any more than they could be excused going into the trenches, when they were called on to do so, because funk affected them more than other people."

The weather was as bleak as the outlook, and Rustington was at its worst. He speaks of spending a considerable part of every day struggling with the food problem, making

daily expeditions to Littlehampton, and drearily waiting in all weathers in the queues at the butcher's and grocer's. The greatest difficulty was presented by an old servant " who couldn't for the life of him understand why he should not have the same profusion he had been accustomed to at Highnam ". On April 16, a day for the most part given up to College examinations, Parry took the chair in the afternoon at a meeting of the Musical Association. A paper by Mr. G. H. Clutsam on " Classicism and False Values " was read in his absence by Mr. Edwin Evans, and after the ensuing debate " I had to sum up and delivered a long discourse ". It was Hubert Parry's last public utterance on the conflicting claims of past and present. He was dissatisfied with what he said, but it remains as a well-reasoned and singularly temperate commentary on the texts that change is not necessarily progress ; that there are forms of progress by which the race does not benefit ; that we cannot do without continuity and coherence. It may be added that, in view of the depreciation of Bach and Beethoven indulged in by some of the modernists who took part in the discussion, he must have exercised a good deal of self-control.

Before the College reopened, he spent a few days by himself at Highnam. Most of his time was taken up in discussing estate affairs and finance with his bailiff, Mr. Eels —the cutting of ashes and larches, ploughing up of pasture land, etc.—but he mentions playing the pianoforte one evening for quite a long while, and being surprised to find that his fingers " could still do things when not distracted ".

The summer term—Parry's last term at the College—opened on April 29. The substance of his address has already been given, because it rounds off and sums up that theory of the right mutual relations of youth and age which animated his tenure of the Directorship from the outset. He says little of the War beyond a passing reference to the wild excitement caused by " the singeing of the devil's whiskers at Zeebrugge a few days ago ". It is a wise, affectionate and frank utterance, dealing largely in retrospect, yet chiefly insisting on the lessons that youth and age can learn from each other ; and winding up with what is a

noble commentary on the saying *Vivere bis vitâ posse priore frui.* The pith of the whole is to be found in the saying that " what all the best of men live for is the service of the young, and of those that come after—that their lives may be better and more profitable than their own ". He was certainly faithful to his precept, and fortunate in being able to carry on without any loss of vital energy till the end of the term. His engagement book for May, June and July is exclusively given up to the record of his attendances at the College or War Relief Committees.

On May 30, a day on which he was depressed by the bad news of the capture of Soissons, he took part at the Deanery at Westminster along with the Dean, Dr. Strong (now Bishop of Oxford), Sir Walter Parratt and Sir Alexander Mackenzie in a discussion over the appointment of a new organist, without any definite decision being reached. On June 4 he left the MS. of his book on *Instinct and Character* with Messrs. Macmillan, but " with little or no hope that they would undertake it ". These misgivings were realized on the 14th when he received the " depressing news from Macmillan's that they declined my book. Three years' and more work gone for nothing." In justice to the publishers it ought to be added that their decision was subsequently endorsed by the verdict of independent experts, some of them intimate friends and admirers, on the ground that, while it contained a great deal that was admirable and illuminating in thought and expression, to publish it as it stood, without drastic revision, would not redound to his credit. The disappointment was, however, severe, and it was all the harder to bear as the decision reached him on the morning on which he had to undergo a severe operation.

He lectured twice in June, on the 6th and on the 26th, and on July 16 the diary records a visit from Mr. Hamilton Harty, who came to examine in composition and the work of the orchestra:

" In Stanford's absence he conducted the orchestra, and quite astonishingly well—elastic *tempi*, vivid points. It was delightful to see, and they took it in thoroughly."

Parry attended the annual meeting of the Navy Records Society on July 18, and, on the following day, the presentation to Sir Alexander Mackenzie of an address celebrating the completion of his thirtieth year in the tenure of the Principalship of the Royal Academy of Music. Term ended on the 20th. On the afternoon of the 21st Miss Daymond carried him off,

"first to the Dutch garden which was looking lovely, and then to the Temple Church, where they were doing *Voces Clamantium*. The service pleased me. *Voces* was a sort of adaptation for the Church, and cleverly done. On the whole it seemed effective and well done."

After a violent scramble of packing and sorting and clearing up he got away to Highnam on the 23rd to find the park cleared of hay and looking tidy, but the garden a scene of desolation—confusion and weeds everywhere. Estate affairs claimed most of his time, but on the 26th he went over to Tytherington, where George, his German servant, was working in the quarries:

"George met me at the station, looking well. Took me to the manager of the quarries, who was very obliging and showed me everything—dormitories, dining-room, kitchen arrangements. They all seemed very good. I had tea with the police superintendent who also seemed most reasonable and kindly disposed. The manager spoke very favourably of the aliens, and said some of them were very good fellows. They were all willing and seemed contented. He always 'believed in treating human beings as human beings'. I spoke to lots of the men."

The morning of the 27th was spent in going round and seeing and saying good-bye to friends and retainers—Mrs. Eels, the daughter of Mr. Sowray the old bailiff and wife of his successor; Holder, the old gardener; Mr. Ellis, the head farmer, whose son had been killed in the War. Hubert seldom omitted these kindly visits, but it is hard to read the words in which he records them in his diary and speaks of his "last walk round the garden" without feeling that he was conscious of a final leave-taking. In the afternoon he



HUBERT PARRY AND LADY MAUD PARRY AT RUSTINGTON.

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looked his last on Highnam and returned to London in the evening, where his first thought was to tell George's wife of his visit to her husband.

On the 29th, after the invariable scramble, Parry left town for Rustington, where with the exception of a few hours in town on August 6, and three days with the Ponsonbys at Shulbrede (August 13-16), he spent the remaining weeks of his life. The journey down to Rustington was tiresome and fatiguing, and he felt " worn out " on arrival, though refreshed by the sight of the garden and the sea which was " calm and delectable ". On the 31st he writes of " trying to rest " and then taking a bicycle ride with Miss Daymond to Angmering. The next day found him " miserably out of sorts ", but welcoming the Ponsonbys and their children who came for a short visit. The diary records frequent visits to Littlehampton to obtain supplies, the picking of fruit, " pottering " and a little work. In a letter to Mr. Napier Miles dated Rustington, August 5, about a possible candidate for admission to the College, he mentions that " at present we have not a single male first-study singer left " and continues :

" The dreadful accumulation of extra work the War has brought to me has ended my opportunities for any personal work, and has nearly brought about collapse in the past fortnight. But things do not seem likely to ease off. We have now expanded our ' Music in War-time ' operations to a regular average of 3 concerts a day. About a week ago we gave 8 concerts in one day. They seem to be very helpful, and at the least we are helping a vast number of musicians whose circumstances would otherwise be desperate."

By way of commentary I cannot do better than cite the testimony of Sir Homewood Crawford, conveyed in a letter to the *Times* of October 17, 1918, in which, as one of his colleagues, he speaks of " the splendid war work done by Sir Hubert Parry in alleviating distress in the musical world :

" Shortly after the War broke out, the Professional Classes War Relief Council was formed. Sir Hubert, with several other leaders of the musical profession, were invited

to join the Council of which the Lord Mayor for the time being is President and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Bourne vice-presidents, Major Darwin acting as secretary. Committees were at once set up to deal with the various spheres of the Council's work, and Sir Hubert readily accepted the chairmanship of the Music in War-time Committee.

"For upwards of four years he gave the Committee the benefit of his valuable services, presiding over all its meetings and personally investigating and supervising every detail of the work. When I state that the Joint Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John left to our Committee the organization of hospital concerts throughout England and Wales, it will readily be understood that the task has not been light. Moreover, the alleviation of distress among hundreds of musicians has necessarily involved the Committee—and especially their chairman—in much arduous and anxious work. Sir Hubert Parry never spared himself, and I owe it to his revered memory to make known publicly the increased indebtedness under which the musical profession remains for the never-ending interest taken by him in its welfare."

Dr. Going was again called in on August 5, and on the same day Parry describes an afternoon party at a neighbour's where the hostess expressed approval of "crucifying the Germans". At this Parry, who had previously kept silence, "let fly and said enough to shock them".

Though seriously out of health he tried to get some war-work during the holidays. He longed to help in some way, and could not bear to see others working for their country, while he, as he considered, was doing nothing. At an earlier stage he had sought employment in mine-sweeping, and when nothing came of it went up to London on August 6 to place his services at the disposal of the Board of Agriculture—for a month. He saw an official who "proposed rather feebly some visiting with inspectors of Agriculture, but evidently without conviction, so being unwilling to trespass on his time I left". On the 10th he went for a longer bicycle ride with Miss Daymond—to Clymping, Ford and Arundel, climbing the steep hill into the park, which was radiant with sunshine. His daughter

and Mr. Ponsonby met him at Midhurst on the 13th, and he spent three days with them at Shulbrede Priory. The visit was a delight and anxiety to his hosts. He was as lovable as ever, but crippled by a severe attack of lumbago, and Mrs. Ponsonby tells me that he spoke of feeling low and lacking in vitality. "He was tired, I could see, and fundamentally sad with the thought that he would never live to see the recovery of the world after the war." On his return to Rustington on the 16th he was completely laid up, unable to get about, and quite helpless for a whole week. He read and worked intermittently at summarizing his book, and on the 24th "feeling rebellious against the lumbago went with Emily to Littlehampton on our bicycles. It seemed to do me good." Whether in spite of, or because of, this heroic treatment the lumbago disappeared and is not mentioned again. There are only a few more entries in his diary, but they are characteristic of his capacity for making new friends, his lifelong interest in the sea and architecture, and his love of active exertion :

"*August* 25.—The Rackhams came to tea and proved very congenial. We discussed social topics, politics and art, and they seemed liberal and open-minded—people one can talk to with ease.

"*September* 5.—To Littlehampton for supplies, and then to the bridge where we had the luck to see Roach come in with his transport. Waited for him to come ashore and had a few words with him. Then to Ford, where I got the key of the little church and was intensely interested in the frescoes. The whole place looked well cared for and charming.

"*September* 6.—After tea Emily and I bicycled to Jack Upperton's Gibbet, and enjoyed our ride very much. On the way home we paid the Decoy pond a visit and found a by-road to Angmering. On reaching Littlehampton Common I was very tired.

"*September* 7.—Found a big protuberance in my groin from bicycling yesterday, and had to send for Dr. Eustace, Dr. Going being away. He was puzzled with it and made guesses. . . . Recommended bed. I got up occasionally and had a saunter in the garden. . . . Worked at summary" [see *infra*, p. 363].

This was the last entry in his diary, though he wrote letters later—one to Mrs. Pownall describing how deplorably ill he felt and another to Mr. Napier Miles dated September 11, about the candidate mentioned in the previous letter. Parry says that he has been " vilely ill " and writes " with great difficulty in bed ". He adds that he will not be able to attend the entrance examination at the College : " the doctor says decisively that he does not think there is a chance of my being able to go up ".

The symptoms were obscure and distressing, though for a while no serious alarm was felt. But when his daughter, Mrs. Ponsonby, arrived just a fortnight before the end, the illness had taken a decided turn for the worse, with periodic and acute rigors. Mrs. Plunket Greene and Mr. Ponsonby were telegraphed for and with his wife were with him to the end. The late Dr. E. C. Hort, the eminent pathologist, was called in, and injected vaccines made from cultures of the patient's blood. He revived temporarily for a day, but soon relapsed. For the last five days he was completely unconscious, and no nourishment passed his lips. Until then he had never been weak or peaceful, but seemed to be making a great struggle for life, and the doctors found that his physique and all his organs were those of a man ten years younger. His death, which took place on the evening of October 7, was due to blood poisoning, probably caused by intestinal trouble or rupture brought on by the bicycle ride. But throughout the year 1918 he had let himself run down, often eating very little, giving his bacon coupons to the servants and sacrificing most of his meat to them also, while undertaking all the details of rationing the household. Though he was often cast down by the tidings from the front he never lost hope, and while consciousness remained—so Mrs. Ponsonby tells me—" used to ask anxiously for news ; and we would read him bits from the papers on the progress of the War ".

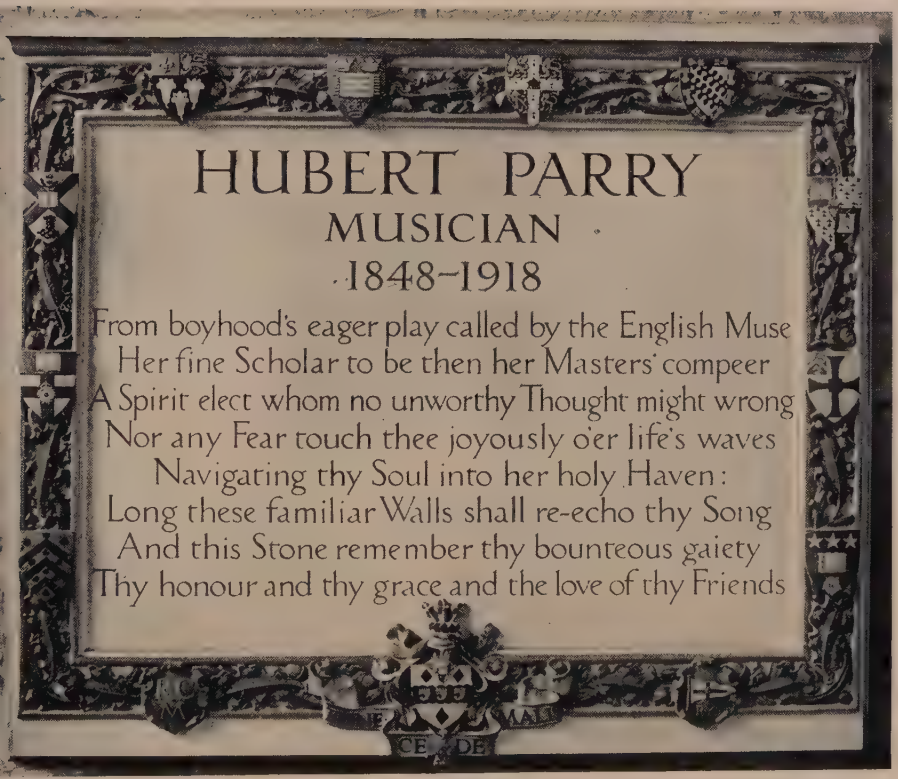
Hubert Parry had exceeded the allotted span of humanity by seven months ; he died virtually in harness, and until the last few weeks of his life he had suffered no abatement of his natural force and never faltered in the

" mental fight " for the Jerusalem of Blake's vision. Had he recovered from his illness, the respite might have only been gained on the condition of leading a life of invalidism for which he was ill-fitted. To this extent he may be pronounced " fortunate in the opportunity of his death ". He died more widely beloved and honoured than any musician of his time, because he was so much more than a mere musician. All classes and callings were to be found in the great concourse which attended his burial in St. Paul's on October 16. There was hardly a musical society or school of any note in the kingdom which did not send representatives. The leaders of the musical profession—Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Frederic Cowen, Sir Frederick Bridge, Dr. Charles Harford Lloyd, to mention only a few—were there not only in an official character but as friends, some of them intimate friends of forty years' standing. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, London and Trinity College, Dublin, sent special representatives, but one cannot help feeling that he would have been even more pleased by the non-academic element introduced by the O.U.D.S.—the successors of his " dear *Frog* people "—or the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he had been the only member, since its foundation, who was also a musician of note. Sir Walter Raleigh, so often his companion in yachting expeditions, and Dr. Robert Bridges, a friend from his school-days, whose poems he had so often set to music, were amongst the many authors and men of letters present; and Sir Edward Poynter, the President, and Sir William Richmond came for the Royal Academy, but also as personal friends.

Hubert Parry was a great Etonian who had added lustre to his school both as a boy and a man; it was therefore a happy thought—suggested by Sir Charles Stanford—which prompted the choice of nine Eton boys to act as pall-bearers, four Collegers and four Oppidans, headed by the " Keeper of the Field ", a post which Parry had once held. Old Etonians who had been associated with him at all stages of his life from his school-days onwards were

present, including Sir George Greenwood and three of the surviving members of the Lyttelton family—Neville, Edward and Robert. Many of his Oxford contemporaries had predeceased him, but of those who remained, Lord Muir Mackenzie and Lord Stuart of Wortley came to pay the last honour to their friend, along with judges and diplomatists, doctors and men of science and public officials, as befitted the funeral of one who touched life at so many points. And if the gathering was representative of English life at its highest and best, the music was chosen with a singular felicity from his own works, from those of past and present British masters, and from Bach, the master of them all. Before the service Bach's Chorale Prelude "Jesu, priceless treasure," and Parry's setting of "As pants the Hart" (*Martyrdom*) were played as voluntaries. The introductory sentences were sung to Croft's setting; Psalm cxxi. "I will lift up mine eyes", to a chant by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, one of the glories of English Church music, and organist of Gloucester Cathedral when Parry was a young man. After the lesson his 6-part Motet "There is an old Belief" was sung by the Bach Choir. The committal prayer was followed by "Brief Life is here our portion" and by "I heard a voice from Heaven" by Sir Charles Stanford. Bach's great Passion Chorale "Commit thy ways to Jesus" was sung after the concluding prayers, and the congregation stood while Parry's Chorale Prelude "Ye boundless realms of Joy" was played on the organ.

Sir Walter Parratt, the "beloved Walter" of his letters, Sir Walford Davies, pupil and colleague, Dr. Ley of Christ Church, Sir Ivor Atkins of Worcester Cathedral, and Dr. Alcock, now of Salisbury, were at the organ, and Sir Hugh Allen conducted, while the music of the service was sung by the choirs of the Cathedral and the Temple Church, the choral class of the Royal College and the Oxford Bach Choir.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Inscription by Dr. Bridges. Design by Emery Walker.

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CHAPTER XI

PERSONAL TRAITS · HABITS, OPINIONS AND BELIEFS

HUBERT PARRY was, in the words of his friend and colleague Sir Alexander Mackenzie, an eminently complex personality —" composer, poet, thinker, historian, teacher, idealist ". This many-sidedness was physical as well as mental. It has been said of him that no country but England could have produced him, and it is true, though the French and Welsh blood in his veins revealed themselves in quickness of action, thought and movements—traits which are not typically English—and never was any one less phlegmatic. But the very best traits of an Englishman he certainly possessed: simplicity and singleness of purpose, the sense of justice, love of his country. He was English, too, in his devotion to pastime. He was the most brilliant foot-ball-player of his time at Eton, but he played all games, as Mr. Pepys Cockerell said, with the same impetuous vigour, " without guile or calculation " and, we may add, with a complete disregard for self-protection. Even billiard-fives, as those who have taken part in it at Highnam will remember, became with Parry something like a battle. The billiard room, as in many country houses, was surrounded with glass cases containing stuffed birds, etc., and many of them were smashed at one time or another.

It seems curious that a man of such fine physique and strength should have been invariably exhausted after a children's party, a game of lawn tennis, a committee or an interview. But he was very highly strung as well as very strong, and could never do anything mechanically or perfunctorily. He was irresistibly impelled to over-exert

himself; to throw himself heart and soul into whatever he was doing. The reaction inevitably followed, but seldom lasted long. His vitality and recuperative energy were extraordinary to the very end of his life. His brain never rested; he hardly ever fell asleep in the daytime, however tired. The Napoleonic gift was not his, but he was not a bad sleeper except towards the end of his life, and if he laid himself open to the charge of exaggerating the importance of small things, it was part of his creed that unimportant duties should be done as thoroughly and well as big things.

To return to his Englishry, he believed implicitly in Englishmen, and thought that no other country approached his own; he loved travelling, but when he was abroad invariably asked for marmalade and a boiled egg for breakfast. I have already mentioned how when he and his elder brother were staying at Mentone in early boyhood, they sang "Rule, Britannia!" loudly when crossing the frontier at a *douane*. In later life the recollection of this juvenile Chauvinism made him laugh, but he was not in the least ashamed of it.

Parry inherited good looks from both his parents. Neither Hubert nor his elder brother Clinton resembled their father strongly in feature, but Hubert recalled him in his carriage and his energetic, quick, short step. Those who only knew him in middle age remember him as a robust, sturdily built man of middle height, ruddy of complexion, with a cheerful countenance and a general air of healthy and prosperous well-being. He never looked like a musician at any time of his life, and a stranger might talk to him for a whole evening without finding it out. He had not a "professional face"; and you might have guessed him to be a highly intelligent country gentleman or possibly a retired sailor or an architect. But as a boy at Oxford, and in his early life in London he was "extraordinarily good-looking". The phrase occurs again and again in the reminiscences of his contemporaries. The late Mr. Pepys Cockerell, who met him first in the middle 'seventies, writing to me in 1920 speaks of his "regular features and flashing grey eyes. It was this which first attracted me to him, before I under-

stood the man himself." Mr. Pepys Cockerell was not the only artist who came under the spell. It was the same with Sir William Richmond and Sir Frederick Leighton, of whom Mrs. Frank Pownall records the following anecdote :

" Hubert Parry was extraordinarily handsome, I might almost say he was beautiful. In the same year in which he first came to my father's house in Bolton Row, we met him one afternoon at Mrs. Sartoris's (Adelaide Kemble), who was entertaining a few friends at her house in St. James's Place. Sir Frederick Leighton was there, and to him Mr. Gambier-Parry introduced his son. ' A Greek god ' was the painter's comment afterwards."

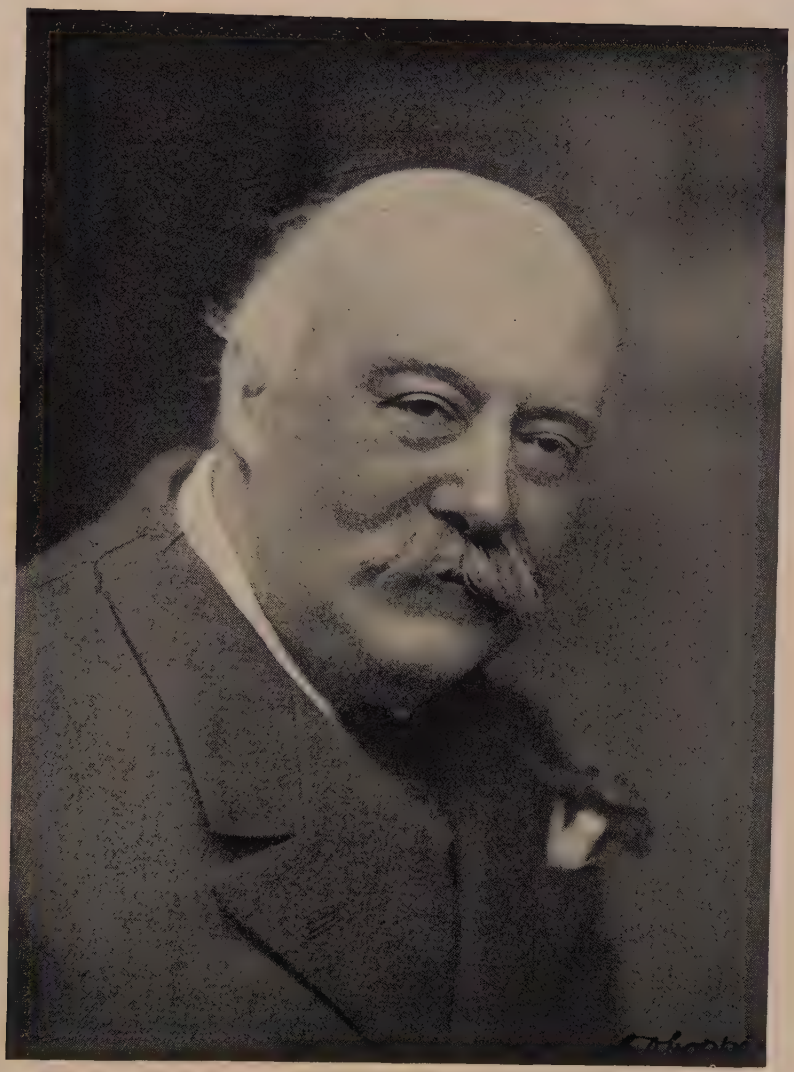
The late Sir William Richmond, who first met him at Oxford in 1869, in the company of Eddie Hamilton, wrote in May 1920 a long account of his fifty years' friendship, in which he dwells on Parry's personal magnetism :

" He was above medium height, slender, mobile and impulsive in every movement—electric indeed—singularly good-looking, with beautiful curly hair crowning a massive head, while a never-to-be-forgotten smile irradiated a countenance the picture of generosity, and produced a mesmeric attraction, a spell under which all who knew him inevitably fell."

There are some good photographs of him as a boy and young man, but though, as we have seen, he appealed strongly to artists, neither then nor at any other time was his portrait taken by a first-rate painter. In later life he carried his head a little bent, a habit which interfered with his success as a lecturer and public speaker. There was nothing to suggest the artist or musician in his hands. In an intimate circle his pianoforte playing was wonderfully expressive, and his touch exquisitely sensitive, but, as his daughter says, " it seemed impossible to believe that his funny short square rough hands—like a boy's—could produce such sounds ". And in this context it may be added that, unlike so many moderns, he had no mechanical tastes : machinery was about the only thing of which he had no knowledge.

The contrast between the young " Greek god ", the

slim yet muscular athlete of the 'sixties and early 'seventies, and the Hubert Parry as we knew him from the 'eighties onward, is instructive as well as curious. Mr. R. O. Morris, a former student at the R.C.M., writes in *Music and Letters* of his appearance as "typically Victorian, large, bluff and violent". To the present writer no memory of Parry's facial expression is more vivid than that of the whimsical perplexity, with his glasses pushed well forward on his nose, which, as Mr. Colles recalls, inspired him to some such remark as "God bless my soul, what terrible rot!" Robust would be a truer description than "large", for he was not much above middle height. But the other epithets may pass. The sailors at Littlehampton knew nothing of him as a distinguished man or artist. To them he was always their friend "Captain Parry". The village people at Highnam were quite indignant at his being described in the Press as a genius—"a genius! fancy, *him*! What a shame! Why he is just one of us"—picturing to themselves, no doubt, an objectionable long-haired indoor man. As for his violence, it was shown in his method of playing games and his manner of testifying affection and approval. He did not affect the fashionable hand-shake, but gripped you with an iron clasp. His sister, Mrs. Cripps, tells me how his sympathy found expression in "the quick squeeze of your hand or the somewhat painful hug if he thought he had hurt you". He did not pat people on the back; he thumped them. But in spite of his occasional exuberance and "rumbustiousness" (a favourite word of his) he could, when the need arose, assume a wonderful dignity of demeanour. Few of those who were present can forget his appearance at a festival service in St. Paul's. One of his works was being performed, and the huge central dome packed with people was in comparative darkness except for a bright light at the conductor's desk. He walked up slowly in his gorgeous doctor's robes and stood erect waiting for an instant with his bâton in the air, the brilliant light full on him, his fine head showing up against the gloom beyond. A more dignified, imposing and inspiring figure could hardly be imagined.



SIR HUBERT PARRY.

From a Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

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Parry had been a *formosus puer*, but no one ever less needed Ovid's injunction : *nimium ne crede colori*. He was perfectly unconscious of his good looks, and all through his life entirely disregardful of appearances. Nothing infuriated him more than the " petty decalogue of Mode "—the idea of doing things because others did them—of following the fashion in dress or opinions. Though brought up in an eminently conventional country house and educated at Eton and Oxford, he never stopped to consider *qu'en dira-t-on?* where matters of " form " were concerned. He would embrace people in public and his table manners were anything but orthodox. This was a reaction against the mode of his bringing-up, and the excessive formality of the meals at Highnam in his boyhood. He dressed well but plainly, avoiding the extremes of dandyism, eccentricity or untidiness, and conformed loyally to the ceremonial exigencies of his official position. In ordinary life his only decoration was a flower in his buttonhole. His " violence " was shown in his use of the razor :

" My father (writes Mrs. Ponsonby) was always a wonderfully bad shaver. My earliest memories are associated with blood. He would come down to breakfast streaming with gore, and embrace us regardless of his condition. Then we had all to be cleaned up with his pocket-handkerchief. On one occasion in later years we came from Naples to Sicily at night on a small steamer in a very rough sea. In the morning we found him on deck, his face streaming with blood, surrounded by jabbering and excited Italian sailors and officials all offering assistance. Pieces of cotton wool and plaster were produced. C.H.H.P., profuse in his thanks for their kindness, went on his way looking something like a German student after a duel, but as usual quite oblivious of appearances."

The simplicity which underlay Parry's many-sidedness also showed itself in his indifference to his surroundings, though this trait, as we shall see, was largely due to self-discipline. He loved beauty, but he despised luxuriousness. His daughter has given me her notes of a conversation with him in 1912 after a motor drive through the Forest of Dean.

He spoke of the indescribable dreariness of the miners' cottages, and yet maintained, in opposition to her, that this absence of amenity in their lives was not necessarily bad, and instanced his own experience. He said that if he was left to himself he would take no trouble to have nice things about him: "My own room in London now is quite awful—just a large table in the middle of the room piled with books and papers, the chairs covered with music, and a few faded photographs on the mantelpiece and book-case". And he went on to say that it made no difference to him. He liked to see nice things in other people's houses, and was pleased when he found flowers on his writing table at Highnam. But it did not matter if they were not there. It was on the same occasion that he declared that he took no pleasure in making beautiful sounds for himself as many musicians enjoyed doing, talking about it among themselves in a way which made him feel quite "out of it". He was aware that this constituted a lack in his music, and accounted for its occasional grimness and severity; but his only thought while he was writing was whether it would be of use to humanity: personal enjoyment did not enter into his mind.

This self-analysis is substantially true, but omits certain aspects of this indifference to surroundings. Only those who lived with and near him could fully understand how he had schooled himself into not caring, or could recognize that nobody really could care more for beauty and comfort. The Puritan and the artist in him were always in conflict, and in the end arrived at a wonderful compromise. He felt the enervating lure of luxury, and for that reason was resolved never to be enslaved by it. His natural instinct was always to be "up against" something physical or mental; as Sir William Richmond writes "he revelled, as he used to say, in 'wrastling' with obstacles"; and he was aided by his abnormal and sedulously cultivated powers of concentration, which enabled him to shut his eyes and ears to everything but the matter in hand. Few could tell what he had overcome in himself by self-discipline. He often wrote of his "lethargy" and of having to force himself to work—much as the industrious Dr. Johnson

prayed to be delivered from indolence. It was not lethargy; the word was a misnomer. It was his love and appreciation of a great many things all calling to him and distracting him from what he had set his mind to do. Thus he was overcome by a lovely morning, and wanted to rush down to the sea, or pick apples; or he must write to a friend in trouble, or read everything that came to hand. It was this miscalled "lethargy" that made him force himself in middle life to work by a time-table and keep up the practice for four solid years without a break as "the only way to break through native indolence". At the close of the experiment he writes, "If too much liberty does not answer, I must put on the screw again," but it was never necessary.

As for his surroundings, what he said needs some modification. He was enraged by ugly furniture or rooms crowded with knick-knacks. He availed himself in building and furnishing his house at Rustington of the best architect and artists of his time—Norman Shaw, Morris, De Morgan. He liked everything to be ship-shape, and would instruct his housemaid how to put things square and tidy. The faded photographs were proofs of a deep vein of underlying sentiment—carefully repressed in ordinary intercourse, for he hated emotional sentimentality—and he kept them as long as he lived along with the china animals or other presents given him by his children. You had only to live a short time with him to realize that he was the least self-indulgent person in the world, and the most hospitable; but the full extent of his generosity to others was only known after his death. His dressing-room was Spartan in its bareness, and his treatment of all domestic servants showed that he had far less class prejudice than many who call themselves Socialists. He always thanked them for doing things which an ordinary householder takes as a matter of course, and would never order his car to fetch him at a theatre or concert at night. On one occasion, after he had been ill, he was persuaded to let a young chauffeur call for him, and notes in his diary "M—— was very nice about coming to fetch me afterwards". Servants to him were human beings, and quite as

interesting as people of his own class. The illness of his butler's daughter was quite as important as the performance of a new work. He showed precisely the same courtesy to working women—maidservants and shop-girls—as he did to those who were gently born. He disliked being waited on by women, and insisted on carrying trays for the parlourmaid :

" I remember in Sicily (writes Mrs. Ponsonby) how, when we were picnicking on the side of a mountain, we saw a shepherd girl minding a herd of cows. She was barefooted and beautiful as a Princess in a fairy tale. C. H. H. P. called her ' the Princess ' and, as she passed us, raised his hat quite seriously and courteously. The Princess spat loudly, which amused him enormously."

Outside his home Hubert Parry was often regarded as an autocrat, but it was hard for his family to recognize the truth of this description. The passage of time only increased his unselfishness and reached a climax during the last three years of his life, when he constantly stood in queues in order to save the servants. " It made us very angry ", writes his daughter, " when he spent whole mornings outside the butcher's or grocer's at Littlehampton waiting to be served. When the ration period began he gave most of his meat and bacon to the servants." His devoted body-servant and factotum George Schlichenmeyer, German by birth though he had not been in Germany for twenty years, was interned for more than a year before his master's death, and in spite of all protests, Parry insisted on doing everything for himself. There can be little doubt that scarcity of food—self-imposed by his extreme conscientiousness and unselfishness—the loss of his yacht and his car and of the personal attendance he needed, were all contributory causes in lowering his vitality, and weighting the scales against his recovery from his last illness.

His perfect readiness to adapt himself loyally to discomfort and privation must not be taken to argue indifference to what he ate or drank. Like all men of healthy and vigorous natures, he took a reasonable enjoyment in good living, though he could be content with the simplest

fare. He liked ordering dinner; and when he was yachting always chose and bought the supplies. His diaries never fail to record the excellence of the asparagus or fruit at Rustington. "Dinner with Hubert", writes Mr. Pepys Cockerell of their friendship in the 'seventies, "was quite unconventional. Food was ample but unexpected. On one occasion I remember how he jumped up towards the end: 'I say, would any of you fellows like cheese? There's an awfully good shop just opposite. I'll go and get some.' Yet there might be choice fruits and wines from Highnam." Mrs. Cripps, his youngest sister, recalls his "delightfully funny enjoyment of good things to eat—how he would gaze at some pudding handed to him as if it was a valuable work of art, and talk about it in whispers! And the cutting of a new ham, which he had chosen himself, was almost like some religious ceremony." But if he liked good things, he spent a surprisingly short time over their consumption. I can recollect one dinner—and a most excellent dinner too—at Kensington Square before going with him to the theatre, which was simply galloped through, coffee and all, in twenty minutes. No mention of his taste in food would be complete without including his readiness to explore new avenues in the field of gastronomical experiment. His diaries abound in notes of the gathering, cooking and eating, not merely of ordinary mushrooms but fungi. Sir George Grove once observed to Spurgeon after a meeting at the Crystal Palace, "I am glad to see, Mr. Spurgeon, that you don't object to an occasional cigar". "No," said Spurgeon, "it's the *occasional* cigar I object to: I prefer the regular cigar," and Hubert Parry was of Spurgeon's way of thinking, subject to intermittent restrictions imposed by his doctors. But he did not scorn the pipe, as may be seen from one of the best and most characteristic of all the photographs taken of him in later years—at the tiller of his yacht.

Natural, unaffected, liberally endowed with personal charm and deeply interested in humanity, Hubert Parry was liked or beloved by all sorts and conditions of men. He had a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, and yet he was essentially domestic. He asked for nothing

better than an evening alone with his wife or family or a very few special friends, and no substitute would suffice. He was " sociable " in the sense that he did not like being alone, but he was never a " Society man ". Society of the fashionable order to him meant " friction without intimacy ". He found difficulty in adapting himself to certain environments, and in his diaries often writes that he felt " out of it ". With his intimates his conversation was eager, even boisterous ; but too little cynical to be witty and too serious to be humorous :

" His conversation (writes Sir William Richmond) was crisp, the sentences were short and given out in jerks, not a bit picturesque nor exactly dramatic but pointed and *staccato*. His imagination was so lively, and images appeared so quickly that he did not always give himself time to express them with clarity. If this can be called a defect it was also a charm because of the absence of self-consciousness it implied."

He had not the gift of persiflage or of the clever banter of society people. He was a bad actor ; and if he disapproved or disagreed, either remained silent or spoke very frankly and earnestly. The effect was sometimes salutary ; people, whose futile and shallow talk it seemed impossible to quell, were silenced by his vehement sincerity. He made those who were bored with life recognize that there might be something to live for beyond amusing themselves. But his love of truth was combined with a desire to avoid wounding others, and the cloaking of these tendencies caused him a good deal of anguish throughout his life. It has been thought that he spared those who did not deserve to be spared, and attributed sensitiveness to those who were really thick-skinned. Unskilled in pretence, and rigidly truthful, he swallowed rather too readily what he was told or read. It took him years to find out that people lied. He was easily deceived, but furious with the deceiver when he found him out.

Academicism and pedantry in any form repelled him, especially the technical jargon affected by musicians—mostly learned amateurs :

" When we were together in Sicily in 1908 (writes Mrs. Ponsonby) a small mandolin orchestra played every evening in the hotel at Taormina. C. H. H. P. with his unbiassed and unerring perception recognized at once that these Sicilian peasants were really musical. He was delighted with the tone they got out of their instruments and their extraordinary sense of rhythm. In the same hotel was a well-known artist full of learned and pedantic talk about music, who had neither the courage nor the *flair* to recognize it outside an orthodox tradition. He would run away affectedly holding his ears when the orchestra began, and was much provoked when my father said they were 'astonishing' or 'wonderful' and praised their 'jolly tone'. No type of person annoyed or bored C. H. H. P. more than the pretentious learned man who made a parade of his erudition, and habitually used long words. He would at once begin to talk in schoolboy slang in unconscious protest, interlarding his remarks with such words as 'awfully', 'confusticated', 'Rumtifoozleum' and so on."

There was always in him, as Sir William Richmond notes, a good deal of the schoolboy who expected to be taken, just as he gave himself, with entire spontaneity: "I do not think it mattered two straws to him what impression he was making so long as he spoke the truth as it appeared to him". With this resentment of pomp and pedantry in grown-ups, and a distaste for "swell dinner parties" and ostentatious entertainments, went an intense delight in little people and their ways and games. Love of children is not an absolutely infallible test of goodness. It is recorded of a famous murderer, who was also an expert violinist, that his treatment of children was most considerate and affectionate. But in the main it is a safe index, and it was a delightful trait in Hubert Parry. He never could resist a wild romp, even when he was tired to begin with and worn out at the end. His methods were characteristic, violently "rumbustious" and sometimes highly destructive of furniture and crockery. His effect on children, his sister, Mrs. Cripps, writes, was truly mesmeric. If he had been the Pied Piper they would have followed him anywhere:

"I once saw him arrive unexpectedly in the middle of a very dull children's party. The whole atmosphere changed; he ran round the room on all fours; all the children seemed suddenly to come alive, yelled and shrieked with laughter, and the awful failure of the party was turned into a tremendous success. He used to come and spend long days here on his way from Highnam back to London, and my children used to go nearly off their heads with excitement. They simply adored him and the house became a bear garden. He would get into the big bath with them and turn on the taps, and I remember his once climbing into Peggy's cot and her delight at this huge form bulging out all round and trying to tuck him up, while he shouted with laughter just like a child himself. Needless to say the cot was never the same again."

The visits to Shulbrede Priory, his son-in-law's beautiful house at Lynchmere, were equally subversive of serenity, to judge by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's account of three typical incidents:

"At a Sunday family luncheon here when C.H.H.P. and Lady Maud had come over from Rustington, I suddenly saw through the window that one of the horses from the meadow had got into the garden. I hurried out in order to do some quiet and cautious stalking. A moment later I looked round and saw C.H.H.P., who had seized a huge brass warming-pan, rushing out and flourishing it, followed by the yelling and delighted children. The effect on the horse may be imagined—and on the garden.

"At a children's tea-party at a house near here at which C.H.H.P. was present, things became very uproarious. At last C.H.H.P. got under the tea-table and lifted the entire table on his back. The howls of joy from the company increased as the plates fell. The tea service was not mine.

"A little girl of seven who watched with sparkling eyes and convulsions of laughter C.H.H.P.'s outrageous behaviour at luncheon (with potatoes, gravy, sugar, etc.), said to her mother afterwards, 'How lovely it must be to have a grandfather like that'."

But he was not only an exhilarating playmate. "What my children gained", writes Sir William Richmond, "from their close fellowship with him during the summer holidays we spent at Rustington for three or four years it would not

be possible to overstate. He led them into the fields of botany, he took them to the stars with his telescope and opened out the subtle mysteries of micro-organism with his microscope." In his diary Parry often alluded to his own children as the "little animals", but the phrase involved no disparagement. He was a great lover of animals of all kinds and sizes. As a boy and young man, and even into early middle age, he was fond of hunting and riding, and always quite fearless whether on horseback or in the stable. But he took no delight in the killing of any creatures, and although he invited his friends to shoot his coverts, in later years hardly ever carried a gun himself. Cruelty to animals in any form excited his deepest indignation. The companionship of dogs gave him delight, not always unmingled with annoyance. His diary for 1888 is full of the wickedness of "Scamp", a much-adored but correctly named dog, who ran away, was recovered by the offer of an extravagant reward, but went on running away till Hubert's patience was exhausted. His visits to the "Zoo" with his children are always chronicled as red-letter days, and the cleverness of performing animals never failed to amuse him.

His love of Nature was both wide and intense. Mountain and flood, sea and stars, trees and flowers were to him a never-ceasing source of wonder and delight. His interest, moreover, was not merely æsthetic. In his earlier years, as I have described elsewhere, he devoted a great deal of time to the study of botany, "algology" and the use of the microscope and telescope. He certainly knew more about mushrooms than any other musician of his time, and some of his happiest country walks were those undertaken with a botanical motive. Flowers were his friends and his constant joy. Miss Agnes Nicholls tells me that her request, readily granted, that she might arrange and look after the flowers in his room at the College, proved an early passport to the goodwill of one who called himself her "godfather", and always lived up to the title. When he was in London and could get a couple of hours off, Kew Gardens or Richmond Park was his favourite resort. The

crocuses in Battersea Park, the primroses and anemones in Angmering Park were welcomed with delight. There was something personal in his attachment to trees. The havoc of a storm at Highnam grieved him sorely, and when, during the War, some of the timber on the estate was about to be cut by Government orders, he tells us how he went by himself to bid farewell to landmarks that had been lifelong friends.

The mention of storms recalls a curious trait in Parry's character — his extreme sensitiveness to weather. Bad weather on land inspired him with a sort of personal animosity, and filled him with wrath which found vent in violent abuse—" vile ", " beastly ", " infernal ". In the year 1888, when it rained for twenty-three days in July, his objurgation was more than usually vehement. The pageant of summer, warmth and cloudless skies and the glory of the English countryside, made it hard for him to keep to his time-table of work. And yet he told his daughter that he enjoyed driving his car in a blizzard more than on a summer's day. The inconsistency is explained when one remembers that he loved and courted danger, and found the greatest satisfaction in mastering and overcoming difficulties whether physical or moral. At sea, as his brother and all who went yachting with him testify, the greater the danger the higher were his spirits. " In 1913 ", writes Mr. Pepys Cockerell, " he invited me to go for a trip on his yacht, saying, ' you know I shan't start unless there's a gale '. I was already engaged and could not accept, but he told me later that he had had nothing but dead calms and little pleasure." Still weather at sea was a positive vexation to him, and he found his best recreation in going overboard for long swims.

His taste for travel was inherited from his father, and his thirst for seeing new places and new countries was insatiable. His mind was inquisitive and his memory excellent. Until late in life, whenever he went to fulfil a primarily musical engagement at any town or city, he always made a point of seeing museums, pictures, churches and even factories, and of exploring the environs. In his

visits to the Continent he had seen most of the French cathedrals, the Italian towns and lakes, Switzerland, a good deal of Germany, and Sicily. One of his yachting excursions took him through the Dutch canals. He sailed to Stockholm and Copenhagen in his small yacht the *Latois*. His farthest journey was to South America, and through the Straits round to Valparaiso. During the War he paid a flying visit to Canada. But wherever he went he " always made himself ill with sightseeing ". In home waters he had cruised frequently round the Land's End and as far north as the Hebrides, and another favourite trip of his was to the Skelligs, and on one occasion to the Aran Islands. He knew the Channel Islands well from repeated visits, and had a special tenderness for " dear little Sark ". He never saw Egypt or travelled " east of Suez ", but the mileage of his journeyings, whether for pleasure or on official duties, was exceptionally large for a man who spent so much time at his desk. Speed and rapid motion of all sorts seemed to be necessary to his happiness. Like Berlioz he found the railway an inspiring stimulus to his mental activity, though he complained bitterly of the jolting on his own line compared with the smooth-running northward expresses.

Yet just as simplicity was the leading trait in his character, so along with his delight in unfamiliar scenes there went an abiding love of the tranquil beauty of the English landscape. He was a Gloucestershire man, and though for many years Sussex was his second home, to the day of his death Highnam and its surroundings, the trees and gardens, the rich serenity of the countryside, the view of the Cathedral from the Pinetum, held a peculiar and even a sacred place in his affections. As his daughter says, the feeling he had for Highnam was like that for a human being. He knew both counties intimately. Rustington had the added attraction of bathing and boating, and within a radius of fifteen miles there was not a village, a wood, or a down that he had not explored in search of flowers or some old church or house, or a commanding view. He took an almost childish pleasure in discovering

some new path or variation on his favourite walks or rides. Miss Norah Dawnay, a frequent visitor at Highnam and Rustington from the middle 'nineties onwards, often accompanied him bicycling. It was a fearful joy; and she has told me that she was always prepared to find his corpse at the foot of a hill, when he had "scorched" ahead with his feet up, in the days before the coming of the free wheel and more effective brakes. She and her sister Beryl were once with him at Highnam, when he dashed past them down a steep hill, and swerving to avoid a collision, came to violent grief over a heap of stones, and charged into a quickset hedge. When they came up to him, he was lying in the road, bleeding profusely, with his bicycle completely smashed up. His first words were "Where's my pipe?" but it was never found. Help was summoned; Parry drove home in a pony carriage; and on the following day, when a doctor and nurse arrived, so many thorns were discovered in his head that they could not be removed without an anæsthetic, and the patient, who was suffering from concussion, had to lie up for several days.

Accidents of this sort were frequent throughout his life, and the risk was increased when he took to motoring and driving his own car. Mr. Pepys Cockerell says that he "always exceeded the speed limit". That, I hope, is an exaggeration, but he was certainly often fined—to his great indignation. Yet though he had many accidents, he never damaged himself so badly as in the bicycle smash described above. Being always in the wars himself, he was attracted by others who suffered for their venturesomeness and made light of their mishaps. Miss Norah Dawnay traces the beginning of their long and happy friendship to an incident early in her pupil days at the R.C.M. She arrived at the College one morning with her face and arm damaged by an accident in the hunting field, and ran into the Director as he was hurrying along a corridor. "Hullo! What's the matter with you?" And when she explained, he at once exploded with sympathy and admiration for her not staying away from her lesson. Athletic skill, even though misplaced, always appealed to

him, and this was a trait which endeared him to all manner of people, especially young people—an eternal youthfulness which made him act and talk like a boy when he was an elderly man.

He was a great friend-maker, but he felt both love and hate too deeply to be perfect. Sometimes the repulsion was physical. It seemed almost impossible for him to understand or make allowance for certain types of men and women. He was so simple and direct himself that any form of subtlety repelled him. He did not sum up his aversions with the arithmetical precision of a famous editor (in reality one of the kindest of men) who said, " There are 43 people who I wish were dead ", but he had a fine crop of just dislikes as well as prejudices. It included all pedants and cynics, all self-indulgent people, snobs and toadies, self-advertisers, people who intrigued to get decorations, people—and especially artists—whose goal was commercial success and who sought to gain it by underhand methods. He had a very wide circle of friends —and few public men have been more generally beloved —but his attitude towards them was not uncritical. Apart from the instances of instantaneous, violent and unreasoning dislike already mentioned, he saw the best side of people, and made them turn it to him. But he was proportionately disappointed when they failed in their work or conduct to reach the standard of intelligence or capability or excellence with which he had credited them. He judged others as he judged himself, and did not always recognize that their minds and morals were not as his own. Lessons were often anguish to him, especially lessons to his own family. He could not calmly accept the fact that a child of six played without understanding, feeling or accuracy. Again it was the penalty of his charm that some people wanted to see more of him than he wanted to see of them or was compatible with his work. He seldom denied them access, though in his later years at the College it was found necessary to restrict his accessibility, but in his earlier years he often complains in his diaries of the exacting interruptions of friends of whom he was really

fond—even of his young friends. The plain fact was that no day was long enough for him to pay his double debt to art and mankind, and his temper sometimes suffered from the effort to reconcile these conflicting claims. For Hubert Parry had none of the concentrated egotism of certain forms of genius. He was not an illustration of the dictum — Gibbon's, I think — that "conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school of genius". Nor would he have endorsed Newman's defence of his solitary walks on the ground that he was "never less alone than alone".

There is a Greek saying that solitude makes a man a monster or a god — ἢ θηρίον ἢ θεός — but Parry was not meant to be a hermit, or a solitary. Both in the earlier and later part of his life he had to live a good deal by himself, his wife being obliged to live in the country for her health. He was never much of a club man, though in later years he dined occasionally at the Athenæum and enjoyed meeting his friends there; and his native modesty made him reluctant to propose himself even to the friends who would have delighted in his company. With all its petty distractions and interruptions domestic life was dear to him, and in his later diaries he writes again and again of returning to his empty house in the evening, with the comment "felt lonesome"; when to others it would have meant relief at the prospect of an undisturbed stretch of time for work. This was not his view. Though interrupted and obstructed by every sort of trifling calls, he was somehow stimulated by the sense of pressure and the presence of those whom he loved.

His power of concentration, as I have already noted, was cultivated to an extraordinary extent. He could work or compose on the corner of the dining-room table, while a meal was being laid or cleared away. He could go to his table in a brief interval of waiting and become absorbed in half a minute. He always worked up to the very last moment—until the car was at the door or the dinner-bell rang. But "waiting about" maddened him, and if he saw

his children waiting for a governess or a cab or a visitor, he would tell them to go and practise:

"His brain (writes Mr. Ponsonby) was at work from the moment he got up till he went to bed, after jotting the day's doings in his log-book. Whether it was creating, modelling or reflecting, his mind was always biting. Although he overworked and spent much time on details of petty matters which never ought to have occupied his attention at all, he never kept abnormal hours. He never stayed up till two or got up at five: that was not his method. But the hours at his disposal were richly filled."

In many ways Parry was the same at seventy as at seventeen. He never lost his boyishness. In others he grew and developed and mellowed to a remarkable extent. The process stops with some men by the time they are forty; others deteriorate on reaching the mid-way of our mortal life. But Parry went on learning, taking in, giving out, and adapting himself to his surroundings to the very end. As a young man he said what he thought without much regard for his audience, and, though his indignation was natural and righteous, his language was often very violent. His eldest daughter tells me how once, aged six, she rebuked her younger sister for using one of his expletives in the words, "Fathers and boys may swear, not mothers and girls". In these days domestic worries and anxieties and unwelcome visitors were almost more than he could bear, and having been interrupted at his work half a dozen times in the morning he would leave the house banging the door behind him. He would walk off his irritation, or, if in the country, go out in his canoe. In London he was always calmer after a visit to Dannreuther, and on his return from Orme Square on Sunday afternoons he was generally encouraged and more serene. But with years he acquired patience and tolerance to an extraordinary extent. Mention of interruptions—though they continued—almost disappear from his diary. His diary and note-books remained a sort of safety-valve for his indignation and dislike, but he learned to control his tongue. Explosions did occur, but they were so far reduced in number that many of those who

saw him at close quarters at the College, as pupils or colleagues, never found him irritable but on the contrary "entirely sane and equable". In fine, from having been one of the most impatient of men, with a quick and even fiery temper, he had schooled himself to a remarkable extent in tolerance, patience and self-control. He was never at any time quarrelsome, and even in his fervid and aggressive youth he was fortunate in numbering amongst his intimates men of that invulnerable quality which Dr. Johnson ascribes to Sir Joshua Reynolds—notably Spencer Lyttelton and Frank Pownall and later on Sir Walter Parratt. Spencer Lyttelton was a school friend from Eton days, Frank Pownall an Oxford contemporary, and the tie in each case was only broken by death. They were both excellent amateur musicians, both in later years brought into close touch with Parry at the College, Spencer Lyttelton as a member of the Council, Frank Pownall as Registrar, but it was their character rather than their accomplishments which appealed to Parry. They were both men of perfect sincerity. Frank Pownall's wife was even an older friend than her husband, and her friendship dated back to the early 'seventies, to the days when her elder sister, Miss Susie Stephenson, a fine pianist, criticised Parry's early compositions with a candour that was not in the least resented. "Thank you heartily", he wrote, "for abusing me. Nothing gratifies me more when it is done with discrimination":

"When I married Frank Pownall (writes Mrs. Pownall) and found that the two had formed a great friendship dating from the time they both went up to Oxford, it of course drew the links of my friendship with Hubert still closer, and many and delightful were the meetings for music and talk in the various homes—Cranley Gardens, Phillimore Place, Kensington Square, besides the country houses. For a long time Sunday afternoons were devoted to music made by the two friends, at which I frequently assisted in the capacity of listener. They went through all Beethoven's Sonatas, and Bach's preludes and fugues, and many of Bach's Cantatas of which F. P. sang the bass or baritone parts. The book of Bach's fugues from which Hubert

played has their united initials and the date signed to each fugue.

"When my husband went to the R.C.M. as Registrar, the constant intercourse between the two friends was productive of great mutual enjoyment. Though on the surface it might be thought their characters were absolutely dissimilar, they had a great deal in common; generosity of mind, uprightness and sincerity they shared equally, and their taste in music rarely differed. Where they differed in character and temperament the difference only drew them closer together; for what was lacking in one he admired in the other. H. P.'s brilliant impetuosity was supplemented by F. P.'s calm judgment and self-restraint. A scene comes to my mind which illustrates this. I went into the Registrar's room at College one day and found him sitting at his desk, silent and impassive, with a letter before him and the Director walking up and down in a highly disturbed condition. As soon as I came in he said angrily, 'I have written a letter which I think a very good one, and here's old Frank won't let me send it!' And he did not send it until certain passages had been eliminated or softened down."

Parry respected character, but mere virtue, without personality or charm, left him rather cold. He had a warm corner in his heart for scamps and wastrels, if, as not infrequently happens, they had a spark of originality in them. Witness his interest in "Rascal Bob" at Rustington and more than one mutinous pupil at the R.C.M. He could put up with all sorts and conditions of men so long as they were not "dull dogs". It requires a Shakespeare, as Walter Bagehot has pointed out, to appreciate stupidity. Parry writes in his fortieth year of a journey to Malvern from Highnam which was "spoilt by travelling with fusty old provincial folk and a neighbouring very provincial parson". He was susceptible to the charm of personality, even where it was combined with opinions from which he radically disagreed. For example, with Auberon Herbert, whom he met at Wilton at Easter 1888, he got on excellently in spite of Mr. Herbert's dietetic, philosophic and political unorthodoxy, his extravagant and anarchical individualism, his desire to abolish all examinations and promote

officials by ballot, etc. The man was eccentric, but so lovable and sincere withal that you could differ from him without any risk of explosion.

Mention has been made of Parry's indefatigable zeal in visiting picture galleries at home and abroad, and his intense admiration of Velazquez, Titian and Holbein. Of fashionable art and artists he was always a severe critic, inheriting a fastidious taste from his father, who was not merely a discriminating collector of pictures and *objets d'art*, but deeply versed in the technique of painting and architecture, design and decoration. Mr. Gambier-Parry's water-colour sketches were of uncommon merit; his more finished work suffered from over-elaboration. Hubert Parry seldom missed the annual exhibition of the Academy, but was generally out of sympathy with most of the "pictures of the year", notably those of Long, Dicksee and Philip Morris. His intimate friendship with Sir William Richmond did not affect his estimate of that artist's work, which he often found unequal and disappointing. In 1888 Sir William Richmond painted Lady Maud, and in the same year Mrs. Swynnerton—elected an A.R.A. in 1922—painted his daughters. But, as I have mentioned already, there is no really satisfactory portrait of Parry—here at least the camera has surpassed the brush. His relations with Burne-Jones and his family were intimate and affectionate, and his estimate of "B.-J.'s" work, originally almost hostile, grew steadily as time went on, while "B.-J.'s" whimsical conversation gave him endless amusement. Parry was also on most friendly terms with the De Morgans, the Tademas, and Sir Frederick Leighton—at whose parties there was a greater gathering of talent and beauty than at any other house in the latter years of the last century. His interest in architecture had also been fostered by his father, who took him as a boy to visit various cathedrals and encouraged him to study their various styles and compare their beauties. Rough sketches in Parry's diaries attest his lifelong enthusiasm for the art which perhaps more than any other is reflected in the structure and character of his music, and the pencil

drawings made during his visit to South America show a happy feeling for landscape on the large scale. He welcomed the fruitful and far-reaching pioneer work of William Morris in domestic decoration, wall-papers, the texture and design of curtains, tapestry, etc., and was keenly interested in the experiments of Powell in coloured glass at his works in Blackfriars.

It was a proof of Hubert Parry's broad and well-balanced humanity that he was equally popular with men and women. All his life he was susceptible to beauty and charm, and at the same time liberally endowed with the qualities which inspire the admiration and adoration of women. Yet it is almost an impertinence to his memory to say that the breath of scandal never touched him. He had an almost Puritanical standard of conduct, which would tolerate nothing lax. One of his oldest friends, speaking of their undergraduate days at Oxford, has dwelt on his remarkable purity of thought and conduct, and said that, without prudery or hasty judgment of their speech, his mere presence always influenced others to restraint in their talk and in some instances in their actions. Sir William Richmond, who first met Parry at Oxford in 1869, writes in a similar strain of the impression he then created :

" One saw at once how well justified was the estimate under which he left Eton, for a pure heart, a manly spirit, indignant of evil, nursing and encouraging good, wherever and however he found it."

He was saved from too rigid an adherence to these principles by his strong artistic gifts. But he doubtless owed much to the example of strict, if even narrow, integrity set him by his forebears on his mother's side. And he was helped by his natural simplicity and freedom from sentimentality :

" He never flattered or made up to any one (writes Mrs. Pownall). In fact all his life he erred, I fancy, on the side of plain speaking. At a dance very early in our friendship he came up to me and said : ' O I say, come and dance the *cotillon* with me. I hoped to get So-and-so,

but she's engaged.' It never occurred to him that I might resent being a second string. But I never remember being hurt or offended by what he said or did. We were just friends."

This frank and fraternal *camaraderie* may have been a protection, but Parry was not consciously self-protective. Yet it was combined, as I have noticed above, with a charming courtesy and considerateness to women of all social grades. His friendly interest in the families on his estate or in the workmen and sailors at Rustington reminds one of the famous saying about Sir Walter Scott that he always spoke to his retainers as if they were blood relations. The only women with whom he felt thoroughly " out of it " were the frivolous or cynical fashionables. The spectacle of a woman dressed in the extreme height of fashion made him, as he would have put it, " mad with rage ". Women of rank or high station who had some serious interest or genuine love of art, he respected and admired. The mention of Rustington recalls the peculiar reverence and affection in which he held the " dear little Garretts " —Agnes and Rhoda—and the grievous sorrow he felt at Rhoda Garrett's death.

But the list of Hubert Parry's women friends cannot be catalogued. They were many, devoted and worthy of his affection. One of the nearest and best of them all, speaking of his chivalry, said to me, " You could have gone with him to the end of the world ; he gave you such a sense of absolute security ". He enjoyed their companionship when bicycling, riding or yachting, and though considerate to helpless or delicate women, admired those who, like Dr. Emily Daymond and Miss Norah Dawnay, were fearless, active, able-bodied and resourceful. Fearlessness was essential in the companions of his excursions, and he was sometimes exacting in his requirements. The same friend, whose tribute I have quoted above, was invited by him to come out for a sail during an early visit to Rustington. She accepted readily, warning him that she knew nothing of boats and would probably be sick. Parry paid no attention to this warning ; they started,

and when Parry gave her the tiller while he went to look after the sails, she had to explain that she really could not understand his orders about "keeping her in the wind". Shortly afterwards he abruptly asked her, "Can you swim in a skirt?" and when she said "No", rejoined: "Then take it off, as we shall probably be in the water soon". Happily the emergency did not arise; but his brother-in-law Lord Pembroke, himself an expert yachtsman, spoke severely to Hubert on the risks he ran in taking his children out with him in rough weather. He certainly trusted too much to fortune, but he was a master of the art of boat-sailing, as competent as he was daring, and never lost his head. With this exception, his attitude to women was considerate in the things that mattered, courteous and in some respects Quixotic. Yet there were moments when he could have almost echoed the δεινὸν τὸ θῆλυ of Euripides —moments when the capriciousness, the credulity and the strange perverted logic of those who were dear to him moved him not to expostulation, but to wonder. Such comments were not uttered in speech, but were reserved for his diaries and note-books, and even in this privacy are curiously free from bitterness. His harshest verdicts were prompted by a generous indignation. Speaking of some act of injustice and foolishness he would often say, "I perspired in bed, thinking over it".

As a judge of character he made few mistakes. No reasonable creature who knew him could dislike him; his enemies, if he had any, found it impossible to assail him by a frontal attack; and those who knew him best loved him most. With his death a great light went out from the lives of many men and women. One of the oldest, the most independent and the most stoical of his women friends told me that "he was one of the very few people she had known whom she really missed". Another wrote, after attending his funeral: "I do not believe any one dying will make so much difference to so many people. It was extraordinary to realize that the whole atmosphere [at the service in St. Paul's] was created by just one dear human being." What his loss meant to his men friends, outside

the sphere of his official position, cannot be better explained than in the words of Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, his frequent companion on yachting excursions :

" I have never known any one so frank, so disinterested, so completely devoid of anything personal and petty-minded. His judgments of other people never seemed in the least affected by their attitude towards him, and he was always scrupulously just, always generous in his estimates. One loved him too for the freedom of his spirit, the way he wasn't taken in by the world, the genial democratic rebel that he was, his friendliness with the humblest people, and sympathy and consideration for them, and his almost Quixotic kindness. I don't believe there was ever any one so really detached from thoughts of fame and worldly consideration, so genuine, so human, so free in spirit. The world will do justice to his genius, and all that he created and fostered and stood for in the world of art ; but those who know him will always remember him as an adorable human being, and the best company in the world."

His company, as he himself said of that of the Garretts, was a great help and comfort to those who were ill or in distress. " Kindness in another's trouble " appears in his early diaries at school and " stood like stone " with him all his life. He was always ready to make time, however busy he was, to write letters of sympathy or condolence to sick or bereaved friends, whatever their station in life, or to visit them when within reach. What these visits meant can be judged from the experience of Sir William Richmond, as described in 1920 :

" Three years ago, when I was ill, dangerously ill, his visits to me, which were frequent, seemed to bring into my sick-room a breeze from the sea. He knew my danger but never let me see it : when he left, so had he pulled me together that I sent for my books, my pencil and paper, and made an effort to work, and work saved my life."

Though Hubert Parry spent eleven years at two preparatory schools—at Malvern and Twyford—and at Eton before he went to Oxford, he was none the less, outside

his music, largely self-educated. The great store of miscellaneous knowledge—literary, historical, scientific and philosophical—which he acquired, was the result of independent self-imposed study and research. His education was based on the old "fortifying classical curriculum", but in his later life one seldom encountered in his writings or conversation a reference to the Greek or Latin authors or a classical quotation. He used to say that he was well up in Greek and Latin before he left Twyford for Eton, and might have made considerable further progress on these lines, but lost interest in them at Eton. His contemporaries attribute this to his tutor Day, a fine classical scholar, but a man of unsympathetic personality. Hubert Parry did his share in the manufacture of Latin verse, but it was a task and not a delight. He did not forget his Latin, still less his Greek; he had more than a fair working knowledge of both, and we have the express testimony of Oxford and Cambridge scholars as to his mastery of the meaning and metres of the comedies of Aristophanes and the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. But the revival of his interest was stimulated by musical possibilities rather than by admiration for the literature, though that was not wanting and earned for him the high tribute that his music was the best of all commentaries of Aristophanes.

He looked back with great affection on his Eton days, but was far from satisfied with the educational system then in vogue. But when he said that he learned very little and "slacked", the statement is not borne out either by his diaries or by contemporary evidence. By the time he was seventeen he had read and absorbed most of Shakespeare and Milton and had a profound knowledge of the Bible. A little volume of *Paradise Lost* was read between March 4 and 28, 1865, and he has initialled each book at the end with the date at which he read it. It was no perfunctory perusal, for Milton seems to have entered into his soul. His remarks on Shakespeare in his Eton diaries, again, are both fresh and appreciative. Yet in later life he used to envy the opportunities of the modern child—not only in regard to

ear-training, which he declared would have been an untold help and saving of time to him, but also in acquiring a practical knowledge of our political system and certain mathematical processes which, in his view, could not be grasped when you had got beyond a certain age. There is something almost comical in these laments when one surveys the efforts he made to remedy the gaps in his training, and the prodigious range of his reading. At the end of his diaries he always adds a list of the books he had read during the year, and with him it was not skimming or skipping, but reading right through. Of books that interested him he often gives a summary in his diary: in some instances he made a full *précis* of their contents. By this practice he fortified a memory that was singularly retentive. Sir William Richmond notes that once a fact or principle was fixed in his mind "it was screwed in so firmly that it would have needed a lever to undo it". It should be added, however, that he never contemplated facts *in vacuo* but always in relation to other facts, and that this habit of association helped him greatly in co-ordinating his information. He read very quickly but with an unerring selective instinct.

These lists, formidable in numbers, are a most instructive comment on his omnivorous appetite for information and mental recreation. Like other men of commanding ability, he was an inveterate reader of novels, good, bad and indifferent, from Balzac to Fergus Hume. He read a great many novels aloud to his wife of an evening, or they would read to one another by turns. In his early married life, when his family were concerned with the inadequate earnings of his musical activities, it was suggested that he should add to them by writing a novel himself, and he actually made a beginning, but soon gave it up. Almost the last book he read, in August 1918, was *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*, by Robert Tressall, which greatly moved and impressed him. He was reading it side by side with Lord Hugh Cecil's monograph on *Conservatism*, which provoked him—as strong a Radical at seventy as at twenty-three—to explosive marginal annotations. The

bulk of his reading was serious, not to say solid, and included all the notable products of Victorian rationalism and scientific investigation — the works of Darwin and Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Lecky, G. H. Lewes, Matthew Arnold and J. Cotter Morison—histories, biographies, memoirs ; books on botany, astronomy, marine zoology ; books on folk-lore and Scandinavian sagas. Poetry he read widely but with discrimination, as may be gathered from his fastidiousness in the matter of texts for music and his happy choice of the poems of Donne, Campion and Dunbar. During the last five or six years of his life he took up the study of anthropology with great zest, and Metchnikoff's *Nature of Man* was a favourite book. Mrs. Ponsonby tells me that he was always tracing racial characteristics in various friends and relatives, and would argue whether So-and-so was a Neanderthal or a Cromagnon type. As a great reader and buyer of books, he was a customer of the late Mr. James Bain, and always enjoyed a talk with that wise and kindly old Scot, the friend of scholars and indeed of all the distinguished authors of his time.

Hubert Parry always carried about in his pocket a little engagement book, but he did not merely enter his engagements and appointments. Every corner was covered with writing, and these little books tell one a good deal about the man—first and foremost that he was no specialist, for there are few notes on the technical side of his art. But if anything struck him—and most things had a significance for him—he wrote down his observations ; and these jottings, comments and conclusions cover an immense range, dealing with subjects so diversified as crossing-sweepers, plutocracy, fashion, advertisement, generalisations on philosophy or art, strange human characteristics, institutional religion, the theory of God, the names of books and the variations of the note of the cuckoo. He looked upon everything, but not only looked : he absorbed and turned his observations to specific use either in conduct or art. As he said in one of these log-books : " If one doesn't find out relations, but merely stares at things without getting any idea of how they are connected with other things, the more one knows

the stupider one becomes. Some people's knowledge only chokes them—all things in their minds are dissevered from their context."

It was said of him that he was not egotistic enough to be a good letter writer. This is in a sense true. To write a long letter about himself—what he was feeling or composing—would have been impossible to him in later years. He was too busy; and moreover, in his humility and modesty did not believe that any one would want to know what he was doing. Except by inference it could hardly be gathered from his letters what manner of man he was. Yet they show the interest he took in those he was writing to—his anxiety to hear about them or help them if they were in trouble. But he had not time for intimate correspondence, or the cultivation of the elegances of the epistolary style. In volume his correspondence was very large; and his letters, which touched on innumerable things, were all written with his own hand. Among those which he received and kept were a great number from past and present pupils of the R.C.M.; and a large proportion took the form of appeals for help or acknowledgment of help given; though his generosity was sometimes so carefully masked that the beneficiaries only discovered their indebtedness to him after his death. One great packet contains 150 demands for his autograph or photograph: another contains some fifty or more letters from disappointed candidates who had failed in their Mus.Bac. exam. demanding "Why did I fail? Mr. —— thought my overture was all right", and so on, throughout the whole gamut of excuse, self-pity and indignation. Then there were letters from fashionable ladies asking him to meet them at Broadwood's to choose a piano, and innumerable communications from verse-makers, enclosing their "poems", or much surprised when he did not instantly acknowledge them with a promise to set them to music. To these gratuitous and absurd communications there remained to be added letters, often twice a week, from his bailiff at Highnam, keeping him fully informed of all matters connected with the estate; letters from his skipper and gardener at Rustington; and lastly,

the burden of the correspondence which grew out of his official position, or the desire of musicians or those interested in music to enlist his interest or influence. He often groaned under the burden, but he was unfortunately incapable of deputing others to relieve him of the unimportant part of his correspondence. For the rest, though not preoccupied with phrase-making, he was in other respects extremely conscientious, and took a long time over his answers, carefully weighing every point.

The political views of musicians are for the most part, as R. L. Stevenson said of the young of the salmon and the penny-whistler, "occult from observation". This is as it should be, for, as a rule, they are not more important than the opinions of politicians on music. If an exception be made in regard to Hubert Parry, it is because he was unique among musicians in the range of his interests outside his art, and in the amount of intelligence, thought and reading which he brought to bear on them. He was a universally interested man, but in politics his interest was due not only to this wide-ranging inquisitiveness of mind but to his bringing-up, and to the fact that as a boy and young man he lived a great deal in aristocratic Conservative circles, and later on associated on intimate terms with a good many representatives of the "governing classes", mostly Liberals—Lytteltons, Gladstones, Fawcetts. His family tradition was markedly Conservative. His father was a lifelong supporter of that cause. His maternal grandfather, Fynes Clinton, though far more of a scholar than a politician, sat for twenty years as a Tory member. Hubert traces the origin of his revolt in a letter to a friend in 1909:

"In the days, long ago before you and I had met, when I lived completely surrounded by a complacent Conservative crowd, the first thing that opened my eyes to the likelihood that their comfortable scheme of the universe might be wrong was the way in which they entirely ignored the possibility of people who differed from them having any justification for such perversity, and merely devoted themselves to abusing them personally, and taking every opportunity to shake their heads over their vulgarity and

meanness and general loathsomeness. I used humbly to believe that their representations of these wicked people were true ! "

His strong bias against Toryism and aristocratic pretensions—against the notion of the exclusive superiority of " gentlemen " and the view held by some of his relatives that it was *infra dig.* for gentlemen to have professions or work like ordinary mortals—manifested itself early. He soon began in his diaries to express himself vehemently on these subjects and opinions, and fought Gladstone's battles in conversation with his aristocratic relations. He warred against the established order in all its various ramifications—not only musical—and would hold meetings in the village at which he lectured on Huxley and Darwin. This rebelliousness toned down a good deal with age and the responsibilities of an official position. Also, though naturally democratic, he was in the main a law-abiding citizen. Yet there was a strong vein of individualism in his composition. He submitted without a murmur, as we have seen, to the rationing system introduced in the War, though in its early stages he had grumbled at the naval regulations which spoiled his last cruise. He was absolutely scrupulous in discharging his dues to the State, but he did not love all officials : in his diary for 1888 he writes how he was " driven mad by an insolent letter from a tax collector ", and there is an amusing entry under date September 28, 1907 : " Man from the Insurance Office at 9.20 A.M. Couldn't get rid of him, as he *would* talk about Puccini's operas."

The bitterness with which he speaks of the aristocracy was partly due to their treatment of him as a young man. Yet it cannot altogether be wondered at. The emergence of artistic or literary genius in families of humble origin is familiar enough to secure toleration. But Hubert Parry came on his father's side of a prosperous upper-middle-class family, and though his mother came of an old aristocratic stock, he had to contend with a good deal of social prejudice, aggravated by his resolve to earn his living by art. His father was an artist, but Mr. Gambier-

Parry was not a professional: his position was regularized by his faithful discharge of his duties as a country gentleman, as a supporter of the established system. Hubert's marriage, therefore, was for a while regarded as something of a *mésalliance* by some members of his wife's family. In the end they were completely conquered by his personality and his success. But the atmosphere was at first unsympathetic, and matters were not mended by his politics. The situation is correctly summarized in the animated comment of Mr. R. O. Morris:

"He was a Radical in the days when Radicalism was a cause which no real gentleman could espouse. Conservatism we knew and Liberalism we knew: they might differ about Free Trade, but they agreed in accepting the industrial system as a natural and proper development of the social order. Of course there were some who questioned it, but they were dirty dogs—socialists, anarchists, and people of that kind. They did not count. But here was some one who was not a dirty dog, but a member of a well-known West Country family, educated at Eton, of good address, alive to the virtues of old port, who yet refused to believe that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and, we gather from his friends, voiced his disbelief in no uncertain terms. No wonder he was felt to be something of a problem."

Hubert Parry took no pleasure in wounding people's feelings: he was sensible to the charm, the distinction of mind and the courage of many of those representatives of the "old nobility" whose political views irritated and exasperated him. Personal affection strove with the desire to be true to his own convictions, and sometimes reduced him to silence. But he was not always content to "let the Tory dogs have the best of it", though his most incisive criticisms were reserved for his notebooks, *e.g.*:

"Toryism is a form of atrophy which is induced by centuries of over-feeding."

"The root idea of aristocracy is that it creates responsibilities. The modern idea is that it divests men of them."

"It would probably be the greatest advantage to

the peerage and not a little to the public if a specially distinguished burglar was sometimes elevated to the Upper House."

The most violent, explosive and entertaining of these diatribes was inspired by Disraeli, his pet political aversion :

" If ever the gods had occasion to make the heavens reverberate with thunderous laughter, it was when the party of English country gentlemen grovelled in obeisance before this utterly fortuitous fetish—the Semitic Disraeli. He was everything that the typical country gentleman holds most pernicious ; everything that the atmosphere of simple honesty, which is the greatest asset of this class, would repudiate. He was cunning, crafty, mean, unscrupulous, artificial, a poser, a juggler with words, a fantastic braggart, a worshipper of tinsel and pasteboard, superficial, vulgar, insincere, venomous when he thought it was safe to bully, glossy and fawning when he thought it served his shallow aims. He had the Semitic gift of mere technique in the fullest measure, and he used it to hoodwink and cajole the unintelligent, the simpletons, the party folks who were glad of a man with such supreme facility of diction to express their shibboleths, their hatreds and their interests. He could pretend to be moved by the most exalted sentiments ; he could present the shallowest fallacies in terms that sounded like noble truths ; he could bewilder adverse experts in the subjects he discussed by the appearance of deep conviction, and dazzle the minds of the ignorant with high-flown rhetoric. He could adapt himself to any situation and advocate any scheme."

His sympathy with the under-dog remained with him throughout his life, and his methods of testifying it would not always have commended themselves to the C.O.S. His practice was inherited from his father, who, while given to lecturing the tramps who swarmed on the Gloucester road, would temper his rebukes by plying them with food. Hubert Parry's diaries, during the building of his house at Rustington, show that he took the liveliest interest in the workmen, visiting their homes and providing them with food and money when they were sick or in any trouble. In his early days in London he made a point of attending Labour demonstrations in the Park, and while not uncritical

of wild talk, found more to approve than to condemn in the claims of the speakers and their conduct of these gatherings. His benevolence was not that of the doctrinaire or theorist. He knew the inner history of every man, woman or child living in the little row of houses by the harbour side of Littlehampton, and these family histories interested and agitated him. Most of these neighbours were at one time or another indebted to him for financial assistance. But he was well aware that the inequalities and suffering of modern life could not be remedied by almsgiving alone. He was never more moved than when speaking of the possibilities of music in connexion with the reform of criminals or wastrels, and was deeply interested in any schemes which aimed at this result. Viewing his life as a whole, one recognizes his conviction that Art was not an end in itself, but a means to help humanity and ameliorate the lot of mankind. But where specific measures of reform were concerned, we find that his radicalism and rebelliousness were leavened by a strong vein of conservatism. He was no believer in State paternalism, and his sympathy with the working-man was combined with a resolute refusal to accept the universal application of modern Trade Unionism. Mr. H. C. Colles, in his article in the *Music Student* for March 1916, analyses and illustrates this dualism with insight and felicity :

"I have never been able to make out whether Sir Hubert Parry is a liberal-minded Conservative or a Liberal with strong conservative tendencies. He, of course, would dub himself frankly a Radical and say with Johnson in another connection 'There's an end of it'. But political labels do not count. The fact is that, in spite of all his sympathy with free speech and free thought and his hatred of taking anything for granted, he will fight tooth and nail for the preservation of that which has been proved useful. He is too good an historian to be an iconoclast, and he is ready to support time-honoured institutions, be they the University of Oxford or the scale of C major, against all comers. The Trade Union policy of levelling down moves him to wrath. Shall seats of learning be reduced to suit the mental capacities of school-teachers, or the scale be

re-distributed into a monotonous commonwealth of whole tones? And the idea of bringing Trade Unionism anywhere within a hundred miles of his beloved art is likely to produce that sort of acute situation which called out a remark from an elderly clergyman who was once sitting with him on a Committee which had to deal with an important public question. The ineptitudes and phrase-making of its members drove Sir Hubert to the verge of exasperation until the clergyman sitting next him remarked *sotto voce*: 'Sir, I am afraid you are one of those who have never learned to suffer fools gladly' ".

This dualism, however, was not an oscillating opportunism. Hubert Parry was not like the man described as a vegetarian with a strong partiality to mutton-chops. In the last resort he was governed by an ethical purpose. People might be puzzled to know which side he would take in a controversy: whether his liberalism or his conservatism would be uppermost. But if, as Mr. Colles goes on, in their uncertainty they imagined that he would ever take the opposite side through contrariness, that, as Garrick said of Johnson, he was waiting to see which side he would take, or was talking for victory, they would be woefully mistaken in his character: "The one certain thing is that he will always come down with a bang on the side which he conceives to be right".

Hubert Parry's detachment from party politics was never more clearly declared than on the only occasion on which he appeared on the platform of a political meeting. It was at a Free Trade meeting held in the Council Hall at Highnam in April 1905, and addressed by three Liberal candidates—Sir Harry Johnston, Mr. St. George Fox Pitt and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby—but Parry, who took the chair, began by frankly admitting that he was not a politician; that is to say, he was not a party politician:

"He never could manage it. He had tried various parties, but had always to come out from the people with whom he had been associated, which seemed rather unfriendly. There were all sorts of ways of looking at political parties. One of the most brilliant politicians of the seventeenth century said that 'Ignorance maketh a man go into

a party and fear keepeth him from coming out of it'. There were various reasons why men associated themselves with particular parties, one, which was quite the reverse of ignorance, being sympathy for their fellow-men. He had always had that disposition himself, though he had not always been able to sympathize with the ardour of party spirit. Therefore, his hearers might ask why was he there? Precisely. He would tell them why he was occupying his present position. The question of Free Trade was not a party one; on the contrary, it was essentially a question which had proved itself to be open to both sides equally. They knew that if anybody had suffered from the recent suggestions to modify our ancient attitude on the fiscal question, it was essentially the Conservative Party; and if there were any people who could claim to be called martyrs to the cause of Free Trade, they were some of the most distinguished members of that party, who had had to retire owing to the futile suggestions which had been made to modify our ancient and honourable position amongst the nations. Because it was not a party question was the reason why he wished to hear it discussed in that hall. He did not want the Council House to be used merely for the purposes of any particular party. Highnam was a place where people might hold all sorts of ideas and belong to all sorts of parties, and he wanted everybody to have a chance of expressing their views—whether Conservatives, Liberals, or Home Rulers, let them all have a show. There was nothing that hall could be better used for than enlightenment, and anything that brought enlightenment on the various questions of the day to the inhabitants of Highnam would be welcomed."

The three candidates, while admiring the chairman's impartiality, acknowledged the difficulty of keeping party politics out of their speeches, but Parry in his concluding remarks adhered to his view that Free Trade, in which he heartily believed, was not a party question:

"He was quite willing that a tariff reform meeting should follow if any one liked to hold one there, but he did not think they would get the position of affairs so well described or 'rubbed in' as it had been that evening. He wished them to have as many meetings and of as many colours as they could get; that they should form their

judgment after hearing all sides. His parting words would be these: A return to Protection would be a piece of cowardice. If we found that we did not happen to be able to pull as strongly as it was thought other nations did, some weak creatures thought we should keep the better things out and get the worse things sold by putting restrictive taxes on good things. But the true principle of Englishmen should be, in the words of a popular song, 'Let 'em all come'. That was based on the right grounds, and not on those of adopting artificial dodges for keeping good things out of this country."

The fullest exposition of his political creed is to be found in the correspondence in the spring of 1909 with an intimate friend who, with a view to enlightening him as to the aspirations and ambitions of Germany, had sent him the book by "Vigilans sed Aequus" (the late W. T. Arnold). These letters—he wrote five in a fortnight—cover the question of the German invasion scare, the naval policy of the Government, the aims and limitations of the Conservative party (as based on his own experience), the dangers of a party Press and of enslavement to newspaper guidance, the value of frankness in controversy, and the evils of personal abuse of political opponents. In the first letter, dated April 5, Hubert Parry draws a clear line of distinction between disinterested and interested experts. He was all for getting all one could from the views of experts, but, after forty years' experience of their writings on political, social and kindred subjects he had come to the conclusion that the best chance of gaining a sound opinion was to distinguish between the expert who really puts the case soundly in the interests of truth and the expert who has party ends to gain:

"In times where people have got into an excitement about any subject, experts are often liable to colour their statements of a case unsoundly and to forget larger views. They see things out of focus and emphasize a detail or a particular limited view of the situation out of all proportion."

The book on German ambitions by "Vigilans sed Aequus" did not alarm him but only confirmed his views "completely

in all sorts of ways". It dispelled any nervousness he had about the Germans, because he regarded the vicious and spiteful explosions of mischievous professors and quill-drivers to be unrepresentative of German public opinion. He thought better of the general sanity of the German nation and the statesmanship of its leaders. (He did not realize that many of these professors were State-appointed, and could not have indulged in these "explosions" without the approval of the Government and Court.) He greatly approved of the Free Trade point of view of "Vigilans sed Aequus", whose arguments he found strongly confirmed by Lord Hugh Cecil's article on Colonial Preference in the *Nineteenth Century*. But he dismissed the invasion scare on the strength of statements in the Marine *Rundschau*, and sent his correspondent the Naval Annual as a good stand-by on the question of comparative strength. He also recommended Julian Corbett's book on England in the Seven Years' War, as appropriate to the present crisis, and one of the best books in existence on the higher strategics. A week later he wrote on Mr. McKenna's speech:

"My view of things is that when you have the bad luck to have to live in the neighbourhood of a cantankerous man, your best chance is to take as little ostensible notice of him as possible, and the very worst thing to do is to give him any excuse for thinking you are in a funk of him.

"I quite saw at once what drove McKenna to make his alarmist speech. He was between the Devil and the deep sea—on the one side the Sea Lords urging him to build, and on the other a considerable section of his own party strongly against excessive expenditure on armaments. His speech was aimed to convince the latter, and the scare-mongers made use of it for their own purposes. Of course the Germans are very offensive and very exasperating; I am fully aware of the instances of their mischievousness which you quote. They want to assert their almightiness, and time after time they have done it wrong. But we should be in a much better position if we kept cool."

On April 15 he gives an extremely candid survey of the Conservative party or class, in which he had been

brought up, and against which he had rebelled, and the enslavement of extremists to their Press :

" The trouble in the ranks of the Conservative class is that they have always ignored the fact that it requires some training to think and form judgments, just as much as it requires training of some sort to play cricket or manage a pack of hounds.

" To be capable of forming a judgment on great political issues requires a vast range of experience of history, and of the interpretation of history by the shrewdest minds who have dealt with it from every point of view. I am painfully familiar with the argument of the class—that all men who devote themselves to healthy exercises and sport are likelier to arrive at healthy conclusions than those who mug up books.

" I am all for open air and a reasonable amount of sport of all kinds, and I do admit that our English life and our English politics are very greatly helped by the attitude of mind which sports and active outdoor enjoyments induce. But all the same the Conservative class is so deeply committed to the theory that the whole duty of man—in ordinary life—is to be a ' good sportsman ', that the claims of the intellectual are too much pushed out of sight ; and the effect is to make the class quite peculiarly and painfully susceptible to being duped. The average young ' gentleman ' who forms the type of the mass of the Conservative party would almost be ashamed to confess that he had read any book but a novel ; and it is considered ' bad form ' in such society to allude to a first-rate book on any subject except sport. But of newspapers and the channels through which party versions of current events are administered they can never have too much. As they have always treated as unnecessary any effort of thinking, they have to have all their views made for them by the authorized party exponents of the particular readings of particular situations which are to be adopted by the party at any given moment. The Nemesis of the orthodox Conservative's view of life is that he becomes the slave of the newspapers. He has to keep himself primed with every detail of the contemporary expedients of his leaders for fear of being left altogether rudderless at sea. The total absence of any grounding which would give him a wider grasp of situations makes him incapable of grouping the vast multitude of diverse kinds of facts ; and he is

quite overwhelmed by mere details if the cue for some general principle of relegating them to their places in the general scheme of things is not supplied to him. But the means by which the attitude of mind is prescribed are in such a case always discredited at the start. The very existence of a party paper rests on the supposition that everything which occurs shall be interpreted as far as possible in the light which is favourable to the party which the paper represents. The bias is admitted: no one can gainsay it. . . . In the extreme members of both Conservative and Radical parties these papers find their most easy victims. If, by training their minds as they train their eyes and muscles to shoot straight, they could get a wider view of the facts of existence, they could dispense with the absorption of mere party journalism and estimate it at its true value.

" I am extremely sorry for the views you hold. And of course I try my best to see them from your point of view. And as I have been living in immediate contact with views of this type since I was in my teens, it is not to be expected that I should regard them as more than an interesting phase of personal temperament."

On April 17 he discourses on the value of frankness—within certain limits :

" I always think the world would get on better if people were more frank with one another and spoke out as you do ; and then there would be less of suppressed feelings and suspicions, which work poison inside. But after all, as far as one man makes an estimate of another a good deal of it may be pure misconception. What you take for ' pity ' in me may be my endeavours after patience when I find people unwilling to listen to facts which don't jump with what they like to think ; and when they refuse to inform themselves or fit themselves to judge dispassionately. I worded one sentence wrong in my last letter, when I said I was ' sorry for your opinions ' or something of that sort. I should have said ' I was sorry not to be able to agree with them '. I always find as much pleasure in agreeing enthusiastically with people as any one can ; and it gives me more pain than you can be aware of to be unable to do so. I have always felt it very distressing that it is impossible to take the same view of big questions that you do. But you certainly supply me with a very

good reason. As I have not had any opportunity of judging of things from the point of view of an Irish Tory—how could it be possible ? You seem to think it is presumption on my part to venture to have opinions of my own. I have done my best to justify my holding independent opinions, and I do not think you are at all justified in calling them a form of disease. In two things you are obviously wrong. Though I hold that a man should be sure of his opinions—hold them with all his might—I do hold that other people who have come by different ways and by the utmost efforts to find out the truth may also be right. It sounds paradoxical, but I know the world cannot get on if people, even when holding their opinions ever so strongly, do not admit the full rights of other people to differ from them. The other point in which you are also wrong in my opinion is in saying that the name of people who differ from you ' stinks in the nostrils ' of the party to which you belong. Hatred of opponents on account of their opinions is a thing as old as Adam, no doubt. But it was never creditable or hopeful to the people who indulged in it."

In the last and most animated letter of the series, dated April 20, 1909, Hubert Parry vigorously resents the candour which takes the form of personal abuse of a political opponent, and concludes with a brief summary of his views on the Irish question :

" Why is it that people on your side always assume the right to make insolent personal remarks to people who differ from them, and evidently take the mere fact of any one's presuming to have any different views of things from themselves as a personal affront ?

" You will remember the discussion began by your calling me a fanatic because I presumed to think the ' Dreadnought scare ' unnecessary and ill-advised, and you ended up your last letter by saying my mind was diseased. And a great part of one of your letters was devoted to your personal view of my character. Is it so inconceivable that any man can be sane who holds different views from you ? All the world is full of differences. You yourself have admitted that experts differ. What good would experts do if, instead of considering what each has to say, they merely called one another fanatics and said their respective

minds were diseased? Of course differences must be. I most frankly admit that my view of the crisis is absolutely the reverse of yours, and I can give chapter and verse for every detail of my opinion.

"I don't entirely follow what you say about 'indifferentism' not existing in Ireland. I never suggested it did. Ancient documents show that the Irish were quite the same before Strongbow went across as they were now [1] —always quarrelling amongst themselves and working themselves up into excitements similar to those between Nationalists and 'Irish Tories' now. It has always been a disposition of mine when I hear violent remarks or violent abuse to go over to and join those against whom the violence is expressed. You say the Radical Party 'stinks in the nostrils of every good Irishman from the day he can hear, see, or smell'. There is therefore nothing for me to do but to say quite clearly and decisively that I am a Radical.

"You say you don't know what my opinions about Ireland are. That shows at all events that I have not pressed them upon you. To put it shortly, I was a Home Ruler till I had been over there a great lot of times in several years, and then I gave it up in despair. But still I do not see why, if they are bent on quarrelling among themselves as well as recklessly repudiating every honest attempt to do anything for them, it might not be better to let them fight it out among themselves. Being rather undecided in such subtle matters it's quite conceivable that an Irish Tory might make me a Home Ruler again."

The storm blew over and the friendship of the controversialists remained unimpaired; a few months later we find Parry writing to the same correspondent on the strength of "his readiness to help people in difficulties". Parry disclaimed the title of politician; the gladiatorial aspect of the political arena had no charms for him. But this correspondence alone suffices to show that had his ambitions lain in that direction he was far better equipped by observation, by the study of mankind, the knowledge of history, the correlation of facts, and above all by his conscientious habit of thinking things out for himself,

[1] Giraldus Cambrensis in the twelfth century said that Ireland would be ultimately pacified, but that it would be *vix paulo ante Diem Judicii*.

unawed by rumour and uninfluenced by prejudice, than the majority of our legislators. Putting it at the lowest, and regarding him primarily as a musician, one may fairly contend that his opinions on politics were not in the same category of importance as those of the insurance official on opera.

It may be added that Hubert Parry's interest in the Woman Suffrage movement was progressive and survived the excesses of the militants. He often attended suffrage meetings, and expressed a high opinion of the speeches of his old friend Mrs. Fawcett, of Mrs. Creighton, and Miss Maude Royden; though repelled by the personality and appearance of others. When a concert was given in the Albert Hall in the spring of 1918 to celebrate the final stage of the Votes for Women Campaign, he assisted in arranging the musical programme, in which his setting of Blake's *Jerusalem* was included.

The outbreak of the War was faced by Hubert Parry with his habitual candour. He had no doubt as to the decision of the British Government or the righteousness of the cause of the Allies. Yet he was prompt, in the College Address from which I have quoted elsewhere, to avow that he had been a Pro-Teuton for twenty-five years and that in his deep and still abiding admiration for the services rendered by Germany to science, literature and art, he had misread the political signs of the times, and the aims of Prussian militarism. Few men at the time made so honest an avowal, or expressed their recantation with such dignity. His disillusionment never blunted his own resolve to contribute in any and every way open to him to the work of winning the War. He never spared himself, but in the earlier stages of the conflict was inclined to believe that the duties of good citizenship might be reconciled with the granting of exemptions to those who in virtue of their temperament and artistic gifts were unfitted for active service.

The conflicting strains in Hubert Parry's character are nowhere more conspicuously manifested than in the expression of his views on the riddle of the universe, the

purpose of life, the principles and practice of religion. The outer man was so frank, genial and forcible as to mislead those who only encountered him in ordinary social or official intercourse. The average man regarded him as too robust to indulge in introspection : while on the other hand the devotees of art for art's sake found him too normal to be a great artist. Only his intimates, and perhaps not all of them, recognized that underneath this jovial exterior there lay a deep vein of melancholy, self-criticism, and dissatisfaction with himself, which reveals itself in his Eton diaries and emerges intermittently to the end of his life. It was neither morbid nor querulous, but it was an abiding trait ; and the recurrence of his birthday was for many years seldom allowed to pass without an acknowledgment of unfulfilled resolves, or the disheartening contrast of aims and achievements.

He was not one of those who " are afraid to sit at home and think ". The mysteries of existence made him think deeply and sometimes furiously. But, though one of the simplest of men, he did not wear his heart on his sleeve ; and, except when directly challenged, refrained from obtruding his views, or flaunting his unorthodoxy. His published work is, in the main, neither aggressive nor iconoclastic. Mr. R. O. Morris, in a review of his College Addresses which appeared in the *Athenæum* (before its amalgamation with the *Nation*), while insisting on the predominantly conservative tendency of his compositions and historical writings, finds in these Addresses more than a glimpse of the other Parry revealed to those who were at any time in direct contact with him—that of the " somewhat violent and unruly being, half-angry, half-humorous, who was very well aware that the world as we find it is no fit place for gods or heroes, though equally conscious that merely pulling faces at it will not make it any better ". And after quoting several extracts to illustrate the " cold douche of sincerity, forcibleness and common sense " which runs through these addresses and the strange occasional reminders of Samuel Butler, " with a slight tincture of Ecclesiasticus ", he concludes with the further tribute :

"These extracts are not singular, they are the ordinary stuff of which Parry's discourses were made. There is never much difficulty in saying what you mean, if you mean anything; the difficulty is to mean anything with sufficient energy to make it worth saying. Parry always did, and that is why this volume is worth a hundred of the ordinary meditations, reflections, moralizings, lay-sermons and pious exhortations wherewith the stalls in Charing Cross Road are cumbered."

I have spoken already at length of these addresses. It is enough to add here that, while they enforce a high standard of conduct and emphasize the need of high and unworldly views, the creed they expound is void of dogma or sectarianism. Thus they fit in with the task which Hubert Parry set himself in his later years, which is correctly described by Mr. Morris in his article in *Music and Letters* as to make music the embodiment of his whole philosophy of life:

"This was mainly of a religious, or as we should rather call it now, an ethical character. Religion for Parry meant largely the regulation of man's conduct to man; it was a matter of character and works, not of theology or mysticism. Moreover, he was keenly alive to the existence of injustice, poverty and oppression, and very deeply angered by the prosperity of the oppressors; at the same time he was a good enough Victorian to hope and believe that sometime, somehow, all would work out for the best. He was a genuine idealist, but his idealism was not afraid to face unpalatable truths."

This standpoint of ethical idealism was not reached in a moment. It was the result of a long process, in which heredity and environment both had their share, and never wholly ceased to influence him; though here, as in politics, the breaking away from the orthodox views held by his father and family was complete by the time he left Oxford.

In measuring the extent of this reaction one has to bear in mind that he came on his mother's side of a markedly clerical stock. In the direct line Hubert Parry's ancestors had been prosperous merchants, but his father, who inherited considerable wealth, devoted all the leisure he could

spare from his duties as a landed proprietor to the conscientious discharge of his obligations to the Church. He was a man, as we have seen, of remarkable artistic gifts, but both as a collector and as a decorator and designer he showed a paramount interest in ecclesiastical art. The finest ivories and paintings which he purchased during his early travels in Italy and on the Continent were sacred in their themes, religious in their symbolism and treatment. He built and decorated with his own hand the beautiful church erected to the memory of his first wife, which stands in the grounds of Highnam, designed and spent more than a year in executing the frescoes in Ely Cathedral and was also responsible for the decoration of St. Andrew's Chapel in Gloucester Cathedral. Hubert Parry's lifelong interest in church architecture was stimulated and fostered in early years by his father. The influence of such a home and such teaching remained with him all his life, and he never lost his reverence for the religious art that breathed the spirit of the Founder of Christianity:

"Among the many fine pictures by Italian masters (wrote Mr. Colles in 1916), which Sir Hubert's father collected and which decorate the walls of Highnam Court is one of the coming of the Magi to the infant Christ. When Sir Hubert showed me this he pointed out how one of the three wise men was nestling his head up to the child in a sheer ecstasy of loving-kindness. Whenever I hear the *Ode on the Nativity* Sir Hubert's music brings that picture before my mind. Quite apart from music Sir Hubert himself recalls the picture of the loving wise man, and it is because that quality touches every aspect of his many-sided character that those who know him think lovingly of Sir Hubert Parry as the first English musician of modern times."

Up to the time when he went to Oxford, Hubert Parry was very devout. Mention has been made of his reading of the Bible at Eton. He was moved and helped by religious services and sermons—at Oxford he was much impressed by those of Liddon. It was never possible for him to conform mechanically. Religion was something very real to him, and it must be applied to life.

Being at once thoughtful and sincere he could not avoid noticing the Pharisaical attitude of many churchmen—the cleavage between their principles and their practice. By the time he was twenty-one he had grown dissatisfied with the rigid orthodoxy of those near and dear to him. Dogmatic theology, institutional religion and sectarianism became to him more and more irreconcilable with charity, wise toleration, and respect for private judgment. During a visit to the Majendies at Hedingham he discovered that his cousin and intimate friend, the late Sir Edward Hamilton, the son of the Bishop of Salisbury, then staying in the house, was going through the same experience. During a long walk together their conversation culminated in a memorable expression of sympathy for each other " over our feelings with regard to the ' High Churchism ' in which we have been brought up and by which we are surrounded ". The discovery of their agreement was a surprise, for neither of them had expressed these views before, and it was a relief, because they could unbosom themselves without reserve.

The notes of their conversation occupy more than four closely written pages of a large notebook—and run to more than a thousand words. The gist of it all is the reluctant conviction that the orthodoxy of conventional High Churchism was a Charitable Pharisaism—" sometimes a Pharisaism which does its alms before men and loves to be praised of them ; sometimes an occupation for a mind of no great power ; sometimes a positive excitement which blinds many (though often in this case it is not in itself harmful) to worldly duties and considerations ". The desire of the approbation of good men was laudable, but in minds lacking real spiritual stamina it too often turned them to the most comprehensible forms of righteousness —" churchgoing, almsgiving and demonstrative talkative piety " :

" The righteousness which acts silently and inwardly has in them no part. They are forced to silence their inward conscience for fear it shall teach them anything which would seem not in conformity with the tenets of the

masters they follow. They are forced to bury themselves in dogmatic theology, to read many controversies on such questions, and specially to study the sermons and opinions of their leaders. The search for truth is denied them. Their religion is no longer honest, pure, and moral, but a determination to force upon themselves the opinion of their class and to make the acme of their glory their own prominence in the party to which they belong. Hence arises the result that these Churchmen by whom we are surrounded are little ' exclusive-Salvationists '. Every one who disagrees with them is out of communion with them. Any one who endeavours to use the God-sent and pure-shining light of his reason is condemned as among the godless contemners of our Christian persuasion — with Bishop Colenso—*i.e.* as men whose sole object is to make an absurdity of our faith, sneerers and disbelievers, not worthy of the congregation of the faithful. This is the culmination of ' Charitable Pharisaism ' : the result is much the same in the other two classes, and the ways and means of a similar nature. It only needs the weak mind of the second category to acquire a fixed idea that it is doing Christ's work in this outward charity before it attains the conviction that all who do not likewise and think likewise are unworthy of the Christian name."

Hubert Parry quotes the saying of one of this school, " Christianity is alas ! rapidly becoming nothing better than mere humanitarianism ". Forms and ceremonies, he goes on,

" are not in themselves harmful except when the formalists force them on others, and tend yet more and more to split up the Church for whose unity they are always praying. They readily condemn all who differ from them though their own doctrines depend upon a questionable interpretation of scripture, made by frail human beings like themselves ; and they condemn Low Church bigotry with all the bitterness of a persecuted innocent, while their own bigotry is twofold greater than that of those they abuse."

The cleavage was destined to go much deeper ; he still attended the Communion Service, and three years were to elapse before he felt obliged to avow his scepticism to his father. It was no hasty plunge, but the outcome of a gradual and painful process, and never affected the high

and even Puritanical standard of his views on morality. His reading during the years 1870–1875 was mostly rationalistic, and he and others of the coterie of friends who formed an essay society in his early London days were largely influenced by the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Accordingly, soon after he married, he resolved to inform his father of the change in his opinions. The immediate reason was characteristic and honourable. His elder brother Clinton had avowed himself an agnostic, and his father had hinted to Hubert that on this and other grounds Highnam might be left to him. Hubert wished his father to know, in fairness to Clinton, that he shared his brother's unorthodox views. The gist of the letter received from his father in reply is given in Hubert's diary. It is evident that there were other motives for his father's decision; none the less Hubert was deeply distressed by it. So far from being convinced, he was further estranged from the Church point of view, owing to the lack of charity to which, he says, his eyes were now fully opened. He continued to attend the Communion service until after his first child was born, but his antipathy to the forms and ceremonies of the Church—" Mumbo Jumbo " as he called them in those days—was so strong that he refused to attend the christening of his elder child and only went to that of the younger under protest.

From the age of twenty-three to that of seventy his religious opinions underwent no substantial change, but he learned to curb his tongue, and this increased consideration for the feelings of others led to a certain misconception of his attitude. In earlier days he laughed openly or waxed indignant over forms or ceremonies which he considered to be of no intrinsic importance. But he was never cynical or irreverent about " the things which are more excellent ". To illustrate the seeming irreverence of his early days one may note his derision of the practice of saying grace at meals, which he regarded as meaningless. Yet in all his diaries—covering more than fifty years—there is not a note of the irreverence that is bitter or profane. What he regarded as the jargon of Church religion remained to the end

profoundly antipathetic to him, and his phraseology would naturally offend Churchmen. Thus in a notebook of 1912 he writes : " The Almighty does not care two pins whether you have got his names and title right, or whether you know the particular relationship of the Son and the Holy Ghost ". So again he speaks of dogma as " the most triumphant monument achieved by spiritual indolence ". At the same time, as he grew older he grew more gentle and considerate in his regard for the susceptibilities of others, and refrained from saying " Mumbo Jumbo " even though he *felt* it just as strongly. During the last twenty years of his life he went to his own church at Highnam and sang in the choir. Uncompromising secularists will hold that if he was not a believer he ought to have stayed away. This matter he had fought out with himself : he believed that he was doing the right thing in keeping in touch with his people and sharing as much as possible the life and interests of the little community.

There can be no doubt that some misconstrued his action, and inferred that he had changed his views. The evidence of his own most intimate self-revelations and of those who knew him best in his latest years fail to confirm this conclusion. He remained an agnostic, but a reverent agnostic. It would indeed be hard to find a more truly religious-minded man, or one less really sceptical—in the sense that he believed and trusted in the scheme of things in general ; in human nature, goodness, beauty and progress. " Not only in his solemn cantatas, but in his merriest vein ", writes Sir Walford Davies, " Sir Hubert was just ' a man after God's own heart '." His unorthodoxy was so far from being the result of a desire to throw off the restraints of the Ten Commandments that his views on morality were regarded by some of his friends as old-fashioned in their strictness. Of late years he was increasingly disgusted at the toleration and acceptance by " Society " of notorious evil-livers. In the sphere of morals he was emphatically a Puritan in the best sense of that much-abused word, and the force of his example was all the greater because he was robust in body and mind, a

good " man of his hands ", a good man to be with in a tight place, void of squeamishness and prudery where plain speech was needed, though he never indulged in it out of bravado. He was neither an atheist, a secularist, nor an antinomian in morals; still less was he one of those who go through life without troubling their minds about religion at all. His unorthodoxy was not due to the refusal to think or read about such things—to carelessness or ignorance. His reading included works of all schools of theological thought. There is a characteristic note in his diary on *The New Antigone*, a theological novel of the later 'eighties which he admired greatly in parts, but deplored " the painful lapse of the finest character in the story from rational independence and strong sincerity to emotional religionism " as being " particularly distasteful to me ". His antipathy to the ritual and ceremonies of Anglicanism was no doubt the outcome of his inveterate and abiding distrust of Romanism—inherited from a long line of French Protestant ancestry. And the effect of Romanism on the characters of some of his circle moved him to amazement and exasperation. The surrender of the right of private judgment was to him incompatible with self-respect or honesty. Yet he numbered many Roman Catholics amongst his friends and admirers, and one of the very noblest tributes of all paid to his character is from the pen of a member of that communion.

As for new short cuts to heaven or new modes of converse with the spirits, he remained unconvinced; sometimes amused, more often indignant. Christian Science he pronounced to be " even madder and more hopeless than Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powders for wounds ". He took part in spiritualistic *séances* with an honest desire to test the pretensions of mediums, but the net result was the detection of a certain amount of deliberate imposture and the conviction that self-imposture accounted for the rest. The credulity of some of his friends appealed to his sense of humour, but pained more than amused him. To him religion was a sacred thing which, in the words of a modern

writer, " has been horribly abused by such as have superadded their own inventions or those traditional fopperies received from our deceived and superstitious ancestors ", and of all these excrescences the charlatanry of modern necromancy was least likely to appeal to his honest and questioning mind :

" There are (he wrote in his book on *Instinct and Character*) many different kinds of mystery, from that which excites the ignorant savage to that which allures the philosopher. The average mind which understands very little feels that the things which it knows are too common and obvious to have any inspiring qualities. There is no mystery about them. But it is different with more developed minds. The more men know the less they need the fascination of the unknown to lift them into the higher plane of that ecstasy which belongs to Religion. The more they know the larger becomes their field of reverence. To men who know and understand, the light of day is not ordinary or uninspiring : all things are full of wonder. The capacity of reverence for things known and understood is in proportion to the amount of real knowledge and understanding. When men know little they reverence what they do not know. When they know much they confine their reverence to things which have proved worthy of it."

In the same work there is an interesting passage on the effect of sectarianism in diminishing the range of intercommunication :

" Sectarianism is a great localizer and sets up antagonisms between small centres. It restricts the freedom of mental intercourse and hinders the expansion of mutual helpfulness. It is useless to pretend that the fervent and exclusive insistence on special orders of Religion ministers to the helpful relations between human beings which are the ultimate object of the instinct of Religion."

These two passages furnish as good an explanation as can be given of his position. They help us to understand that, while Hubert Parry could be described as a sceptic in the accepted sense of that term, it would be incorrect and unjust to say that he had a sceptical mind. Of the arid, limited,

worldly and often cynical side of scepticism we find no trace. He was an idealist with a great belief in humanity. He revered much that avowed atheists have scoffed at—notably the character of Christ. And though in Parry's view the story of His life was more legendary than historic, it was not the less lovely and to be revered on that account. No music stirred him more deeply than that of Bach, which was inspired, in its sublimest moments, by a fervent belief in Christ's divinity and His redemption of the world. But in his study of Bach he endeavours to show that Bach's interpretation of the character of Christ lays more stress on His ideal humanity than His divine descent:

"There can be no manner of doubt that most people who have ever heard the work [the *Matthew Passion*] with any attention, were they ever so little in touch with the devotional attitude at the outset, would be touched with some glimmer of the divine light of Love before the work is over. For truly the keynote of the whole . . . is the divine manifested in man. The beautiful conception of the supreme sacrifice of self, willingly undertaken by the Supreme Being in taking the form of man and voluntarily submitting to suffer every indignity and cruelty and even death at the hands of man in order to redeem him—puts the ideal of absolute self-sacrifice at the very highest point the human mind is capable of conceiving.

"Bach's *Matthew Passion* presents the recognition of this conception by Teutonic religion in a very marked guise, inasmuch as the Godhead of Christ is scarcely anywhere apparent. The tragedy is unfolded in its purely human aspects as the sacrifice of the Man who was ideally adorable as Man rather than on account of his divine descent. The situation recognizes, as it were, this absolute abnegation, and the full acceptance of the brotherhood of man: it sets aside the glamour of the divine origin and appeals to men's hearts direct to look upon the story of unsurpassable human goodness, patience, endurance, loving-kindness and suffering, to dwell upon every moment of it and set it before mankind as the highest state which mankind can attain, redeeming humanity itself by the proof of its supreme possibilities of selflessness, and winning the title to divinity by a life and a death which surpassed all the experiences of mankind."

Hubert Parry's ethical idealism was animated by a truly Christian spirit. Of his own humility I need not speak again; his charity was eminently the charity that "envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth". If he often fell short in some of the other attributes of charity as enumerated by St. Paul, at least he never relaxed his "mental strife" to conquer his failings of temper, and to broaden the horizons of his spiritual outlook. The great aim of his later years was to impress on all people the need of enlarging their sphere of Religion; to consecrate his art to the service of humanity. "Religion", he wrote in one of his note-books, "includes Art as well as definite devotional exercises", and again: "Art is a form of devotion. Everything that endeavours to beautify and make lovable the surroundings and the ideas of man is part of devotional religion. It is devotion to the beautiful aspect of things—the things which minister to spiritual well-being, to truth."

Thus it came about, as Mrs. Ponsonby writes, that "when he spoke of some remarkable human being or act, or of Bach, or the sea, or architecture, or the country, one felt that to him the sphere of Religion was indeed without bounds. The beauty and value of these things seemed to have permeated him, and he in turn radiated them again to us." The belief which informs the message that he endeavoured to give to the world in his later works, and especially in *The Vision of Life*, is best defined in his own words, quoted by Miss Daymond in the memorial number of the *Royal College Magazine*:

"There is, as it were, a limitless, unflagging, living series of variations on a great subject—and that subject is the progress towards the highest good of the race. . . . The highest optimism is the belief that as man has already succeeded in controlling his destiny, and the resources of the little corner of the world with which he is concerned, by slow degrees better and better, so he will go on doing it in the future. This is no hope of a comfortable easy-going

Utopia, but a reality of constant effort towards the development of the consciousness that the guarantee of Life is the fruitful expenditure of energy."

The task which he set himself, that of making music the embodiment of his whole philosophy of life and its purpose, was, in the opinion of some critics, impossible of fulfilment. He was the last person to claim that he had succeeded in the attempt, and time alone can tell whether the contemporary verdict, which in the main was respectful rather than enthusiastic, will stand or give place to the acclamation of posterity. It may prove that he was asking too much of music. But even if the judgment of fifty years hence confirms the view that as works of art his most ambitious efforts were a noble failure, the message and its influence remain. One of the most distinguished and the sanest of our younger musicians, Sir Hamilton Harty, with an impartial candour rare in one of his calling, hazards the view that it was precisely the quality in which his real greatness resided that impaired his perfection as an artist —in other words, his recognition of the fact that music is not the greatest thing in the world :

"I have", he writes, "a personal theory—probably all wrong—that Parry was too broad and great a man to be a really first-rate genius as a musician. After all, to be a universally interested man, as he was, is better than to be a more or less narrow musician, and I can't think of any great composer whose absorption in his art did not make him a little deaf and blind to the rest of the world and its problems."

Hubert Parry was certainly incapable of deafness or blindness of this sort. He was a man of many gifts, fitted to play many parts, but having chosen music as the main business of his life, he never at any time sought to divorce art from conduct, or to practise it solely for its own sake. Rather he came increasingly to regard it as a potent and elevating instrument for widening man's spiritual horizon and promoting that brotherhood of the nations the achievement of which he held to be the highest aim of human effort.

CHAPTER XII

MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER

It is no part of my purpose, in attempting a survey of Hubert Parry's work as a composer, to indulge in any dogmatic or confident pronouncements as to its enduring quality. Apart from my lack of the equipment and authority which alone can lend weight to such utterances, it is always dangerous to discount the verdict of posterity, and especially so in a period of ferment and transition. Again it is hard for any one who loved the man, and came under the magnetic spell of his personality, to appraise his achievement dispassionately and judicially. It is easy to multiply the testimonies of his contemporaries and admirers, of the pupils who studied under him before he was Director of the Royal College of Music, or profited by his encouragement during his tenure of that office. I have drawn freely from both sources, and attach especial importance to the views of representatives of the younger generation ; many of them " modernists " who already count, or are going to count in the next twenty years. A collection of these testimonies and criticisms does not justify an entirely complacent optimism as to Hubert Parry's title to immortality. He is not a fashionable composer, but he never was. There are no peacocks' tails in his scores, no exotic idioms, no traffic with occultism or the latest brand of psychology. But though he may not be what corresponds in music to the " best-seller " of the world of books, those who believe in the vitality of his best work without wishing to impose their belief on others—have good reason to be well content with the signs of the times. The contemptuous

depreciation of the extremists who dismiss Hubert Parry as a back number and an academic need not disconcert us. They pay him the great compliment of including him in the same category with Beethoven, their pet aversion. Nor need we be unduly impressed or depressed by the fact that some of the musical critics, and particularly those of neo-Georgian views, regard his music as dull and negligible. Forty years ago the leading musical critics were with few exceptions reactionary and obscurantist; to-day they are so anxious to prove their enlightenment, to avoid the mistakes of their predecessors, that they take a pride in expressing views which go a good deal further than those held by the very composers whose cause they espouse. Even among the experimentalists regarded in some quarters as Bolshevistic in their tendencies may be found writers who do not ignore Parry. They recognize him as a powerful and stimulating influence; and without being moved to compose in his style, they are capable of handsomely admiring a great deal of his music.

The inclusion of his works in the Festival programmes at Leeds in 1922 and 1925, and at Bournemouth in 1923, may be attributed in part to musical piety, to the desire to honour a commanding figure in British art. But his choral works are given pretty frequently and steadily in the North, and *Job*, the *Pied Piper*, the motets and part-songs have been heard at the Competitive Festivals in Surrey, Hampshire, Sussex, Devonshire and Wales in 1922, 1923 and 1924. *Blest Pair of Sirens* seems to be almost as popular in 1925 as it was twenty years earlier. There is, moreover, one remarkable achievement to his credit for which it would be hard to find a parallel. At the very close of his life he wrote a great tune to great words—Blake's *Jerusalem*—which has won favour with the multitude as well as the elect. *Jerusalem* has been adopted by the Federation of Music Competition Festivals as the National Hymn of that movement, which now numbers 250,000 performers, 180 Festivals in Great Britain and the Dominions, and is the greatest amateur force in the music of the Empire. It is invariably sung

at the concerts of each of these Festivals. I can think of no twentieth-century composer who has achieved this distinction.

When Hubert Parry's works were first produced, there was a certain amount of professional prejudice against him as an amateur. Some of his sincerest admirers have professed to discover elements of amateurishness even in his most mature works. The commoner form of the hostile criticism directed against him has emphasized his scholarship, learning and austerity, and often amounts to little more than an indirect tribute to his thoroughness. To a large extent the two criticisms cancel out, but something remains to be said as to his alleged amateurishness.

He was undoubtedly a great *amateur* in the highest and finest sense of the word, in that while he adopted music as his profession, and the main business of his life, he did so not to make money. He was an amateur in the sense that he followed music for the love of it. He was no elegant dilettante, however, but a serious and industrious student; his contributions to Grove's Dictionary, his books on the history and evolution of the art, his study of Bach, the immense pains he took in securing illustrations for his lectures are all proofs of his thoroughness and conscientiousness. He consulted specialists and experts wherever possible. His dependence on the judgment and advice of Dannreuther, whom he consulted about all his compositions, began in the early 'seventies when he was his pupil, lasted unimpaired for more than thirty years, and only ended with Dannreuther's death. Again, he had the virtues of the amateur in his freedom from the narrowness of outlook of the professional musician, in the width of his extra-musical interests. But his versatility and impetuous energy, valuable and fruitful though they were, undoubtedly affected his creative work, in which he seldom attained the flawless perfection of the supreme artist. He came nearest to it in his songs, his works for organ solo and his choral compositions. When all allowances are made for his genuine dislike of parade and pretence and meretricious effect, the fact remains that his orchestration too often lacks

colour, variety and clarity. Certainly in the art of orchestral decoration he was the inferior of many writers without a tithe of his genius. It could at least be never said of him that *materiem superabat opus*. If the charge of amateurishness is to be sustained it must be clearly distinguished from any suggestion of dilettantism, for he spared neither time not trouble in the preparation of his work. His industry was amazing. Whatever he was engaged upon — musical history, lectures, addresses or composition—his preliminary labours were thorough and exhaustive. He was also singularly amenable to advice and suggestion—even from pupils. He was conscious of his limitations, notably in regard to literary expression and the technique of instruments. Yet as an executant he compared favourably with some of the greatest composers. At Stuttgart in 1867 he worked at the viola for some weeks with a teacher named Huhn : at Highnam he practised the horn for a while.

On the organ and piano he was far more than proficient. At the latter he worked and practised hard for many years, but seldom did himself justice when playing in public. In private with a few congenial friends he was a delightful and exhilarating performer : especially in the works of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin, which he studied for many years with Dannreuther. In his early years he excelled in improvisation. As a boy and a young man he played the organ a great deal, and before leaving Eton compiled a long list of organs (with specifications, etc.) on which he had played up to the age of 16. He had also a considerable practical knowledge of organ construction. But enough has been said here and elsewhere of his capacity for taking infinite pains. He went through the mill ; he was no believer in short cuts, or " clean cuts " with the past, as the best way to true self-expression. He was a student all his life. His early musical training under Elvey at Eton, the few lessons he took in composition from G. A. Macfarren, and (during an Oxford Long Vacation) from H. H. Pierson at Stuttgart, left few if any traces on his style. He recognized their learning and was not ungrateful

for their instruction, though with the two last of these masters he was far from being in perfect sympathy. Of Elvey he always spoke with gratitude, but the greatest advantage he derived as his pupil was the freedom of the organ loft, and the knowledge which he gained of English church music. Pierson in his day was regarded as an innovator, but he was at heart an academic. Parry's only real master was Dannreuther, a truly great, broad-minded and highly educated musician, who combined an enthusiastic championship of Wagner—it was at his house in Orme Square in 1877 that Wagner read the libretto of *Parsifal* before the music was composed—with an ardent devotion to Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, at a time when such a dual allegiance was looked upon as the musical equivalent of simultaneously serving God and Mammon. For thirty years Parry submitted everything he wrote to Dannreuther, and hardly ever missed spending his Sunday afternoons with him when in town, to say nothing of frequent visits during the week. These relations were unchanged even when Parry was Director of the Royal College, and the very first of his appointments to the staff in 1895 was that of his master and mentor.

Study and industry are of little avail to a composer without the genuine creative impulse. The desire to express himself in music was strong in Parry's early boyhood, and one need not be surprised that in view of his environment and opportunities and early upbringing—above all the near neighbourhood of a great cathedral where Samuel Sebastian Wesley was organist—his earliest efforts were in the form of hymns and chants and services. His lessons from Elvey, the organist of St. George's, Windsor, naturally led to further activities in this domain. But while still at school he was most happily inspired in his settings of isolated English secular lyrics. He was a voracious reader of poetry from his early years, but it may be safely affirmed that throughout his life his choice of words was impeccable. He never set a bad poem to music, and there is a remarkable consensus of opinion amongst critics of various schools that whatever may be

the fate of his larger works, his songs are an imperishable contribution to native art. To take the testimonies of the elder generation first, I may note the tribute of Sir Alexander Mackenzie [1] to his command of " boldly-energetic and broadly-sweeping melodies alternating with compact little tunes which run like delicate veins in blocks of marble and touch us by their ingratiating simplicity ". More specific and detailed is the homage of Sir Henry Hadow in the address delivered at the Musical Association on June 17, 1919 :

" All through his life he was a song-writer, from the days of ' Why does Azure deck the sky ', which he wrote at Eton, to the great setting of Blake's ' Jerusalem ' written in the year of his death, and the ' Sonnets ', the ' Anacreontic Odes ' and above all the ten volumes [now increased to twelve by the two volumes posthumously published] of *English Lyrics* contain much of his most characteristic melody. The workmanship is extraordinarily delicate : never an overloaded bar or a superfluous phrase : the emotional range is wide—humour, pathos, meditation, romance—and is restrained with so firm a hand that he has sometimes been unjustly censured for coldness. But there is no coldness in ' When shall the lover rest ', or ' When we two parted ', or ' There is a lady sweet and kind ', or the ' Dirge in Winter ', or the two numbers from the Greek Anthology or the Mary Coleridge songs. They are entirely free from extravagance and sensationalism, but they can appear insipid only to critics who mistake sensationalism for eloquence, and extravagance for energy. Parry's music always speaks without gestures, and its speech is the weightier for that reason."

This reserve power, Sir Henry Hadow rightly insists, is one of the characteristics which make him so essentially a spokesman and representative of English music :

" Every great artist, painter, poet or musician is to some extent the child of his time and his country, and the genuineness which marks his originality will itself be influenced both by his inheritance and by his surroundings.

[1] In his article on " Hubert Parry, his Work and Place among British Composers ", in *Play Pictorial.*

He will use the style and idiom which come most naturally to his hand : he will express through them thoughts and feelings which he shares, though more fully and deeply, with the rest of his countrymen. And this is exactly what Parry has done. He represents in music the essential sanity of the English genius : its mixture of strength and tenderness, its breadth, its humour, its entire freedom from vanity and affectation. It is idle to compare his gifts with those of the great Continental composers, 'great in their way, not ours nor meant for ours' : one might as well compare the serenity of an English landscape with the glow of sunset on the Apennines or the Aegean."

These latter remarks apply to all Parry's music, but are especially applicable to his songs.

Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland in an estimate of Hubert Parry, which appears in the American *Musical Quarterly* for June 1919, prophesies that his songs will increase in general popularity, as all things are bound to do that are produced without reference to passing fashion or the demand of publishers. Two points in Mr. Fuller-Maitland's comments on the songs are worthy of notice. He observes that " like other great song-writers he was often supposed not to write easily for the voice ; like them, he will be found innocent of the accusation if singers will only bring a little intelligence to the task of interpreting him". Unfortunately, intelligence is a quality in which too many singers are conspicuously deficient. The other point made is that " throughout all the books of the English Lyrics the same wonderfully faithful following of the poetical accentuation is to be observed ". Here he was practising what he invariably preached. Sir Walford Davies tells us [1] that one of the great ideals in his teaching which his followers and lovers can never let go is to be found in his principles in the setting of words :

" If Harry Lawes was praised by Milton, what chorus of thanks and praise ought not to rise up to our master for his just quantity and accent ? . . . I shall never forget his keen chase at one lesson after the right lengths, accents

[1] *R.C.M. Magazine*, Christmas 1918.

and inflexions for Browning's puzzling line ' He is admiral in brief ', and how he thumped the piano with joy when he exclaimed ' I've got it '. In what he wrote and taught on this subject he seems to foreshadow the happy time when perfect speech and perfect song will exclude the forced and absurd from all vocal music ; and shrieking, bursting lovers —whether in the opera house or on the concert platform— will have ceased to make music monstrous to simple men, and a matter for weeping to angels."

One cannot guess, as Mr. Fuller-Maitland observes, from which, if any, of his teachers Parry acquired that "wonderful skill in accentuation, or as it is sometimes called ' declamation ', in which he is unrivalled among his countrymen ", but it is a notable and admirable feature even in his early work, and is handsomely recognized in the estimate of Hubert Parry's work as a whole, from the pen of Mr. R. O. Morris, which appeared in *Music and Letters* for April 1920. I shall have occasion to return later on to what Mr. Morris says of the larger works—choral and instrumental—but in this context may confine myself to his remarks on Parry as a song-writer and melodist. They begin with serious reserves. The statement that he scarcely ever wrote a good tune in the sense in which Purcell, Schubert and Brahms wrote good tunes is highly disputable, to put it mildly, when one thinks of *Jerusalem*, the opening and concluding phrases of *Job*, the Ballad and " God breaketh the battle " from *Judith*, a dozen at least of his songs and as many more of his madrigals and part-songs. But the passage ends on a note of high admiration :

" . . . His melody may not give the rapturous thrill that one gets from the great lyric writers, but it has a singular dramatic truthfulness, it follows both the sense and the accentuation of the words with a fidelity that no English writer before him had ever approached ; it has, moreover, a sustained power, it does not expand itself in a single outburst. And (on the negative side) it is never sickly or mawkish."

To the solo writing in his oratorios—notably in *Job* and *Judith*—Mr. Morris gives very high praise :

" The narratives of Judith and the ' Lamentation ' of Job reveal the composer's power of sustained declamation at its very highest ; in particular the passage beginning ' Man that is born of woman ' is one to which the most stolid can hardly listen unmoved ; the highest praise is to say that the melody here is worthy of the words which inspired it."

Turning to the detached songs, Mr. Morris shows himself, if not a panegyrist, at least a hearty admirer of their merits. He recognizes in them many of the qualities which make for endurance :

" As a song-writer at any rate Parry needs no apology, and even if his larger works continue to slumber on the shelf, there is no reason why the ten [now twelve] volumes of *English Lyrics* should not keep his memory green. The choice of words in these songs reveals a catholic and fastidious literary judgment ; they cover a very wide range of mood, which is faithfully reproduced in their settings, whilst in the scrupulous observance of the verbal rhythm (always a difficulty to the English composer, owing to the subtle displacements of stress which are part of the genius of the language) he is, as ever, a model to composers. And here as elsewhere his writing is curiously individual—one says curiously, because his style is so devoid of tricks that when one comes to define its characteristics one is compelled to fall back largely on negatives. Yet there is scarcely a page in his entire works that is not plainly and unmistakably Parry."

Another attitude is that of composers who " show themselves more sensitive to the need for realizing in their songs not merely their own style, but to some extent the style of their poet ". Thirdly there are the composers who are content to merge their own personality for the time being in that of the poet. All three attitudes are " theoretically capable of defence " : and if some of us may think that Mr. Morris has exaggerated the rigidity of Hubert Parry's style, we may fully agree with what he says of the consistent and unmistakably personal quality of his work, which is equally noticeable in his books. Some light may be thrown on the problem as it presented itself to him by the fact that

whereas in his earlier songs he drew largely from the Elizabethans, from Milton and Shelley and the greater lights, towards the end of his life he resorted more freely to the modern and minor poets. In a recent interesting article on "A Great Song-writer" in the *Times* it is contended that his motive in setting the words of Julian Sturgis and Mary Coleridge was that they gave him a better chance of being himself, of saying something in music which he had very much at heart, than he found in interpreting the thoughts of Milton and Shakespeare on whom it was impossible to impose his own personality. As for the neglect of Hubert Parry's songs at concerts, he is in the same boat with the greatest of all song-writers: Schubert and Schumann, Franz and Brahms. Moreover, as Mr. Colles has observed in a lecture on Hubert Parry's songs, he, like other great masters of this branch of music, treated it as a sort of private diary in which he expressed his most intimate thoughts. He made no attempt at oratory, but put in just what he felt; without troubling to be effective or giving the singer a chance of parade. To this it may be added, in proof of the intimacy of these utterances, that they were occasionally dedicated to his most intimate friends. But it is characteristic of his modesty that he regarded it as a privilege rather than a compliment. Writing to Miss Norah Dawnay in 1906 to ask her consent to the dedication of a song in the 8th set he says: "It would be delightful to me to have your name tacked on to something of mine!"

In a sense, as Sir Alexander Mackenzie has said, he turned to song-writing "as if to seek relief after each more strenuous effort", but it was to him a *res severa* as well as a *verum gaudium*. He not only revised but often rewrote his songs, and the difficulty he experienced in satisfying himself was by no means confined to the discovery of the just quantity and accent. Writing to Dannreuther in 1882 about a set of songs he meditated publishing, he recognizes that, for him at least, there were some poems which, though lyrical in form, presented insuperable difficulties to the lyrical composer:

"I have been wrestling with 'Crabbed Age and Youth', but it seems to be too much for me. The dramatic breaks of continuity at the end jump from one side to the other so abruptly, and all through the two-sided nature of the thoughts take it out of the province of pure lyric. I've tried over and over again. The last version I send you to look at. . . . If I could get it into order I should have sufficient for a set. If not, the set must wait till I can find other words."

Yet, in regard to the relations of those "sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse" he would probably have subscribed to the dictum of a modern critic that "when all is said, the best ground for a belief in the future of English music lies in the greatness of English poetry".[1]

It is always interesting to know how songs appeal to great singers, and I am fortunate in being able to supplement what has already been said by an "appreciation" of Hubert Parry's songs written for this book by Mr. Plunket Greene, on whose conspicuous services as an interpreter of this branch of the art it is unnecessary to insist:

"It is the inevitable misfortune of every great composer to be accused of plagiarism by the amateurs of his day. I use the word 'amateurs' advisedly, for it was they, not the critics, who professed to find in Parry's songs a pale reflection of Brahms. Plagiarism is perhaps too strong a word: the unconscious assimilation by the Englishman of the idiom of the German was probably what they implied.

"I am sure they believed it. I, being young, was prepared to take their word for it and believe it too. I remember trying to read Brahms into every song he wrote, and being puzzled at the apparent contradictions which met me at every turn and which refused to be reconciled. It was not till later that I discovered, by a process of analysis, that so far from there being any analogy between them each was the antithesis of the other. There could not be a better way of demonstrating Parry's peculiar genius than by putting their respective styles of song-writing in juxtaposition.

"Brahms's songs are music pure and simple. They are essentially instrumental, the voice being treated in the

[1] "The Challenge to Poetry", *Times Literary Supplement*, May 17, 1923.

same way as the clarinet or oboe or any other melodic instrument of the orchestra. They depend upon beauty of tone and phrasing and, with a few exceptions, on these alone. In one or two cases, such as 'Feldeinsamkeit' or 'Der Schmied', he has manifestly abandoned himself to the atmosphere, or spirit, of the poem; but there is no evidence in his writings that he had any compelling literary sense or that words meant much more to him than a vehicle to carry a melody. These melodies are of incomparable beauty, and, as such, must be reckoned amongst our greatest possessions, but they are seldom a direct expression of the poem. It is this 'instrumental' view of the functions of the human voice which makes his songs so difficult to sing, and which actually set the technical standard of singing of his day—if you could sing Brahms you could sing anything. But the singer possessed of a literary sense has, generally, when singing his songs, deliberately to shut off one of the chambers of his reason, turn a blind eye to poetical values, and give himself up to the making of beautiful sounds in more or less metrical sequence.

"I have often wondered what Parry secretly thought of the solecisms of 'Die Mainacht', in which all the principal accents fall upon prepositions and conjunctions and the like, such as 'Wann', 'Durch', 'Und'—sometimes 'rubbed in' for three *sostenuto* beats in slow *tempo*; or of the ineffable banalities of such poems as 'Wie bist Du, meine Königin', or 'Wir Wandelten' or 'Sapphische Ode' which are the nominal inspiration of three of his most lovely melodies. For to Parry the words were everything. I never heard him profess any creed or reveal the foundations of his belief, but his passionate devotion to words cries out in every song he wrote. He knew that a song is a message, that from time immemorial we have given our messages by speech or its symbols, that the more human you make it the better the singer can deliver it, and that music is the torch to read it by. Of all the great song-writers that I know no one has made it easier for the singer; and that is the highest testimony a singer can give.

"It is easy to demonstrate this. You can take his songs at random and find the same unwritten law governing them all.

"The famous 'Lamentation' of Job is probably the longest and most sustained Oratorio *scena* in existence. Its supposed difficulties have frightened off many a choral

society whose finances could not run to expensive soloists. Technically, there is not a page of it which is not easier to sing than 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'. Its declamation—not to be confused with its sister-adjective 'declamatory'—is practically perfect; he has asked you to sing nothing which you would not *say*. You can take the various sections where you will and you will find that he has *spoken* the words with absolute fidelity. The one beginning 'Man that is born of woman' might serve for all time as a model of writing for the human voice. Nor does he reserve this as a privilege for the soloist. In the chorus which follows the Lamentation (28 pages of dramatic illustration) he has reconciled the apparently irreconcilable, and by sheer power of words given us the message from God direct without the intervention of prophet or angel.

"This is the large, or general, point of view of declamation. Let us come down to the particular—the stressings and time-values of words, those rocks on which the friendship of poet and composer has ever split. The obvious criticism of such conscientious observance of speech-values, such fear of the rivalry of melody, is that the composer thereby must shut himself up in a cage and cramp the spread of his wings. Let us see how it works out.

"'A Lover's Garland' ('I'm weaving sweet violets') is one of his most famous songs. The poem is a translation by Alfred Perceval Graves from the Greek Anthology. It is essentially classical in style, and the composer has followed the classical model throughout. Yet there is only one false stress ('bright white buds *of* the glossy myrtle') in the whole course of a song which takes each flower in turn, tells you its colour and scent, and weaves them into the wreath for Heliodora's brow, and ripples along like a sunny brook the while.

"'Through the ivory gate' (Julian Sturgis) is the exact opposite to this. It is tragic and pathetic in colour, nonstrophic in form, and has not a trace of classical modelling. Yet here, too, there is only one exaggerated value throughout the course of the song—the tied crotchets on the first syllable of 'over' ('over my tumbled hair'); and even that apparent digression from rule serves its purpose by throwing into relief the quasi-pictorial stressing of the word 'tumbled'. I do not believe he had any such purpose in mind or gave it a thought at all. It was probably just as spontaneous to write as it is to sing.

"'A Fairy Town' (Mary Coleridge) is a little fantasy, a word-picture in music. There is not one false, or even strained, stress or value in the whole of it. As a piece of pure declamation it could not be beaten.

"These are but three examples. They could be multiplied a dozen times. They have two qualities in common with every song he wrote—they are quite easy to sing, and they depend for their very existence upon imagination. It is this latter virtue which has held the superficial type of singer aloof—they are no good to the man who wants to show off his voice.

"Atmosphere, mood and colour are the children of imagination and they are the life of these songs. The 'Lamentation' of *Job* is a series of moods, coloured by the varying emotions, and all tuned to the parent note of despair; 'Through the ivory gate' is sung in a trance in the no-man's-land between sleeping and waking; 'A Lover's Garland' is perfumed with flowers and admiration, and brings to the eye pavanes and minuets; in the 'Fairy Town' we can actually see the rapturous suspense of the child as she watches the cloud-castles sink, mermaids, mermen and all, into the sea and slip over the edge of the world; the 'Witches' Wood' is sinister, the trees are dead, the moon is as brass in the corpse-white lake; 'Nightfall in Winter' is iron-bound in black frost, silent, windless, the voice chill and colourless; 'The Blackbird' joyous, bubbling with youth, and spring and the glory of being alive.

"In most composers one can trace the growth of individuality and often find the very sign-post at which they chose the road to travel, but even in such early songs as 'My true love hath my heart' and 'Good night' one can mark that urgent desire to express himself in human form which was the breath of the man and the light of his message to other men.

"It was inevitable that in some cases he should find music and words irreconcilable. Where this has happened we get the 'recitative' type of song which generally fails in its emotional appeal. But we do not know whether he felt this himself or looked upon it as a weakness. Anyhow, such cases are few and far between.

"In one other respect he stands almost alone among modern composers, namely, in his fondness for the *melisma* or florid illustrative cadenza. The old writers often used

it as a melodic ornament, but Bach was about the only one who used it pictorially until Parry adopted it as one of his means of expression. Perhaps it was from Bach he got it. The *melisma*, representing the scourging of Christ in the St. John Passion, is one of the most vivid pieces of realism to be found in music, and it might easily have come as a revelation to the writer of the life of Bach. He has, however, taken the more genial view of its uses, and with the exception of its application to the words 'half-starved' and 'a-dying' in 'One silent night of late', and to the gentle sobs of 'Methinks thou stay'st too long' in 'Crabbed Age and Youth', he has made us look upon it more as a bubbling over of his own high spirits—in the warbling of the birds in 'My heart is like a singing bird', 'The Maiden', and 'Ye little birds that sit and sing'; in the sinking of the cloud below the horizon in the 'Fairy Town'; the weaving of the garland for Heliodora; or the pompous struttings of the Laird of Cockpen. Wherever he has used it, it has been for the definite purpose of word-painting, to which he has deliberately sacrificed his word-values with the happiest results.

"There are two types of song in which the words have always agreed to take second place—the rhythmical song and the broad flowing melody. Here the music is the thing and nothing else matters. He did not seem to have any great leaning towards the first of these. 'Ye little birds' and 'The Child and the Twilight' are about as far as he got in the quick rhythmical song; and the children's unison song 'Rock-a-bye', a little gem of monotonous rhythm, is almost the only example of the quiet type which he has left us. Perhaps here again he hesitated to subordinate the verities of speech or allow his words to play second fiddle, and only gave us 'Rock-a-bye' because he knew that children did not bother about immaculate declamation, and that to them the tune was everything.

"Not to them alone. When he wrote a tune it seemed to overwhelm him. It swept along like a spate, ruthless and beneficent. Word-values, literary responsibilities, the bridges and stepping-stones from poetry to music, were swallowed in its surge and hurried to the open sea. It is said that the greatest benefactor of a country is the man who writes its tunes; if he had left us nothing but 'Jerusalem' we could never repay him what we owe him. But the record of his work shows a succession of such

melodies, from ' The Ballad of Meshullemeth ' and ' God breaketh the Battle ', from *Judith* ; through ' O may we soon again renew that song ' from *Blest Pair of Sirens*, and the opening and closing symphonies of *Job*, or the ' Hymn for Aviators ' (the ideal ' School-song ' for the Air Force), to that same ' Jerusalem ' which we now look on as a national possession.

" They are like himself—' out-of-doors ', diatonic and in the major, and, like his lyrical songs and the rest of his music, they are his own. They never could be mistaken for anybody's children but his. They owe no more to folk-song than they do to Brahms ; yet they are as unmistakably English as Stanford's are Irish. How little he knew, when he gave ' Jerusalem ' to Walford Davies with the words : ' Here's a tune for you, old chap. Do what you like with it ', that within a year or two of his death it would have grown to be the national song of his country, and the hymn, by adoption, of the great competition festivals which are the outward and visible signs of our musical renaissance !

" Those of us who have seen and heard the massed choirs and audience, a couple of thousand strong, maybe, rise to their feet at the end of the day and sing ' Jerusalem ' in unison, know what the man who set those immortal words to music has done for England's green and pleasant land."

From 1873, when he began to take lessons from Dannreuther, down to 1880, Hubert Parry devoted himself almost entirely to instrumental chamber music, the natural result of the opportunities which he enjoyed of hearing the frequent and excellent performances of classical and modern works of this *genre* in the studio at Orme Square. The majority of his compositions in this period were written for Dannreuther's chamber concerts, " performed as they were written, and then in a large number of instances, lost or destroyed ". Sir Henry Hadow's account is borne out by Mr. Fuller-Maitland, who regularly attended these concerts, and is confirmed by Parry's letters and diaries. These early works were largely experimental : Dannreuther, " the wisest and most sympathetic of teachers ", gave his pupil a free hand. As Mr. Fuller-Maitland frankly admits, " the sounds were not always beautiful, for Parry must

needs fight his way to free expression by slow degrees in these higher forms of expression ; but the hearer felt that he was in the presence of something big that might be trusted to develop in unexpected directions ". His casual treatment of the MSS. of many of these early works showed that he regarded them as what they essentially were — essays in discipleship. " The programmes remained for years as the only evidence that the works had ever existed " (Mr. Fuller-Maitland). Diligent search amongst his papers, however, revealed that a considerable number survive in manuscript, and the evidence of his diaries makes it clear that some at least underwent revision after their first performance.

These early works, some of them in print, include a couple of pianoforte trios, a pianoforte quartet, a quartet and quintet for strings, a nonet for wind, a partita for violin and piano, and a few smaller pieces. Of these the trio in E minor, the partita and the string quartet are still occasionally to be heard. Of the pianoforte pieces the sonata " To Tora " is still obtainable, and the " Nineteen Variations " in D minor are an interesting example of his handling of a problem which he essayed on a larger scale and from a different angle in his Orchestral Variations in E minor. The "Grosses Duo" for two pianofortes is worthy of note not only for its dignity and sincerity, but as his first tribute to the genius of Bach. In the pianoforte suite " Hands across the Centuries ", published late in his life, he happily justified the title by a dexterous accommodation of eighteenth-century conventions to modern idiom. This work, by the way, affords an example of his habit of patient revision. " Over and over again ", writes Miss Daymond, " he would rewrite something because ' it must be the very best I can do ' (his own phrase about a point in *The Vision of Life*). . . . The *Courante* in *Hands across the Centuries* was cogitated over and altered and re-altered after it was apparently finished, to get the proper curve up to the climax and the just balance of keys." The early instrumental works were, as we have seen, composed for a special and intimate circle. Some of them gained a hearing outside

—notably at Cambridge, where, as Sir Henry Hadow truly and happily observes, " Sir Charles Stanford's generous appreciation of Parry's music was the first authoritative pronouncement in its favour ". And the present writer heard the late Edward Hecht, for many years Sir Charles Hallé's right-hand man at Manchester, play some of Parry's pianoforte music in that city between 1880 and 1884, and express a high admiration for its fine quality. But it is an understatement of the facts to say, as Mr. Fuller-Maitland does, that at the present moment Parry's instrumental works are of less importance than his choral works. His instrumental chamber music has practically disappeared from concert programmes, even from those specially designed to do him honour. This is not proof positive that they are negligible : vogue is not an infallible index of the ultimate verdict. But apart from vogue, friendly critics are tolerably unanimous in regarding these works as interesting rather than memorable.

Hubert Parry's compositions for orchestra, beginning with the *Intermezzo Religioso* for strings performed at the Gloucester Festival when he was twenty, and ending with his " 1912 " Symphony, are numerous, invariably high in aim, individual and characteristic like everything he wrote, and abounding in fine ideas. The comparative neglect into which with a few exceptions they have fallen cannot, however, be ascribed entirely to the fluctuations of fashion. It is also due to his training, to shortcomings in technique, to a distaste for experiment for the mere sake of experiment, to say nothing of certain limitations, some of them deliberate and defensible as the logical outcome of principles and ideals, others again which circumscribed his powers of expression. It is at least worthy of note that none of his teachers were concerned with enriching the decorative side of orchestration. Even Dannreuther, intimate friend and enthusiastic champion of Wagner, catholic in his tastes and sympathies, widely versed in all the literature of music though he was, excelled as an interpreter of classical chamber music, and not as an orchestral expert. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Parry's self-imposed

reticence, his eminently sane outlook, his English distaste for all that was extravagant, flamboyant or exotic, was confirmed and strengthened by his long and intimate association with Dannreuther. As for technique, the evidence of his own diaries makes it clear that he was not one of those composers who think orchestrally. The first stage of transcribing his thoughts sometimes took the form of a sketch for pianoforte. And the scoring was always his weakest point. It excites the severest criticism in Mr. Morris's article:

"Parry's failure in the matter of orchestration is proverbial; he could never free himself of the polyphonic habit of thought sufficiently to treat the orchestra (as it must be treated) in mass. In his theoretical writings he recognizes this problem of orchestral texture very frankly, and discusses it with just insight, but his own compositions offer no solution of it."

Mr. Morris readily admits that "here and there one finds really splendid ideas—notably in the E minor Variations for orchestra, where a fine incisive theme is treated with great breadth and dignity". For the rest and in regard to style, he finds his rhythm "often too square and heavy-footed", and he goes on:

"His energy is apt to spend itself in mere bustling semiquavers; he gives us neither the dynamic insistence of Beethoven nor the smooth intoxication of which many modern composers have discovered the secret. His harmony again is staid and unadventurous—not at all the kind of thing we are accustomed to in these days of aural titillation. . . . It is not in itself of particular interest; its chief characteristic is a free use of accented passing notes and diatonic discords, which gives it great strength—the kind of strength one finds in the opening of the overture to *Die Meistersinger*, the first twenty-five bars or so of which might almost have been written by Parry. It is probable that we shall accept harmony of this kind more readily a few years hence than we do to-day. . . . Parry could not conceivably be the vogue to-day; for him, harmony is not a master but a servant, merely one element in music that has to be viewed in its true perspective with the other and

(in his view) more vital elements of melody, rhythm and texture, and one might add of form."

These remarks—largely tempered by the generous homage paid to the splendour of Hubert Parry's choral work—need to be supplemented by what Sir Walford Davies has written on his teaching, and no one can write with greater authority on the subject. Mr. Morris finds Hubert Parry's instrumental work academic, while admitting that in theory he recognized the problem of orchestral texture. Sir Walford Davies[1] shows very clearly how not only in his books and articles but in his teaching he preached better than he practised; how entirely he refrained from attempting to impose his own limitations on his pupils, and how in certain directions those limitations made, and may still make, for high artistic achievement:

"For my part I long to see perpetuated his sane outlook upon chromatics. He exhorted us in his articles on Harmony to be prepared to welcome a chord made up of all the notes of the chromatic scale provided that it makes sense.[2] He shut no doors; but he seemed to look with mingled pity and bewilderment upon the taste for saying a musical nothing and saying it luxuriantly. To him the simplest melodic inflection meant something consistently. So did the simplest harmonic progression; and to take a piece of work to him that seemed vaguely to enjoy itself in mere chords or outlines was to learn that the indefinite in music is culpable. He was increasingly clear and definite in his own writings. The drooping seventh in melodic outline, for example, which was so dear to him, was, it seemed, a lovely word in music which in all its contexts would signify a gracious and rather noble energy, with a touch of tenderness. Then a plain diatonic figure—such as at the beginning of his 'Nativity'—carried a perfectly definite meaning with it, recording a state of contentment and a certain degree of energy. And because such definiteness was dear to him, and simple musical words meant much, he could and did use them persistently and to the exclusion of more experimental harmonic enterprise. His

[1] *R.C.M. Magazine*, Christmas 1918.

[2] Such a chord is actually to be found in his own *De Profundis*.

teaching in this respect made us set highest values upon diatonic melody and harmony, but without shutting our minds to new chords or chord progressions, provided always that we could place them aptly or embody them in our daily use without either affectation or uncertainty. The vocabulary he himself used was clearly limited; and this fact has caused many men, who cannot perceive his greatness yet, to think that he did not move on. His true sons in the faith may vindicate him, if they will, by learning to use an extended vocabulary with the clearness, certitude and sanity with which he used his. He attained mastery in his finest works by accepting, perhaps by imposing, limitations upon his own pen."

All that has been said above about Parry's preoccupation with form and texture rather than colour and atmosphere is illustrated in his largest orchestral works—notably the Symphonies. Even so whole-hearted an admirer of his music as Sir Henry Hadow describes them as side issues. "Though two of them, the 'Cambridge' and the 'English', contain slow movements which any man might have been proud to have written, they do not really represent his genius." The first Symphony was produced at Birmingham in 1882; the second, in F major, was commissioned by Cambridge University at the instance of Sir Charles Stanford and given in 1883. The third, the "English" Symphony (Philharmonic, May 1889), and the fourth, in E minor, were both performed by Richter at his London concerts, and here it may be noted that all along Richter recognized Hubert Parry's genius and encouraged his cultivation of the symphonic form. In a letter dated May 27, 1883, Richter writes, after apologizing for not answering sooner: "Any misunderstanding between us is impossible. I hope very soon to find the opportunity to show you how sincerely I esteem you, and to perform another of your works." This was not the outcome of that geniality which was sometimes assumed; it took the form of direct and repeated requests, one of which I remember very distinctly being made at a Birmingham Festival in the 'nineties in my hearing. Richter was undoubtedly something of an

opportunist; he produced a good deal of modern music which interested him from the point of view of orchestral technique and that "aural titillation" of which Mr. Morris speaks, while at the same time he would say the most caustic things about the composers whose works were full of philosophy, psychology, chemistry and everything but melody. His goodwill was no doubt prompted in part by the conspicuous absence of these adventitious and extraneous elements from Hubert Parry's music. But it was more than a negative benevolence: and until his final return to Vienna Richter continued to show in a practical way his respect and admiration for the most English of modern English composers.

Though Hubert Parry "never expressed himself so fully in instrumental as in vocal music" (Sir Henry Hadow), that "ethical idealism" which Mr. Morris rightly notes as the animating spirit of his later work is to be found in his symphonic as well as in his choral compositions after he had discarded the oratorio form. It is implicit in the Characteristic Variations in E minor for Orchestra (1897), which from a purely musical point of view represent his highest achievement in the domain of instrumental composition. But it is explicitly avowed in the mottoes and headings of the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies, which Sir Alexander Mackenzie includes in "that purposeful sequence of appeals for brotherhood among the peoples" which began with the "Song of Darkness and Light" and "Voces Clamantium", and ended with the last Motets—the "Songs of Farewell". The call to humanity rings through all these later works, and though Hubert Parry never resorted to detailed "programmes" in the two last Symphonies he left no doubt as to their spiritual significance. Such a scheme did not allow much scope for "aural titillation", though it did not rule out movements in which the prevailing seriousness was tempered by a buoyant optimism. But he distrusted popular applause of these gay moods. Miss Daymond tells us of his characteristic reason for rewriting the Scherzo of the E minor Symphony: "People liked it so absurdly that I thought there must be something

wrong with it ". Characteristic, too, of his determination to go on his own way, when it was not on the lines of least resistance, was his answer to a query in some proofs about a pair of 5ths : " Yes, I saw those 5ths—I looked them straight in the face and said, ' Yes, you're a pair of brutes, but I'm going to leave you in ' ".

The earlier orchestral works, such as the overture to *Guillem de Cabestanh* and the pianoforte Concerto in F♯, produced at the Crystal Palace in 1879 and 1880 respectively; and the Symphonic Suite—also called " Suite Moderne " —in A minor, first performed at the Gloucester Festival in 1886, have not been admitted to the repertory of the concert room. The two first-named works are included by Sir Henry Hadow among Parry's essays in discipleship; and they certainly cannot compare in originality or power with the *Prometheus Unbound.* The " Overture to an Unwritten Tragedy ", produced at Worcester in 1893, was received with respect rather than enthusiasm, and has shared the neglect which has attended on so many festival novelties. Works labelled " tragic " are never popular. There has never been a long run for *King Lear.* But apart from its musical merits or shortcomings this work is of interest from having elicited from the composer the frank admission that Mr. Herbert Thompson, the musical critic of the *Yorkshire Post,* had guessed correctly in his notice of the work that, in spite of the title, the story of *Othello* had been at the back of the composer's mind :

(*To Herbert Thompson*)

" Rustington, *October* 22, 1893.

" It's wonderful how you manage to spy out so much of the construction and material of a new work at one hearing. And it's flattering to my vanity that you hit so exactly on my intentions in the chief subjects. It's not only ' near the mark ' but right on it. . . . I haven't looked at the Overture again. It's not even extracted yet from the parcel in which the Librarian of the Festival packed it. But I have my doubts whether I shall change the name by which it was first made known. I have such a strong feeling of the immensity of the tragedy of *Othello*

that I hardly like to venture to associate any work of mine with it. It's a sort of presumption. It was the feeling that my attempt was not comprehensive or complete enough that made me choose another name."

It was to the same correspondent many years afterwards that Hubert Parry expressed his views on the subject of "programmes", views which are substantially in accord with Beethoven's often-quoted remark on what he "meant" in the Pastoral Symphony. Mr. Thompson, it should be explained, had invited Parry to make suggestions about the analytical notes on his *Te Deum*:

"HIGHNAM, *Sept.* 10, 1911.

"The older I get the more intolerable it is to me to try to explain what I mean in any musical work I attempt. . . . I suppose my feeling is what every one must feel who goes to work seriously, that one means so much more by what one puts down than can be explained short of a big treatise that the few obvious points that can be given just make one shudder. Every moment in Art ought to look several ways at once. Mere symbolical references are but one aspect of it. They also have their places in the design—psychological as well as objective. But it's no use. I can't set-to to appraise my doings like a commercial traveller to a customer. I know one can't expect people to find out what one means. They mostly suppose one doesn't mean anything. But to say 'I mean this, or I mean that' has become beyond me. Whenever I have tried it, it has made me sick afterwards."

The subjects that inspired him in his serious work were mainly ethical: the strivings and aspirations and achievements of "man's unconquerable mind". The diary of his voyage to South America, from Brazil through the Straits of Magellan up to Chile, reveals a keen appreciation of the wonders and splendours of outlandish climes, but he was never moved to compose a set of Patagonian Variations, or an Argentine Rhapsody. He had a veritable passion for the sea, yet he once said that he could not write music about it—that the sea did not inspire him. Mr. Colles,

who quotes the saying, adds, " naturally, because when he got on board his yacht he was too busy with it to think in terms of music at all ". This is true, and was in great measure the result of his passion for doing everything himself. The late Mr. A. C. James, the Eton master, in a letter to me spoke of Parry's nature being " steeped in a deep rich colour " ; but in his music he was less concerned with colour than with form and texture, and his greatest work reminds one much more of architecture than of painting.

Hubert Parry's orchestral as well as his choral work illustrates a remark of Mr. Morris, that whereas " with many composers you gradually become aware that they have the defects of their qualities, with Parry the process is reversed ; it is only by degrees that you discover him to possess the qualities of his defects ". When he wrote for a full orchestra, one is sensible of the lack of richness of colour, of the luxuriant embroidery of which most young modern composers have got the trick to such an extent that they seem to have been born with it. His orchestral vocabulary was limited, but he was so far independent of upholstery that he could and often did obtain his best results when he was writing for a small band, as in the Suite for strings dedicated to Lady Radnor, or in the incidental music to the plays of Aristophanes, which lives and deserves to live for its intrinsic vitality, high spirits, and fresh melodic charm. Naturally a more serious note is struck in the music to the *Agamemnon*, but in the Aristophanic plays Hubert Parry whole-heartedly abandoned himself, in Sir Alexander Mackenzie's happy phrase, to that " excellent fooling in which only wise men may safely indulge ". The mixture of scholarship and slang, the abrupt changes from a Virgilian or Miltonic allusion to some modern audacity of speech which lend surprise and refreshment to the verse of Calverley are paralleled by the music to the *Frogs*, *Birds*, *Clouds*, and *Acharnians*. As we have seen, he was a diligent frequenter of the pantomime and the music-hall, a great admirer of the Vokes Family, Corney Grain, Fred Leslie, and Pélissier. He made a point of hearing everything.

Mr. Harold Samuel (to-day perhaps the very finest interpreter of Bach on the pianoforte) tells me that Hubert Parry often used to get him to sing the comic songs of the moment, or introduce him to rag-time tunes, the rhythm of which interested and delighted him. The music of *In Dahomey*, composed by a coloured pupil of Humperdinck's, gave him real pleasure, and I well remember how keenly he enjoyed Pélissier's "Baked Potatoes" quartet. So that he came to the setting of the Greek comedies with an equipment which no other modern composer has ever rivalled—an extraordinary musical erudition, combined with boyish exuberance and the love of "larks". His music was not merely written for undergraduates, but from their point of view. I am inclined to believe that some serious critics were slightly disconcerted by this frivolity, as serious Stevensonians are distressed by *The Wrong Box*. Mr. Morris does not even mention the Greek Plays in his survey of Hubert Parry's compositions. Mr. Fuller-Maitland, while admitting that humour was one of his most precious gifts, dismisses them in a few lines. Sir Henry Hadow, while asserting "that there is no wittier music in the world than that which he wrote for the *Clouds* and the *Acharnians*", rather disappointingly fails to explain wherein the wit resided. The most sympathetic account of Hubert Parry, as a musical humorist, written by a leading musician is Sir Alexander Mackenzie's. The satiric humours of Aristophanes, he notes,

"are illuminated by apposite quotations from every conceivable source. In the *Frogs*, Gounod and Meyerbeer figure prominently, and in the much more elaborate *Clouds* there is a ludicrous combination of Beethoven, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Strauss and others with popular and comic songs. . . . Here is our old friend 'The Perfect Love' dovetailed into a Bach fugue, and passing through 'Rule Britannia' into Sullivan's 'Lost Chord'. There is method in the madness, for the words run :

'Though you make a bad beginning, still you somehow muddle through ;
And from e'en your latest error learn how *good* may come to you.'

In the final bars of the *Acharnians*, produced early in 1914, you will hear, simultaneously, scraps of the *Meistersinger*, the Marseillaise, an old comic song ' A Norrible Tale I have to tell,' and, as the curtain descends, *Die Wacht am Rhein* with our ' British Grenadiers ' on the top of it. Coming events did certainly cast their shadows before. Now while all this splendid nonsense contains nothing set down in malice, its gay irresponsibility also serves to deal an occasional hard knock at some prevailing musical tendencies, cleverly imitated and, so to speak, nailed to the counter, as if to say ' I can be just as crazy as anybody, when I like '."

Parody in letters has been raised to the level of an instrument of legitimate criticism, and in its higher forms has long ceased to depend on mere verbal mimicry. The best exponents of the art, beginning with the authors of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, have attained to an impersonation of their models in which their outlook and philosophy as well as the mannerisms of their style are reproduced with just that measure of distortion or exaggeration which is the essence of caricature. Musical travesty is slower in emerging from the cruder form, though instances are not wanting in recent years of efforts to raise it to the higher plane—one of the latest being Mr. Gustav Holst's opera of *The Perfect Fool*. In his Aristophanic music Hubert Parry relied more on quotation than caricature : [1] it is rather burlesque than parody ; but the method is admirably suited to the aim of linking past and present and is justified by the exhilarating results. But as Hubert Parry was so much more than a mere musician, the Greek Plays stood in his life for so much more than their musical content that I have dealt with them at length elsewhere. In the memories of the successive generations of Oxford and Cambridge dons and undergraduates who took part in, or witnessed, these productions they remain an inexhaustible fount of joyous remembrance.

The organ was Hubert Parry's earliest love. He was

[1] Mrs. Pownall has pointed out to me that the introduction in the *Frogs* of a few bars from the Page's song in *The Huguenots* was probably due to the fact that the Page's name was Urbano. The words which accompany the phrase are " something neat and turned *urbanely* ".

taking the services at Highnam and composing chants and hymn tunes for the choir when he was eight years old. Sir George Grove, his predecessor in the Directorship of the Royal College of Music, once said to his pupils that, whenever they were in an unfamiliar neighbourhood, if they had half an hour to spare they ought to go and see the parish church. Hubert Parry in his boyhood bettered this instruction : he made a point, wherever possible, of playing on every church organ within his reach. But this habit, though fostered by Elvey at Eton, was abandoned in early manhood, and what Sir Alexander Mackenzie calls " his most precious gift to organists ", the fourteen Chorale Preludes and the three Fantasias on Hymn tunes, belong to a period when he had not played the organ except on rare occasions for twenty-five years. It was not that he had neglected the study of organ music, but that he had grown " rusty " as an executant; and hence, before publishing these works, he submitted them to the judgment of Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Charles Stanford and Dr. C. Harford Lloyd. How he laboured at these Preludes, to satisfy his exacting self-criticism, may be gathered from the reminiscences of Miss Emily Daymond :

" Sometimes a composition would come straight away with no hesitation and no correction. I remember, when six of the new Chorale Preludes were finished he came back from a week-end at Rustington and said, ' I've done another Prelude—did it on Saturday between breakfast and luncheon ! ' That was ' Martyrdom ', and ' Martyrdom ' hardly had a note altered. Another day, at Rustington, he came in to luncheon looking quite exhausted : ' I never did write so many demi-semi-quavers in my life—my back quite aches with them ! ' That was ' Hanover ', and that part of ' Hanover ' was not altered. But ' O come and mourn ' was re-written practically three times over because there was one point he had determined to get in without destroying the balance. But it was got in, and the Prelude is—what it is."

These Preludes and Fantasias are conceived in the monumental manner of Bach, but carried out with an independence of treatment and a regard for the resources

of the modern organ which entirely remove them from the category of essays in discipleship.

Hubert Parry began composing fugues for the organ at the age of fifteen, "totally guided by Bach" as he afterwards said. Yet it was not till the close of his life that he turned his attention seriously to organ composition. Dr. A. W. Wilson of Manchester Cathedral, in an admirable series of articles which appeared in *The Organ* in 1922 and 1923, suggests that the impulse perhaps came upon him while he was writing his book on Bach in 1909:

"it is significant that soon after that date the organ works began to appear. The first set of *Chorale Preludes* was published in 1912; the *Fantasia and Fugue* in G [1] and the *Elegy* in 1913; the *Three Chorale Fantasias* in 1915; the second set of *Chorale Preludes* in 1916, and *The Wanderer Toccata and Fugue* after his death. Perhaps he turned to the organ, as Brahms did, just because he could not keep away from it, attracted by its nobility of tone and sacred associations."

Dr. Wilson regards Parry's organ music, splendid though much of it was, as only a side issue of his work. "The tide of his inspiration flowed fullest when he was setting words to music. . . . Here, it cannot be doubted, is the crown and climax of his life's work." Yet he finds in the *Chorale Preludes*, especially in the second set, a wide range of feeling and a great variety of treatment. "Even where the form is closest to a German model, it is transformed and vitalized by his own personality." The appeal of the *Three Chorale Fantasias* is "more intellectual than emotional; their characteristic is rich workmanship rather than spontaneous, intimate expression". But in the second set of *Chorale Preludes* Dr. Wilson acknowledges real grandeur of conception, "charged with a strong feeling for the spacious things, while the soft pieces show the more intimate emotional side of his nature", rising in *St. Cross*, "the most highly strung of them all, to moments of passionate grief". The Toccata and Fugue called *The Wanderer*, published after the composer's death, "has not

[1] The Fantasia was composed in 1882: the Fugue is of later date.

yet met with general acceptance: probably because it is difficult to play and, at first acquaintance, to understand; but the music is intensely emotional and dramatic, being, one feels, the outcome of a spirit long baffled and agitated but at last triumphant". The Fugue is less brilliant than the earlier Fugue in G, but the feeling is deeper.

To this expert estimate of Hubert Parry's organ compositions may be added the testimony of Dr. H. G. Ley of Christ Church, Oxford, which carries peculiar authority, coming from one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living British masters of the instrument:

"With regard to Parry's organ works I personally feel that they are the most important addition to organ music we have had since Rheinberger. Apart from their own individuality, they are perfectly written for the instrument, and one cannot imagine them performed in any other medium. They seem to be a logical development from Bach's work, especially in the Chorale Prelude form. I will not bother you as to which are my special favourites, but playing them constantly as I do, I consider *St. Cross* to be one of the most poetical things I know of Parry's.

"He was always insistent on the sustaining effects and dignity of the organ, and could not endure what he called 'splashy passages with little meaning in them except virtuosity'."

As Director of the R.C.M. he had, as Dr. Harris of New College tells me,

"a soft corner in his heart for the 'organ boys' of the College, and his admiration for the art of our master, Sir Walter Parratt, knew no bounds. His highest praise for an organ student was: 'You sounded to-day just like Walter'. . . . My own recollections chiefly bear on the side of Sir Hubert's personality familiar to all readers of his book on Bach—I mean his great love of the organ works of Bach on the instrument for which they were written. As I had the good fortune to be the first student to play in public upon the organ which he presented to the College, I came under his notice fairly frequently and learned a good deal about his ideals regarding organ playing. From the moment that he chose 'the old St. Ann' up to the first trial concert in the new Concert Hall, he continually exhorted me

to take the Fugue *slowly* and *deliberately*, ' not like so many young devils nowadays, who play Bach so fast that the old man really hasn't a chance '.

" It was not unusual for us organists, when practising, to hear the familiar chuckle and to find him looking on, amused, as a rule, at our difficulties. ' You almost have to twist yourself into a knot in that place, haven't you ? ' was a remark of his on one of these occasions. Sometimes he would remain for a few minutes to show and explain to us some of his favourite passages and progressions. It was characteristic of the author of *Style in Musical Art* that the things he liked most in the organ works were those which the organ could do best and no other instrument quite so well, as, for instance, the great, massive chords and suspensions in the Toccata and Fugue in C major. His enthusiasm, backed up by much emphatic and picturesque language, not to mention the prodigious thumps on the back which I can feel at this moment, could not fail to kindle in us a lively (and at times painful) interest in ' the old man '. His favourite organ work was undoubtedly the Toccata and Fugue in C. How he delighted in the big pedal solo of the Toccata—regarding the whole thing as a huge joke ! On one occasion he showed me (mainly on my shoulder !) how to play that pedal solo so that it should not sound ' stiff ', or ' like an exercise '. He quoted the verse in the Psalms about the ' giant rejoicing to run his course ', and wished that glorious music to run its course in the manner of a splendid care-free improvisation. Some years after I left College, Sir Hubert asked me to play an organ solo at a College Union ' At Home '. I suggested playing some Buxtehude. ' Why do that ? ' he asked : ' Buxtehude's interest nearly always collapses at some point or another. What's the matter with old J. S. B. ? Play the big Toccata and Fugue, *with those pedals !* ' Of course he meant the C major favourite which I played on that occasion. Unfortunately, the audience talked ' at the top of their voices ' and little music was heard. Sir Hubert was distressed that so noble a composition should have been talked down, and delivered himself on the subject in his next Terminal address."

Several of the finest of these Chorale Preludes were played at Hubert Parry's funeral in St. Paul's, including " Martyrdom ", " St. Ann's " and " Ye boundless realms of Joy ".

Of the last named Mr. Herbert Howells[1] observes that it was heard, and rightly heard, "at the moment when, at most burials, one has to be oppressed by a Funeral March's insistence on loss and unassuageable sorrow". In the finest of all these Preludes and Fantasias there is a mood of poignant elegy not in keeping with a service which was less a lamentation than a thanksgiving. "It was wise and appropriate", in the words of Mr. Fuller-Maitland, "that a life of such victorious accomplishment should be crowned with an almost triumphal ceremony." For Hubert Parry had assuredly earned the laconic eulogy of the Latin epitaph, *Neminem tristem fecit.*

There remains the long procession of choral works, beginning with *Prometheus Unbound* and ending with the *Songs of Farewell*, by which Hubert Parry's fame as a creator stands or falls. Sir Henry Hadow does well to remind us of the blackness of the period which preceded the production of *Prometheus*—"when the talent of Sterndale Bennett, once as fresh and bright as the mill-stream or the fountain, had lost itself in the sands of official and administrative drudgery; when Sullivan had not yet found his collaborator, and Samuel Sebastian Wesley, a true genius within narrow limits, had virtually given up composition". Of this decline from the level of Dunstable, the Elizabethan madrigalists, and Purcell, the records of our provincial festivals give sufficient and devastating evidence:

"Think of the imitations of Mendelssohn, the academic oratorios in which counterpoint took the place of inspiration, the feeble sentiment, the obsolete technique, the official dullness masquerading for its hour upon the stage, and then going back to dust and oblivion. Think of the music that was being written during these years in Germany and Austria and France and Italy and Russia. To that great treasury of Art we, and we alone, made no contribution.

"At the very nadir of our fortune, when we had entirely ceased to count among the musical nations of Europe, there appeared at the Gloucester Festival in 1880 a cantata entitled 'Scenes from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*'."

[1] *R.C.M. Magazine*, Christmas 1918.

The personality of the composer excited some local interest, but little was known of him in the musical world outside the limited circle that frequented Dannreuther's chamber concerts. Parry's correspondence with Dannreuther, while he was in the throes of composition and rehearsal, is clouded with misgiving and self-criticism. With the performance he was not ill-pleased; it was "excellent in parts". But the reception of the work justified Sir Henry Hadow's caustic summary:

"The audience which naturally associated a festival with the *Messiah* and the *Elijah* was possibly bewildered by the new idiom: the *Times* paid the composer a formal compliment on his choice of a libretto, and then relapsed into extreme caution; the other papers, led by the worst critic who ever darkened counsel, filled the air with the customary complaints of obscurity, extravagance and an undue straining of resources. No one seems to have had any idea that, on that evening in the Shire Hall, English music had, after many years, come again to its own, and that it had come with a masterpiece in its hand."

It must be remembered that the Wagner controversy was then at boiling-point; that the critics, "soaked in the Mendelssohn traditions, had hardly recovered from the upsetting effect of the Wagner Concerts at the Albert Hall in 1877, and saw Wagner's influence in places where it did not exist" (Mr. Fuller-Maitland); and that Hubert Parry was bound to suffer from his association with Dannreuther, Wagner's intimate friend, and his own "championship of Wagner in the days when Wagnerism was by no means the respectable cult it has since become" (Mr. Morris). Parry himself did not complain of his treatment by the press: he writes to Dannreuther on September 11, 1880, "I have seen Hueffer's comments (in the *Times*), and think him generous and really wise in his generation in what unfavourable criticisms he does make". Yet, when all allowances are made for the musical atmosphere of 1880, it is hard to understand to-day why critics were so hostile to *Prometheus*. It was even suggested that the engagement of two distinguished amateurs among the soloists may have

aroused professional jealousy. But, to judge from my own long experience as a festival-goer, Mr. Fuller-Maitland is nearer the mark in ascribing the comparative failure of *Prometheus* to " the meagre conditions under which secular cantatas were presented at West Country Cathedral festivals—in a small concert-room, before a tired audience and with rather maimed rites generally ". *Prometheus*, at any rate, was not a stillborn festival novelty. The first repetition was given in 1881 at Cambridge, where the C.U.M.S., under Sir Charles Stanford, had led the way in bestowing recognition on Hubert Parry's work ; and it was revived by the Bach Choir on two subsequent occasions. " Yet even so," Mr. Fuller-Maitland writes, " a reading of the score makes it difficult to believe that it has not been hailed as one of the first and greatest glories of the Renaissance of English music."

This is a large contention, and, though according with that of so well-equipped a critic as Sir Henry Hadow, needs the confirmation of leaders of later schools of musical thought. And this confirmation is forthcoming in full measure from one of the most brilliant and advanced of these leaders. Mr. Morris passes over *Prometheus* with a mere incidental reference to the limited intentions and musical vocabulary of the composer, but without a word to indicate that it showed any disposition to escape from the fetters of musical conservatism. The testimony of Mr. Eugene Goossens is virtually identical with that of Mr. Fuller Maitland. Mr. Goossens was a pupil at the Royal College, where he had a " profound admiration " for Hubert Parry as a man and as Director—as the soul of kindness and encouragement. But his study of Parry's music, and in particular of *Prometheus*, did not begin until he had been removed from the spell of the Director's personality and was already steeped in modernity. He tells me that he spent two days over the score and came to the conclusion, to which he still adheres, that it is not only the greatest of Parry's works, but in respect of originality and independence far in advance of its time ; in fine, the most remarkable work produced by a British composer in the 'eighties, and standing the test of com-

parison with what has since been written so well that he finds it hard to understand the neglect into which it has fallen. Mr. Goossens added that he entirely dissented from the view, which finds favour in certain circles, that Parry's larger works would gain a new lease of life if they were re-scored. On the contrary he holds that, as with the symphonies of Brahms and Schumann, in eliminating the occasional " muddiness " and thickness of orchestration, the process would involve the loss of so much that was characteristic and original as to outweigh the gain. It would, he thought, be no more justifiable or desirable than the repainting of Watts's pictures, on the score of their shortcomings in colour or technique.

At the time of its production *Prometheus* paid the forfeit of all pioneer works. It had a " bad press " and only appealed to a very limited circle of critics, fit though few. But among the contemporary tributes few can have been so welcome as that from Lady Jane Shelley, who wrote after one of the early repetitions of the work—the letter is undated as to year but " February 28th " points to the Cambridge performance—to express the delight which she and her husband had experienced in hearing Hubert's setting of *Prometheus Unbound* :

" We are always very sensitive about Shelley's works being set to music, and we had gone feeling rather nervous about it, wishing to like it and at the same time afraid we might not. I can only say that, as I sat there listening, I wished that Shelley could have been there also. I think that he would have been pleased. We were particularly delighted with Mrs. Hutchinson's solo as the Spirit of the Hour and the Chorus of Furies."

The letter was accompanied by the gift of an engraving of Shelley as a boy from an original portrait by the Duc de Montpensier, and also a print from Miss Curran's picture taken about two years before the poet's death.

Prometheus—apart from its other merits of melody, justness of declamation, and the coining of phrases which fit the ethereal emotion of Shelley's verse—is the first work in which Hubert Parry revealed what Mr. Fuller-

Maitland has rightly called his " superb power of choral architecture ". In his setting of Shirley's immortal ode, *The Glories of our Blood and State*, the reception of which at Gloucester in 1883 partly atoned for the " misdelivered judgment " of 1880, he made a further step forward in his handling of choral masses on the grand scale, but the nobility of the work has not saved it from neglect. Complete mastery of choral technique came with his version of Milton's *Ode at a Solemn Music* (*Blest Pair of Sirens*), first given by the Bach Choir in London in 1887. The choice of subject was bold, but fully justified. Milton's ode did not prove a " giant's robe ", and very few people can write about Hubert Parry's setting without referring to the equal marriage of music to immortal verse.

Blest Pair of Sirens is the best known, the most popular, the most often performed and most flawless of all Parry's choral works. The memory of the first practice by the Bach Choir, of which I was an obscure member in 1887, is still vivid with me as I write, thirty-eight years later. The opening phrase gave one a thrill that made it hard to control one's voice. And this, as I have good reason to know and have shown elsewhere, was not an isolated experience.[1] But the mood of high rapture which is maintained throughout is never allowed to interfere with the finely ordered design of the work, which moves from climax to climax with unfaltering ascent. *Blest Pair of Sirens* was Hubert Parry's first unequivocal success, and as not infrequently happens in the annals of British art, popular recognition took the form of a demand for a kind of work specially in request amongst the largest audiences. It was not enough that he should go on writing choral works, but that he should write that particular kind of choral work in vogue at the great provincial festivals. For in the 'eighties and much later, the

[1] Mr. Hannam tells me, in connexion with the performance of the *Sirens* at the Leeds Festival of 1898, that Mr. Frank Pownall—anything but an emotional or demonstrative man—confessed to him that he could never hear the work unmoved, that it was always too much for him, and as sung by the Yorkshire chorus, quite overpowering.

" devotion of the English provinces to oratorio was even more unswerving than it is now ". So Mr. Morris wrote in 1920; perhaps now he would delete the word " even " in view of the continued revolt against what he calls the " discredited oratorio form ", which seems to him " merely a fatuous attempt to compromise between the humanity of the stage and the respectability of the Church ". One may go part or all of the way with him in this condemnation, and yet acknowledge the sincerity of this devotion to oratorio as shown by Victorian provincial audiences. But the sequel of the success of the *Sirens* is in the main correctly described by Mr. Fuller-Maitland when he says that after this triumph " it was inevitable that every festival should provide a choral work by Parry as a chief attraction ". Most of these works—some twenty in number—have for very different reasons been almost as seldom heard after their first production as the early chamber compositions given in Dannreuther's studio:

" The anxiety to get hold of a new cantata by Parry was so great that few of the festival authorities had the sense to see that a far greater work would have been done if they had given the public a chance of bettering their acquaintance with music already performed. Had they been wiser, the musical part of the nation would have been led to recognize, more fully than has been possible, the greatness of the composer, and he himself would have been able to experiment in new forms of beauty instead of wearing himself out in producing an annual cantata which might or might not contain some passage of the highest distinction. But these things are unalterable, and one must await the day of the rediscovery of these works, an event which is almost as inevitable as the rediscovery of Bach's Church cantatas. It is more likely that these comparatively short compositions will be revived some day than that a new opportunity should occur of hearing the larger oratorios *Judith* (1888), *Job* (1892) or *King Saul* (1894); for even before the War the conditions of music in England were so rapidly changing (for the worse or the better, who shall say?) that the old supremacy of oratorio over every other form of music had been virtually done away with, and as a consequence of such a

dethronement it is very probable that modern oratorio at least will be heard no more."

Mr. Morris, a much severer and younger critic, says virtually the same thing when he affirms that " a great deal of Hubert Parry's best work is buried in the discredited oratorio form ", and that " it is difficult to believe that *Judith*, *King Saul* or even *Job*—the shortest of the three and in many ways the finest—could be revived, in London at any rate, with hope of success ". He differs, however, from Mr. Fuller-Maitland in preferring the claims of the oratorios—on the ground of choral writing, and the power of sustained melodic declamation at the very highest—to those of " the semi-sacred cantatas of an alarmingly ethical character and rather unmanageable dimensions ". For the moment it is more to the purpose to note Mr. Morris's review of the influences which moved Hubert Parry in his choice of the oratorio and cantata form. It was due, he maintains, partly to Parry's inclination, partly to environment:

" He was sufficiently under Teutonic influence to lean naturally to subjects of a didactico-religious nature, while he was sufficient of a Victorian to accept the quasi-dramatic oratorio as a normal and satisfactory institution."

How far this view needs to be modified and revised may be gathered from the following records.

To begin with, I have the statement of the late Sir Charles Stanford that the commission from the Birmingham Festival Committee for *Judith* was the result of a certain historic walk in the garden of George Mathews at Birmingham in 1885, " when I paced up and down with Hans Richter and my host, and urged upon them a request for a big work from Parry for the Festival of 1888 ".

The first request, however, came not from Birmingham but Leeds, and the story is told in *Leeds Musical Festivals* (1858–1889) by Fred R. Spark and Joseph Bennett. As early as January 1884 a list of composers to be approached was drawn up by the Committee. It included Rubinstein, Brahms, Dvořák, Sullivan, Stainer, D'Albert,

Mackenzie, Clay, Parry, Barnett, Stanford, Barnby, Caldicott and Downes — a curiously mixed bag. At a subsequent meeting five were chosen—Rubinstein, Dvořák, Sullivan, Mackenzie and Stainer — Parry having thus dropped out of the scheme for the Festival of 1886. The first meeting of the Provisional Committee for the Festival of 1889 was held in January 1887. The composers recommended were Brahms, Corder, Cowen, C. H. Lloyd, Stanford, Sullivan, Goring Thomas and Verdi. At a second meeting it was resolved to ask Brahms to write a new Symphony, and that Corder, Parry, Goring Thomas and Cowen should be applied to for a cantata—not an oratorio —in the order of mention. Brahms declined. Rubinstein never answered the invitation. Then Saint-Saëns was suggested, but his offer to compose an oratorio on the Death of Moses was declined on prudential grounds. To accept an oratorio from a composer without experience in that class of work was, in the opinion of the Committee, an experiment the responsibility of which they were not prepared to accept. Hubert Parry was then invited to write a choral and orchestral work to last an hour and a half, and accepted in a letter from Rustington dated August 5, 1887, in which he indicated his preference for a secular work.

At this point the Leeds history has to be supplemented from other sources. On September 2, 1887, Parry writes to Dannreuther referring to his acceptance of the Leeds offer, and continues :

" I thought that gave me nice pleasant lots of time to find a good subject and think well about how to deal with it. So of course I accepted. Now to-day comes another application from Birmingham for a work of the oratorio order *two* hours long for *next* year's festival. I think I ought not to let such a chance slip if I can do it. But it's very short time to find a subject and get it into shape and write the stuff. Moreover, I don't like the oratorio notion —though of course one can make a work on oratorio lines which shall be perfectly independent of ecclesiastical or so-called religious conventions. Do you think there is anything to be made of the poetical material in the same

neighbourhood as *Parsifal*? Or do you think there are any stories of the Albigenses or some such types? It must be something with lots of chance for chorus, and just at the moment—when I haven't thought much about it—it seems to me it might be worked by having a 'Narrator', as in the early Oratorios and in the Passions and Resurrections, introducing the characters *in propriâ personâ* as well."

(*To the same*)

"Oxford, *October* 20, 1887.

"The Birmingham people stood out for a regular Oratorio. I hope you won't swear. After some correspondence in which they declined my alternative proposals, I caved in. But with a mental reservation that there shouldn't be much of religion or biblical oratorio beyond the name."

To return to Leeds; on December 20 Mr. Spark, the Secretary of the Festival Committee, writing for details expressed concern at Parry's having in the interval undertaken to supply a new work for the Birmingham Festival: "Do you think this will in any way detract from the Leeds Cantata, either in excellence or prestige?"

Parry replied on December 28, 1887, with admirable gravity and convincing logic. So far from detracting from the quality or prestige of his work for Leeds, his engagement for Birmingham would enlarge his experience, and, by bringing his name more before the public, enhance his prestige. He had tried half a dozen subjects and at the moment was occupied with "Columbus", but recognized the difficulty of providing materials for female soloists.

In the autumn of 1888 he was still undecided as to a subject, but most attracted by the Albigensian Crusade (called Alleginsian by Spark), and was waiting an answer from "one of the greatest living poets about it [? Dr. Bridges], as he had vast information on out-of-the-way bits of history". As an alternative, Parry suggested a "Te Deum". On November 8, 1888, after further consideration, he expressed his preference for Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, while frankly admitting his dislike of the

cantata form, " which has become such a regular hackneyed resource ". After further correspondence, not without misgivings, he finally fixed on *St. Cecilia*, and his Ode was performed at the Leeds Festival of October 1889. The episode is a digression, but may be pardoned for the light that it throws on the methods of Festival Committees, on their estimates of the " drawing power " of native and foreign composers in the 'eighties, and above all on the reluctance with which Hubert Parry acquiesced in the use of the oratorio or cantata form.

To return to *Judith*, which, in spite of the composer's anxieties and disappointments at rehearsal, achieved a popular success at Birmingham under Richter in 1888, we find a curious convergence in the estimates formed by representatives of two generations of criticism. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, after observing that Hubert Parry's quest and mission was the elevation of British choral music, and that his finest achievements in this line could have been written by no one but an English musician of the highest attainments, affirms that " this idiomatic consistence is nowhere more apparent than in his only two Oratorios of full dimensions " :

" We admire the pictures of the old masters none the less because biblical personages are represented in the costumes of the period and the country in which they were painted. Similarly there is something almost quaintly characteristic about *Judith* and the even more dramatically inspired *King Saul*, in which no attempt is made to tinge the old Eastern stories with so-called ' local colour '. Judith is a British heroine, and Meshullemeth's delightful children — saved from the priests of Moloch — are Gloucestershire born and bred."

Mr. Morris, as we have seen, doubts whether any of Parry's oratorios could now be revived with hope of success ; none the less he has some very good words to say of *Judith*, and, from his more detached and modern angle, adds a brilliant commentary to Sir Alexander's text :

" *Judith* is in its way the most characteristic thing he ever wrote. Who but Parry would have thought of welding

the stories of Judith and Manasseh together and presenting them as an oratorio, with a preface apologizing for the 'sanguinary catastrophe' of the story, and laying stress upon its aspect as a popular movement? And the astonishing thing is that in his hands it really does take on that aspect; the dominant impression left by it is one of a winning *naïveté* and homeliness in which every character in the piece, including Moloch himself, becomes a sort of personal familiar, whose immolations and other terrifying experiences excite in us the same vivid and sympathetic interest as the adventures of Dick Whittington or Little Red Riding Hood. Just look at Manasseh's soliloquy, 'What dread my soul possesses! What helpless fear and anguish!'; at the ensuing chorus of the priests of Moloch, 'Bring now the children' (one almost hears the whispered aside, 'What a good fire you have, Granny!'—'The better to roast you on, my dear!'); at the chorus, 'Crown we the stainless victims'; at Manasseh's solo, 'When Israel transgressed and wandered from God's way'; at his triumphant outburst, 'God breaketh the battle'—who can read these without a feeling as of something intimate and domestic, which we love the more because we cannot refrain from smiling at it? There are other works for which we admire Parry more, but none by which he so endears himself as this, none in which he takes us so completely by surprise—or is it we who take him by surprise, discovering his childlike simplicity of heart when he least expects it? Who would have dreamt of finding in this eminent Victorian the same innocence of soul that is so lovable in Heinrich Schütz?"

Job, the shortest of the three oratorios, and the one in which his power of "building up great epic masses of sound" (Sir Henry Hadow) in the choruses is combined with his mastery of sustained melodic declamation in the solos to a greater extent than in any of his other works, followed in 1892. I have quoted Mr. Morris's tribute to the strangely moving passage in the Lamentation "Man that is born of woman"; Sir Henry Hadow recalls the exquisite tenderness of the cry "Then should I have lain down and been quiet", and the sublime series of pictures which deploy before us through the closing chorus. It is indeed a noble work from the majestic opening phrase of

the orchestra right on to the last bars, and may serve in music as a satisfying example of Longinus's famous definition of Sublimity as "the reverberation of the inward greatness of the soul". A generation which, in its resentment of the oratorio form, neglects such music is to be compassionated rather than commended.

It must be admitted, however, that *Job* is not a work to attract choral societies that proceed on lines of least resistance. It also imposes on the bass soloist a strain which few singers can endure. For the rest, the reasons which militate against its popularity are well summarized in the estimate of the late Sir William Richmond :

"I think the oratorio *Job* contains the most precious evidence of Parry's powers. It may not be popular, but when a work of art is popular one suspects weakness. . . . *Job* is quite above the heads of the masses, as the poem is ; so are Blake's illustrations and Parry's music—rare and exalted poetry. . . . It demands steady attention, it calls for grave thought and arouses grave emotion. The music is tragic, Æschylean in the perpetual pursuit of Fate, but Hope in the end arrives. God triumphs over the Evil One ! In this great work Parry gave to the Muse a treasure from the secret places in his soul. *Blest Pair of Sirens* is a lovely and lovable work, but in *Job* he touches a higher strain of human emotion."

As for *King Saul*, the verdict of Sir Henry Hadow cannot be bettered. The year 1894, in which it was produced, marks

"a notable turning-point in his career. It is no coincidence that *King Saul* is the last of his oratorios. One cannot study it without seeing that the oratorio form which he had always used with considerable freedom, had ceased to be a fit vehicle for his thought. Among all his great works it is the only one which can be called diffuse, which seems to be laboured and to be written *invitâ Minervâ*. At any rate on that page he wrote no more. For the rest of his life his chief choral compositions were with a few exceptions either settings of the Latin Liturgy, like the *Magnificat* and the *Te Deum*, or the Cantatas and *Symphoniae Sacrae*, close-woven, concentrated, simple to austerity, in

which he found expression for some of the deepest thoughts that have ever penetrated the heart of man."

Even before 1894 Hubert Parry had shown a disposition to break away from the strict oratorio form—at any rate in the choice of theme—in such works as the *St. Cecilia* Ode, the setting of *L' Allegro ed il Penseroso* and the *De Profundis*. Of these the first named, judged by the numerical test of performances, was the most successful and popular. They are all strong works, spacious in outline, splendidly laid out for choral effect, though, as in the oratorios, their perfection is marred by traces of mannerism, notably, as Sir Henry Hadow rightly observes,

" his fondness for sequences as a form of continuous texture, though this, if it be a defect, he shares with most of the great polyphonic composers : another is his habit of closing his episodes with an instrumental *ritornello*, like the comments of a Greek chorus, and this practice he presses dangerously near the bounds of convention. But every artist has his conventions : they are only ' the clattering of dishes at a royal banquet ', and in no way detract from the munificence of the banquet."

The *De Profundis*, written in twelve real parts, is by some critics held to be Hubert Parry's greatest choral work ; incidentally it may be noted that it contains a practical and convincing application of the principle he had laid down many years before in his article on Harmony in Grove's Dictionary:

" Everything is admissible which is intellectually verifiable, and what is inadmissible is so relatively only. For instance, in the large majority of cases, the simultaneous occurrence of all the diatonic notes of the Scale would be quite inadmissible, but composers have shown how it can be done, and there is no reason why some other composer should not show how all the chromatic notes can be added also ; and if the principles by which he arrived at the combination stand the ultimate test of analysis, musicians must bow and acknowledge his right to the combination."

Anyhow the experiment was made without shocking the orthodox thirty years ago. Though *De Profundis* was sung

at Leeds in 1892 by what was perhaps the finest Yorkshire choir ever brought together, Hubert Parry was never wholly satisfied by any of the performances of his most ambitious effort in the domain of choral music on the grand scale. To the present writer, who heard the Leeds performance, the impression was overwhelming. But critics, far better equipped though not less appreciative of Hubert Parry's music, are inclined to believe that the author's intentions would be served and his " proposed effect " heightened by a slight revision of the score and the addition of trumpets to bring out one particular passage—an addition made with excellent results at the suggestion of Dr. Vaughan Williams when the work was given at the Royal College in later years.

Of the secular cantatas of his middle period, *The Lotos-Eaters*, commissioned by the Cambridge University Musical Society, was perhaps his own special favourite, and he was disappointed at its reception by the press; the critics seeming, in his view, to resent any deviation from the lines on which he had won their approval and that of the musical public generally. But, apart from the concessions which he had made in regard to oratorio, Hubert Parry was never an opportunist, and in all his later choral music he was never once betrayed into any attempt to conciliate fashion or court popular applause. He paid the penalty for his unfaltering steadfastness of purpose, for that " contemptuous rejection of all that is merely sensuous and merely sensational ", which in Mr. Morris's view is perhaps his surest claim to the gratitude of the saner musicians of to-day. Most of these works were included in Festival programmes, but they were seldom repeated. One of the most devoted of his admirers, who " always regarded him on the whole as the greatest man " he ever met, and who was for many years a leading member of the Committee of the Leeds Festival, writes that these later works " were not favourably received, and many members of the Committee, struck by their austerity, sameness of subject and deeply serious character, thought they would not be popular ". No doubt the majority were

wise in their generation. Even so sympathetic a critic as Mr. Morris has shown himself to be, speaks, as we have seen, of a great deal of Hubert Parry's best work being " buried " not merely in his oratorios but in " semi-sacred cantatas of an alarmingly ethical character and rather unmanageable dimensions ". Mr. Morris's frankness cannot be resented, not only because it is qualified later on by generous acknowledgment of these buried beauties, but because it reflects the very general modern view that modern music, like education, must be made exciting or amusing. I have already quoted the saying of Dr. Johnson that the reason why people went to the play was because they were afraid to sit at home and think. There are many modern plays which make people think furiously, but as a rule they do not go to hear new music in order to be made to think of the " ultimate things " but to experience a " new thrill ".

Hubert Parry, even in his later days, never took an ascetic view of art—witness the *Acharnians*, written on the verge of the War. All through his life the dual strain made itself felt, but for the last twenty years he was increasingly preoccupied with finding musical expression for " the things that are more excellent ", above all " the one thing that availeth "—the " love that casteth out fear " and knits all peoples in the spirit of brotherhood. Mr. Morris calls these cantatas " semi-sacred ", and though the prefix has generally a suspicion of disparagement, it is not without a certain justification. Mr. H. C. Colles, in an article written for the *Music Student* in 1916, notes that perhaps the greater part of Hubert Parry's choral music had its foundation in the language of the Bible :

" Parry has shown that, like Handel, he knows his Bible very well ; he can group its texts in a way which brings out the dominant ideas of his nature—work, honest purpose and aspiration—or use them to ponder upon the insoluble problems of life and death which have occupied the minds of prophets and saints, yes, and of sinners too, throughout the ages. And yet it would be wrong to set Parry down as a ' religious writer ', still more wrong to

call him a church composer. Ecclesiasticism has no more hold upon him than theatricalism; he can no more adopt the attitudes of piety than he can adopt those of melodrama. He has indeed written for certain church ceremonies, notably Coronations, but he has done so under pressure of circumstances and not without a certain sense of strain perceptible in the results. His really big works with either Biblical or liturgical texts, though they may have been performed in Cathedrals, breathe the fresh air of everyday life, not the incense-laden air of the sanctuary."

Mr. Morris speaks of the "ethical idealism" of most of his later works; Miss Emily Daymond,[1] in an account of their "ethical purpose", traces the thread of continuity which runs through them all from the *Voces Clamantium* in 1903 to the revised version of *The Vision of Life* in 1914. But here we are concerned with their musical content rather than with the spiritual message they were designed to reinforce. It is enough to note that in *The Vision of Life*, in which the climax is reached, the poem is entirely his own, and that lovers of smooth sayings, of music as an "added relish to luxury", or a stimulant or a sedative, were not likely to be moved by its strenuous appeals:

> "Awake ye that live in darkness!
> Darkness serveth not for deeds of light.
> Awake ye that love folly!
> Folly is no making for the life of man.
> Awake ye that heed not man's worth,
> And laugh to see him faint and fall!
> Awake ye that mock at the right,
> Ye Counsellors of corruption!
> Ye cannot stay the Sun!"

Hubert Parry was at no time primarily concerned as a composer with the making of beautiful sounds any more than with the achievement of an electrifying and impressive ugliness. Beauty and serenity and even loveliness often emerged in his music, but not as the result of a conscious and deliberate quest. This is especially true of these later works, on which Sir Henry Hadow has written with real illumination:

[1] *R.C.M. Magazine*, Christmas 1918.

" Goethe in a fine simile compares poems to the stained-glass windows of a Cathedral : if you stand outside, they are dark and unmeaning ; if you enter the portal the master's design is made manifest by the light of heaven shining through it. This truth lies at the heart and centre of Parry's later Cantatas. We shall wholly misunderstand them unless we realize that their essential purpose is to lead us within the gates, to show us the true meaning of the words which they interpret. Their astonishing technical skill is so entirely subordinated to this end that we are in danger of overlooking it—as indeed he would have been quite willing that it should be overlooked. Open a choral page at random, it seems but a simple diatonic texture with little inherent quality or character. Look closer and you will see that every voice is so placed and every entry regulated as to bring out the full significance of the text. Hear it and you will find that poet, prophet and evangelist have spoken to you as they had never spoken before. You have passed from the glare and turmoil of the street into the quiet sanctuary, and you listen with bowed head and with heart attuned to worship."

Not less just is the comment on the rigorous subjection of means to ends in these works composed after the abandonment of the oratorio compromise for a more concentrated and direct mode of expression :

" It is worth noting how this form grew under his hand, resolutely discarding all that is non-essential, turning aside from every external appeal, intent on one thing, and one alone, to interpret the very centre of the vision, and gaining in power and intensity as the years wore on. First came settings of two noble poems by Robert Bridges — the ' Invocation to Music ' and the ' Song of Darkness and Light '—in which, though much of the old idiom remains, there is already a fuller tone and a profounder significance : then ' Voces Clamantium ' with its double message of rebuke and consolation, then in due succession ' The Love that casteth out Fear ', the ' Soul's Ransom ', ' Beyond these Voices ', the ' Vision of Life ', the exquisitely tender setting of Dunbar's ' Ode on the Nativity ', until they reach their fulfilment in the last and most wonderful of his choral writings, the ' Songs of Farewell '."

As to the measure of success attained in these Cantatas

there is and must be a wide divergence of opinion. As we have seen, they were not popular with the majority on Festival Committees, or with the general Festival-going public. Even as regards their technique, his admirers are divided. Sir Henry Hadow finds in them " a mastery of resources so complete that one is hardly conscious of the problems it surmounts ; it is a monument at once of noble purpose and of unfailing achievement ". *Per contra* Mr. Morris finds that, as a whole, the style of this later music is not equal to the demands made upon it :

" It retains its old strength and austerity but . . . his musical conservatism has been too much for him ; he has not been able to weld his style into such an instrument of such infinite subtlety, flexibility and expressiveness as would be needed for the translation of this philosophic survey of human affairs into terms of music. His failure is by no means complete ; in many places . . . he does touch a depth unsounded in the earlier works ; but in between them are long stretches where the creative energy flags. In so far as his failure is due to a refusal to bow to his own limitations, it is a noble failure, a failure more admirable and more inspiring than many another man's victory. But one feels all the more that but for the energy consumed in official duties which he was under no obligation to assume, he might have come very much nearer success than he did."

The question raised in the last sentence and the view expressed by Mr. Morris that Hubert Parry's acceptance of the post of Director of the Royal College of Music was a " grievous error in judgment ", are discussed elsewhere. Mr. Morris, however, comes very close to Sir Henry Hadow in what he says of the last motets—the " Songs of Farewell ". " Of these two at least, ' There is an old Belief ' and ' Never weather-beaten Sail ' have a resigned spiritual beauty hardly touched elsewhere in the whole range of musical literature." The first named was sung at the funeral in St. Paul's, at which, in the words of Mr. Herbert Howells, the music " reached its noblest moment in Sir Hubert's own Motet ' There is an old Belief ', wherein the unison passage at the words ' That creed I fain would keep, that hope I'll ne'er

forgo' gave us the most vivid moment, the most vital memory of a beloved man, the greatest uplifting in that inspired service ". It may be added that throughout all these works the choice of text is at once fastidious, unerring and eclectic. He has explained in one of his letters why he found Milton's Hymn on the Nativity intractable ; but very few musicians save himself would have ever heard of Dunbar. And Lockhart's lines—originally sent in a letter to Carlyle where they begin " It is an Old Belief "—illustrate his wide reading and his *flair* in detecting the shining moments which come to minor poets. Campion has only recently come into his own as one of the glories of English lyric verse, thanks to the indefatigable research of the late Mr. Bullen. But here again only a musician who was also a great but a critical lover of poetry could have found in the musician-poet's exquisite " Never weather-beaten Sail " just the mood attuned to his own. It was not a happy chance so much as the reward of an alert and intelligent curiosity.

" In the later years of his life Parry turned his choral skill to further account in a good many unaccompanied works, alike in the form of madrigals, part songs and motets." Mr. Fuller-Maitland adds a word or two in praise of the motets, of which he considers " There is an old Belief " the finest, but says nothing further of the madrigals or part-songs, no mention of which is made by Mr. Morris, Sir Henry Hadow or Sir Alexander Mackenzie in their articles on Hubert Parry's music. The omission is intelligible, since the choral work by which he is best known is on a large or grand scale ; but it needs to be remedied. In these minor works, written for *a cappella* performance, and also in his songs, Hubert Parry proved that he could use a small canvas and limited resources with the delicacy of a miniaturist. They are indeed *βαιὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα*. Many of them were specially written for and performed for the first time by the Magpie Madrigal Society, conducted for so many years by his friend Mr. Lionel Benson. Whatever may be said of the singing of the choir—in which for more than twenty years the present writer bleated and bellowed

amongst the tenors—the repertory, as shown in the annals compiled after its disbandment, is a splendid tribute to the catholic yet fastidious taste of our conductor. Lord Northbourne, alongside of whom I sat at our practices and concerts for many seasons, agrees with me that, of all the modern part-songs and motets performed by the Magpies, none were so delightful and satisfying—with the sole exception of the works of Brahms and in particular *Vineta* and the *Fest- und Gedenk-sprüche*—as those of Hubert Parry. Perhaps the finest are to be found in the set of "Six Modern Lyrics set as part-songs", which includes "Since thou, O fondest and truest" (Robert Bridges), "How sweet the answer" (Moore), "There rolls the deep" (Tennyson) and "Music when soft voices die" (Shelley). And we further agreed that the charm of these "lovely and lovable" pieces was enhanced by the perfect adjustment of the musical setting to the inflection, the accent and the emphasis of the spoken word. These part-songs are now frequently heard at the competitive choral festivals, now happily emancipated from the thraldom of test pieces specially composed to present the competitors with the maximum of difficulty in vocal gymnastics. It was a transient phase in a movement which now does admirable work in encouraging compositions which aim at beauty and sincerity rather than mere mechanical technique.

In Hubert Parry's published works one important branch of musical composition remains unrepresented—that of opera. But the score of his sole experiment in this field is still in existence, and a brief account may be given of the motives which led to his embarking on and abandoning this enterprise. He was an assiduous frequenter of the opera from early youth to age. The indelible impression made on him by his two visits to Bayreuth has been recorded elsewhere; but it was not until the middle 'eighties that he thought of writing an opera himself. Miss Una Taylor, the daughter of Sir Henry Taylor, author of *Philip van Artevelde*, was the librettist, and in March 1922, not long before her death, sent me the following reminiscences of her collaboration:

"It was through Sir George Grove that the suggestion was made that I should write the libretto. Wagner was supreme at the moment, the only operas I had ever seen were his on their first performance in London, and of course one was possessed by them. My ignorance of the stage was complete—it was my only excuse—and I caught at the idea. Hubert Parry, whom I had not met before, came to talk things over with me and discuss the subject he had chosen —Lancelot and Guenevere. His conception of the story and mine differed. As you know, the Morte is a medley of various versions of the stories it tells, and it seemed to me one could legitimately base our plot on a less commonplace one than the generally received tradition, and make Gareth's death, not Guenevere's faithlessness, the main motive in the tragedy. After Hubert Parry had read up the chapters in the Morte which I thought justified this rendering, I think he agreed willingly to work on those lines. My impression at that time was that his ignorance of the practical requirements of the stage was almost as great as my own. I remember asking if we had not best call in a stage carpenter to help. But he had Dannreuther behind him, under whose supervision every page was re-written. Hubert Parry had absolute confidence in his judgment, as naturally I also had. Anyway we went on happily with the book. That year I only occasionally worked with him in London, and although I went down to Rustington during the summer College vacation, I do not think he was doing much composition at that time. In fact, a great deal was arranged by correspondence. All his letters I unluckily destroyed with my copy of the MS. libretto, after there seemed to be no prospect of the opera being ever performed.

"As to the music, I was at that time not qualified to judge. Wagner's influence was, I suppose, paramount, and I could not help thinking, from the little I knew or have been told, that you may find qualities in Hubert Parry's opera which are totally absent from his later compositions. I should say—only *please* remember my impressions, as I recall them, are the crude impressions of inexperience and enthusiasm — that he was working under very strong emotional stress. In fact I should have said æsthetic emotionalism was one of his most characteristic gifts, balanced, or should one say distracted, by his absorbing interest in literature and life at large. I am afraid these remembered impressions amount to very little. But what

remains clearer than any impression is the memory of the courteous consideration, the never-failing tact and patience, as well as the intense enthusiasm which he brought to the work, and which made one feel that no amount of labour in re-writing, correcting, re-casting, and amending was wasted in the attempt to get the effects and results at which he aimed.

"When Carl Rosa's ultimate refusal came I believe he was almost as sorry for my disappointment as for his own."

The opera was completed in the spring of 1886 and sent to Sir Charles Stanford, who wrote on May 21 from Cambridge in a letter that speaks for itself:

"I have just finished playing it through, and I think it's quite superbo, *really* superbo. Dramatically and every way I bet my hat on its success. The words are fine, and the book is quite admirable in my humble judgment. I would like you to alter one or two small things which I will show you (stage waits) and one or two *Parsifal* effects. . . . No time to lose. I want to strike while the iron is hot."

The meaning of the last sentence is explained by two letters from Hubert Parry to Dannreuther at the end of June:

"RUSTINGTON, *June* 25, 1886.

"Stanford tells me he is going to take that affair to Rosa on Monday. He said he hoped you might go with him, but I don't think that would be very pleasant for you. Sitting and looking on and doing chorus is not agreeable. But you might say a word to Rosa by note if you see cause and occasion enough to do so. That might encourage him to give it good consideration. . . ."

(*To the same*)

"RUSTINGTON, *June* 27, 1886.

"You are too unutterably good. I don't think you ought to go to Rosa's with Stanford. It will be an awful bore for you. But if you do, don't be surprised to find some things unaltered—as for instance the end of the First Act, where you spotted some very unsatisfactory things. Stanford wanted the copy to get it up, and I was obliged to let him have it before I had put it right. . . ."

Carl Rosa's verdict was unfavourable, but Stanford was not convinced or deterred from further efforts. He writes to Hubert Parry from San Martino early in September after a visit to Bayreuth, where he had missed seeing Dannreuther and had therefore been unable to discuss the prospects of *Guenever*, but had been cheered by Carl Armbruster, who had been talking to Häckel of Munich about it. Later on the score was submitted to another conductor, but declined mainly on the ground that Goldmark's *Merlin*, a work also dealing with the cycle of Arthurian Legend, was about to be produced at Vienna.

These successive rejections were a great disappointment to both Stanford and Dannreuther, greater perhaps than to Hubert Parry himself. Dannreuther was by no means satisfied with the libretto, in which drastic alterations had been made from its original form, but had no doubt as to the signal merits of the music; and Sir Charles Stanford always adhered to the view that with a certain amount of revision and rescoring, the production of *Guenever* would enhance the composer's reputation, and reveal a wealth of unexpected beauties in his music. But Hubert Parry made no further attempts to secure a performance, or to make a fresh start in operatic composition. On this page, as on that of strict oratorio after 1894, he wrote no more. Moreover, the question of publishing or producing *Guenever* has been complicated by the attitude which in later life he assumed in private conversation and in recorded but unpublished comment, towards opera in general. One of these notes (undated) runs as follows :

" Opera is the lingering descendant of the paltry amusements of the courtly classes of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. Was there anything so fatuous as the entertainment called an Italian Opera ? French Grand Opera was only a whit less fatuous, because its extravagant artificiality was one of the phenomena of industrial ingenuity. No composer who was independent and sincere could ever write an opera. Beethoven's one attempt was defeated because he was sincere. He wanted to set music to a drama which was genuine and moving and had qualities which people who had any discernment could recognize as

human and not theatrical sham—and that would not be opera, and opera people would not have it. . . . The ultimate test of the worth of opera lies in the words. The literature of libretti is the most shameful thing in any Art. . . . Every one remembers Beaumarchais: 'Ce qui est trop sot pour être dit, on le chante'. It was the remark of a person who did not understand music, for if he had, he would have known that music which is set to words that are silly must be silly also."

These criticisms culminate in two passages in the last of his notebooks, covering the whole of 1917 and the first seven months of 1918. In the first, written in April 1917, he observes, "Italian opera was entirely sophisticated. The intention of Germanizing it was to get back to the fountains." The second, undoubtedly written some time in 1918, is a wholesale condemnation of all operas:

"Opera is the shallowest fraud man ever achieved in the name of art. Its invariable associates are dirt and tinsel. Its history is falseness, intrigue, shallowness, levity and pretension. It is the appanage of the wastrels, the home of the humbugs. No composer who is worthy of any reverence at all ever wrote an Opera."

The passage was written in pencil, but afterwards inked in with the pen. It is not a quotation, for when he copied a saying that especially struck him, he was careful to give the author's name. The words are his own, and the question to be decided is whether they represent his final, reasoned and deliberate view of opera, or a momentary mood of acute irritation. If it were not for the last sentence, one might interpret the passage as an onslaught not so much on opera as its theatrical atmosphere and surroundings—much as though one may love the horse as "a noble animal" and yet execrate the ugly and unsavoury side of race-meetings. But the comprehensive malediction which sums up the whole matter cannot be made to square with this interpretation. Also we know that he felt the greatest "reverence" for Bach and Brahms, neither of whom wrote an opera, and that Beethoven's solitary excursion into this field was of the nature of a protest against what he considered to

be the ignoble and dissolute stories chosen by most operatic composers of his time. And, further, there is evidence that towards the close of his life Hubert Parry expressed his distaste for opera to members of his family in much the same words as those quoted above. On the other hand, there is nothing in any of his public utterances or books which confirms this hostile view. As late as September 1914 he said in his first College address after the outbreak of the War, " Think for yourselves what it would have meant if Wagner had happened to lose his life in the Dresden disturbances in 1849, and the world had never had *Tristan* or the *Meistersinger*, or the *Ring* or *Parsifal* ". A year later, in his review of the work done at the Royal College of Music from its foundation, he emphasizes the value of the annual operatic performances by students—as he had repeatedly done in earlier addresses and in his diaries—as an integral and honourable part of the system. There is no evidence of any intention on his part to eliminate opera from the curriculum or to confine its study within restricted limits, as he might well have been expected to do if the outburst in his notebook represented his settled conviction. It runs counter to nearly everything he wrote in his books or diaries. It is true that he had no love for *Elektra* or the *Legend of Joseph*, and his appreciation of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* was tempered by considerable reserves.[1] On the other hand, he expressed the warmest admiration for Moussorgsky's *Boris*.

[1] For Parry's view of *Pelléas et Mélisande* I am indebted to Sir Hugh Allen, who went with him to hear it. Parry never left his seat in the intervals, but stayed on reading the score which he had brought with him. After the performance was over they had a long talk, in which Parry owned his difficulty in understanding what the composer was driving at. He could not feel convinced of the sincerity of Debussy, while recognizing his talent and charm. The essentially atmospheric quality of the work was, no doubt, somewhat antipathetic to one who in his own compositions always aimed at coherence of texture and architectural solidity. This view he confirmed in a letter—unhappily lost—the main purport of which Sir Hugh distinctly remembers as adverse to Debussy's methods. Elsewhere Parry spoke of him as a composer of great talent but small calibre—a variant upon Catalani's famous criticism of Sontag : " Elle est la première dans son genre, mais son genre n'est pas le premier ".

It is not easy to arrive at an estimate of the extent of the recognition of Hubert Parry's music outside his own country. Its essential "Englishness" has no doubt been an obstacle in the way of its appreciation in Germany, France or Italy. I learn, however, from Mr. Colles that, on the occasion of the International Musical Congress (London, 1912), when a programme of British music was performed for the foreign delegates, more than one of them drew special attention to Parry's Symphonic Variations as the thing which mattered amongst a great deal of rubbish. In particular, Dr. Adler of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* wrote a very interesting article on the subject. Mr. Colles adds that when Dr. Wellesz, also of Vienna, visited him a year or two after the War, he spoke of Parry with the warmest admiration, an attitude all the more remarkable as Dr. Wellesz is himself a composer of the Paulo-post-Schönberg school. Many years earlier Felix Draeseke, a disciple of Liszt, distinguished alike as a theorist and composer of somewhat revolutionary tendencies, and honourably associated with the Conservatoriums of Munich and Dresden, held a very high opinion of Hubert Parry's choral music. These testimonies, though they amount to little, may perhaps merit a brief record. But I am indebted to Mr. Richard Aldrich, since 1902 the musical critic of the *New York Times*, for a valuable summary of his influence as composer and historian in America :

"Parry's influence in the United States has been exerted more through his books than through his music. It is to be said that the United States has not appreciated his music at its true value ; or perhaps it would strike nearer the root of the matter to say that the United States has not been given a fair chance to appreciate it. It should be remembered that for many years the American orchestras and many of the American choral societies have been under the dominance of German musicians—the orchestras more than the choral societies. Now it is unquestionable that America owes much to German musicians and musicianship. But, to a degree that perhaps has only recently been fully appreciated, America has been limited and hampered in her musical development by the limitations of the German

tutelage. It has long been traditional with that tutelage to disparage English music. Whether or not there was ever a time when that disparagement was justified, there is no doubt that there was no sufficiently keen or discriminating watch to give warning when music of value began to be produced in England: no sufficient awareness of the 'English renaissance'.

"For this reason as much as for any other may be ascribed the fact that performances of Sir Hubert Parry's music have been so few in America.

"The 'Symphonic Variations' were given by Theodore Thomas with the Chicago Orchestra in 1898–99; Seidl with the New York Philharmonic Society did the Dream Scene from *Saul* in 1895. *Judith* was sung by the Hosmer Hall Choral Union of Hartford under Waldo S. Pratt in 1890; the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* by the Metropolitan Musical Society in New York in 1890, and by the Apollo Club in Chicago in 1898; *Job* by the same Club in 1916; *The Lotos-Eaters* in Milwaukee in 1896; the *Blest Pair of Sirens* by the Vocal Union of New York in 1887, at the Springfield (Mass.) Festival in 1905; by the New York Oratorio Society in 1912; by the Apollo Club of Chicago in 1916. There have been several performances of *The Pied Piper*, including those at the Albany (N.Y.) Festival in 1906, in New Haven in 1907, and several others. Plunket Greene more than a score of years ago gave a taste to New York of what Parry's lyrics were like that might well have given a lead to American singers. The lead was chiefly followed by David Bispham, who sang later many of Parry's songs with enthusiasm and success.

"The story of Parry's books in America is a different one. These, especially *Studies of the Great Composers*, *The Evolution of the Art of Music* and the *Bach*, have been much read in America. The *Bach* has taken its place as by all odds the best and most discerning treatment of its subject in English or say in any language. It was published first in America by a firm of New York publishers (G. P. Putnam's Sons), whose London branch brought the book out in England. The *Studies* and *The Evolution of the Art of Music* have attracted many readers in the United States, and the *Evolution* was brought out in an American edition by a New York house (D. Appleton & Co.). Their lucid, persuasive style, their analysis, their author's vision and faculty of vigorous presentation have made them an insidious invita-

tion to learning and appreciation. Furthermore, they have not only exercised a charm in themselves ; they have given an inspiration and a stimulus to several well-known American writers who have followed in Parry's footsteps in making plain the way to musical appreciation. And it is needless to say that his authoritative articles in Grove's *Dictionary of Music* have been widely read."

Great artists have not always been genial men, but it may be safely asserted that Hubert Parry was not only the best beloved musician of his time, but the best beloved by musicians themselves. Horace singled out poets as the *genus irritabile*, but singers and players run them hard. Parry's popularity with the leaders of the profession as well as with the rank and file was due to the geniality which radiated from his presence, to his generosity and considerateness. I need not add here to the testimonies of his colleagues and pupils, beyond quoting the remark of one of the first violins in an orchestra who once said : " I feel as though I would rather die than not play as Sir Hubert wants ". The results were not always perfect. But as Mr. Goossens, an acknowledged master in these matters, told me, Hubert Parry had great personality as a conductor. He was not a great orchestral virtuoso, but he exercised a great and stimulating influence on his band and chorus. The imperfections of the performances of his works were often due to his own unselfishness in not insisting on his fair share of the time available for rehearsal. He was always ready to stand aside for other composers. His hypercriticism of his own works has already been mentioned. In his diaries and conversation he spoke with a sort of kindly amusement of his earlier work. " Comical old-fashioned stuff ! " was his comment on hearing " God breaketh the battle " (from *Judith*) in later years. When Miss Norah Dawnay was once going to sing " The Lord is long-suffering " to some friends in the billiard-room at Highnam, Parry came in and there was a tremendous tussle, which ended in his throwing *Judith* out of the window. So again he writes in 1914 : " Bridge proposes to do *Judith* at the Albert Hall ", and adds, " Not while *I* am on the

Committee ". Any form of aggressive rivalry, pushing his claims or competition was foreign and even repugnant to his nature. Autocratic as an administrator, he avoided all intervention where his own interests were concerned. His rule of life was largely made up of self-denying ordinances. Competent criticism in the press, even when it was severe, he never resented. A frequent comment was that the press was kinder to him than he deserved. Yet he was not insensitive to misconception of his aims or the malicious misrepresentation of facts, as by an anonymous Oxford correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Yet he probably was more injured by the indiscriminate praise of his whole-hearted admirers than by the disparagement of his detractors. He himself was liberal of praise for others, catholic in his appreciation of modern music even when it was on lines of which he disapproved. He was incapable of jealousy of his contemporaries or his juniors. On this point there is an overwhelming consensus of opinion, and it rests not only on what he said and wrote, but on what he did, and what the younger musicians, whether they came into personal contact with him or not, have frankly acknowledged.

What Hubert Parry from his earliest days stood for to intelligent and highly educated amateurs—an element of vital importance in English musical life—has been illustrated at many points in the narrative of his career. It could not be better summarized than in a letter written just after his death by Mr. A. S. Owen, of Keble College, Oxford :

" There must be many people like myself at present who though outside his circle of friends, feel a personal sense of loss in his death. The thought that a stream of good things which has given me pleasure for years is now stopped has been very present with me ; I can only think of four times in my life when I have felt the same, and they were the deaths of Browning, Tennyson, Brahms and Dvořák. Some of his great works like *Judith* and *Job* came out just at the time when I was first hearing great music at rare intervals, and they had an enormous influence on my

musical taste, and from that time till the organ Preludes and Motets of the last years I have heard and enjoyed his music. When he was Professor I never missed his lectures at Oxford ; they taught me more than anything else how music can be interpreted in much the same way as letters and art, and that sincerity has as real a meaning in art as in life.

"I am not a musical critic, and it would be presumptuous for me to say much about his music. But putting it, I fear, clumsily, I should say that his learning was always at the disposal of his imagination. It seemed to me, too, that it reflected what was best in the English character in its stability, in its subordination of small things to great, in its reserve and the way it expressed the dignity of sorrow. He kept the flag flying and refused to truckle to an age which thinks that whatever is ugly and bizarre is original, and attaches little value to coherence. I have had the same feeling in his big things that I have got in reading Milton ; but he was also, what Milton never was, the most humorous musician of our age.

It is a strange coincidence that on the day when the news of Brahms's death came to London I was hearing Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony at the Queen's Hall ; yesterday (when I had been thinking so much of Hubert Parry's music) I was hearing it again. It must always have different meanings to various people ; to me it will always be the elegy for these two great men, though so utterly different from the music of either of them."

Mr. Owen's tribute, spontaneously inspired by a sense of personal loss, was not written for publication, but I am glad to print it, with his consent, because I believe it to be thoroughly representative of the views of a class to the enlightening influence of which England has owed a great deal in the last fifty years. The estimates of Hubert Parry's influence, of the prospects of the endurance and of the vitality of his work which follow belong to a different category, having been written by request by two distinguished musicians, Mr. S. P. Waddington and Sir Walford Davies, both of them educated at the Royal College of Music and subsequently on the staff under Parry's Directorship. But if these facts cannot be ignored, they cannot be

regarded as seriously detracting from the authority of the writers. The sincerity of their pessimism about the present generation and the "modern school" is above question, though my conversations with representatives of advanced modernism are very far from supporting the view that Hubert Parry's music has "nothing to say to the present generation", or that they regard him as a "back number".

Mr. Waddington's reminiscences of his early days at the College have been already quoted. The passage that follows deals with the influence which Hubert Parry's work and aims are likely to exert in the future :

"That his influence in the musical profession was profound and enduring I am quite sure. I am not so sure, but nearly sure that his influence on musical style will ultimately be great. His music has nothing to say to this present generation, with its restless experiments, its love of effect, its aspects (according to school) of drabness, flamboyance and stridency. It must bide its time. He thought much about tendencies, and had a contempt, perhaps exaggerated, for mere prettinesses, mere effects of sound which have no relation to the sort of human surge which in great music sweeps one off one's feet. He aimed at the best. I cannot speak with certainty, but I think he had quite clearly formulated in his mind the qualities that great art must contain : such things as dignity, reticence, adherence to the historical line, on the positive side : on the negative side avoidance of rant, of mere illustration of visible things, of theatrical thrills, of sound as distinct from substance. Though he sometimes wrote in haste, I believe that in fifty years' time he will be regarded as a classic. His music has qualities of nobility, and a sort of human intellectual warmth which will, I hardly doubt, ultimately be recognized as cast in the right mould. If it is true that art depends upon the nature of its aspiration (and I think it is) he will take a very high place."

Then remains the tribute of Sir Walford Davies, written in 1923 :

"I loved him too dearly and feel him still so near me as to make it hard to appraise him 'as a man'. I am confident his humility, courage and devotion will need no description in your biography, because these qualities will

be apparent in any true account of him. As a musician, it is easier for a lover and a pupil to speak up about him. He taught us sanity and simplicity in music. He maintained these two qualities through difficult and in some ways alluring days of musical sophistication and advance. He loved to chip away every superfluous note. His homage to Beethoven was summed up in this : that he stood more and more for essential simplicity. His joy broke into a letter if he thought he saw a bit of work which was both new in sound and sincerely simple in expression. The modern school that has momentarily no further use for the common chord or for a plain melodic phrase could not understand that he was really an advanced radical in music, able to understand and place them, probably far more thoroughly than they understood themselves. While they thought him a ' back number ' (with a possible touch of their juvenile scorn) he knew them to be merely a sort of ' late extra ' which will be of little account when the ' morning news ' of music heralds in another joyous day in music, in which Parry's handful of masterpieces will shine as fresh and as relevant as ever, and even his regrettably hasty Festival studies will be helpful to the men of the morrow.

" It should, I feel, be noted by all his friends and students how persistently he moved away from involved work at the end of his life. Had he lived, I think we should have seen still simpler Organ Chorales emerge. Music was fast becoming with him the simple language of what is called the mind of the spirit. Big works lost their glamour. Opera earned his censure. Festival heroics proved something less than the simple organ melody or song which could bear the ' lovely face ' of honest labour. Had he recovered from his last illness, it seems unlikely that he would have written any more of those *animando* passages which he knew to be his Festival weakness. He and all of us together would have rejoiced in the attained serenity so clearly seen in 'Never weather-beaten sail', expressed there with a choral mastery as simple and as easy as the casual remark of a heavenly visitant might be.

" It is clearly our duty to follow on without further waste of time into this serener region of music to which his last work and his lovely friendship seem constantly to beckon us."

CHAPTER XIII

AUTHOR, HISTORIAN, CRITIC

HUBERT PARRY'S first venture in letters was made in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine* for May 1875, and in the fitness of things it was of good omen that his contribution was accepted by, and brought him into touch with, Sir George Grove, whom he succeeded as Director of the Royal College of Music twenty years later, and who was then editor of the Magazine. Parry's literary *début* was made in the best of company; the list of contributors to the half-yearly volume of May-October 1875 including the names of E. A. Freeman, Mark Pattison, Dean Stanley, Mandell Creighton, W. G. Palgrave, Sir Bartle Frere, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Oliphant, W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. "A Sequence of Analogies"—the title of this maiden effort, signed with the initials "C. H. H. P."—is a somewhat repellent heading for a set of lyrics, and the thought is far more interesting than the form, though the opening stanza has real lyrical charm:

> "Autumn is drear,
> The trees they are sere,
> And she that is dear
> Is far far away;
> I wander in night
> For lack of her sight,
> For she is my light
> And she is my day."

In poetic quality the sequel does not fulfil the promise of these lines. The phraseology is often conventional and the metre, in spite of a certain freedom, commonplace. The

real interest of the poem is in the ideas, in the effort to establish a harmony between Nature and human life. Nothing is lost, not even flowers that bloom unseen by mortal eye, or songs of birds unheard by human ear :

"E'en so the love that unfailing
Yet finds no response on earth
Shall not die, all unavailing,
Though no one may learn its worth.
The Angels themselves shall claim it
When its trial-time here is past,
And Heaven, where nought shall shame it,
Shall answer its hope at last.

* * * * *

"Hopes that are in Heaven sealed
There shall perish never ;
Love that springs from souls' divineness
Floweth on for ever.
Purer spirits knit by loving
Nought on earth shall sever,
Till together as they roam
They reach their everlasting home.

"Beings drawn to one another
Join by Nature's law at last.
Lovers earnest to each other
Meet before all hope is past.
Somehow in time fitting
Before their souls are flitting
Or elsewhere—who can tell ?
Soon after the passing bell."

The view of ultimate reunion is orthodox, though it falters a little in the last couplet. The lines that follow foreshadow his later adherence to a creed detached from institutional religion, animated by a reasoned optimism, and a deep-seated belief in the enduring quality of human endeavour :

"Nought is lost which has existence,
Even a careless thought of wrong ;
Though its work be in the distance
Fruit will come, for laws are strong.
Glorious thoughts seem wasted,
Longed-for joys untasted,
'Tis *not* so. Time goes on :
Eternity's not done."

The ethical content redeems the crudity of expression. Hubert Parry never wrote another poem for independent publication, but when, more than thirty years later, he was moved to give musical utterance to his deepest thoughts, he did not turn to the poets, old or new, for his text, but wrote the words himself. *The Vision of Life*, brought out in 1907 and revised in 1914, is notable as an exposition of his philosophy of life, as an expansion of the gospel of brotherhood and love dimly outlined in the verses quoted above; but it also commands admiration by its dignity and felicity of phrase and the skill with which rhymed passages are introduced to lend emphasis to a scheme of free verse. Traces are not wanting in vocabulary of the influence exerted by his familiarity with the Bible, and in the metre and use of alliteration with the old chronicles and Sagas and the libretti of Wagner. But, as it has been said of his music, so may it be repeated of this his most ambitious poem, that there is scarcely a passage that is not plainly and unmistakably Parry.

Hubert Parry's first book, published in 1887, was his *Studies of Great Composers*, a collection of papers which originally appeared in *Every Girl's Magazine*. They were published without a word from the author as to the purpose which they were designed to serve—the enlightenment of juvenile readers—and it is a signal proof of their merit that hardly any of the reviewers had any inkling that they were intended for a special class and not for the whole musical public. This must not be taken to imply that these studies were over the heads of intelligent children, even of the Victorian age. But the author was evidently at some pains to express himself in more simple and conversational language that he might otherwise have employed. The composition bears signs of haste and the style is sometimes slipshod, almost slangy, but it is with the slanginess of a high-spirited public-school boy, and it is most refreshingly free from the mixture of solecisms, technical terminology and spurious Johnsonianism which decorated most of the musical criticism of the time, where a theme did not recall another, but was " reminiscent " of it, and an episode was

not boisterous or noisy but "strepitous". Here, as in all his literary work, Hubert Parry steered equally clear of art-jargon, modern "journalese", or preciosity. The book owed nothing to its "get-up". On the cover of the copy which he gave me, he wrote in ink, "Did you ever see such a beastly cover?" The illustrations were so unpleasing that it is difficult to award the palm for ugliness: perhaps the portrait of Mendelssohn is the most libellous of the whole set, though it is run close by those of Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert. But when all deductions are made on the score of the limited scope of the work, its unattractive presentation and inaccuracies of detail, which even in the later editions impair its value as a book of reference, it struck a new note in English musical criticism, and in many ways gives a foretaste of the high qualities which distinguish his later contributions to the history and progress of the art. Foremost amongst these are his earnestness and sympathy for serious effort, and his corresponding antipathy to all triviality and sensuous jingle. This leads him to take up a rather hostile attitude towards the French, in whose contributions to the development of the art he can see little or no value, and whom he associates almost entirely with the production of operettas (see pp. 85, 139-140, 260, 331, 340), and a vicious taste for glitter and show. The last passage in which he makes reference to the French is so characteristic as to deserve quoting. Speaking of Wagner's visit to Paris after his flight from Dresden in 1849, he says:

"Paris was no fit field for him and his uncompromising ideas. The French people, with all their taste for what people call 'Bohemianism', and readiness to take up and act upon daring social theories, have no aptitude for thoroughness in art. They have always had a surprising affection for little obvious tunes and commonplace rhythms, and prefer their large works to be cut into short and easy conventional forms, which relieve them of any intellectual effort or vigour of attention. The only chance of getting them out of such habits was to appeal to their senses in some violent and exciting manner. Wagner does appeal to

the senses with enormous power, but his way of expressing himself is so original as to be almost a protest against concession or conventionality ; and that is a thing which can only appeal to French musicians after a long period of probation."

This view was modified, but never completely abandoned in later life ; it is enough to recall that he procured an early performance of Debussy's string quartet at a Royal College concert, an act of appreciation which surprised and pleased no one more than Debussy himself. The passage quoted above illustrates another characteristic quality. Hubert Parry knew exactly what he wanted to say, and seldom fails to convey his meaning to his reader. This gift is admirably shown in his summaries, or in the passages in which he sets forth the situation at the time when the great composers severally emerged. Take, for example, this sentence on Berlioz, which condenses within the briefest compass what so many have often felt, but seldom seen so neatly expressed before : " He loved especially to deal with enormous masses of sound, and to produce effects which were most extravagantly exciting ; but his instinct for orchestration was so abnormally acute that whatever experiments he tried, from the most delicate and slender combinations to those of utmost volume, were sure to sound as he intended ". Or take, again, this remark about Brahms, with whom, of all modern German composers, he was already in closest sympathy : " There is no second-rate suavity about his work nor compromise with fashionable taste, but an obvious determination to say only such things as are true and earnest, and to hold no parley with musical luxury and sensuality ".

In the chapter on Palestrina, one notes a reference to the " slight and unimpressive character " of the music of the ancients, *i.e.* Greeks and Romans, a view to which he adhered in his settings of the comedies of Aristophanes, from which the archæological element is wholly eliminated. In the same chapter he deals faithfully with another subject which was always near his heart and on which he himself exerted so powerful an influence—the social status of

musicians and their relations to their patrons in the three centuries previous to our own. At the opening of the essay on Handel, Hubert Parry shows very clearly what had been done and what left undone before Handel's time, how solo-singing had to be developed, keys and modulations to be found out by experiments, and instruments to be made—in other words, how the material resources of the art had to be developed, so that the gap of nearly a hundred years since the death of Palestrina was really well occupied in spite of the absence of any great creative genius. Differing from Dr. Naumann, who considers that "Handel does not represent the finality of ten generations of art-work like Bach", Hubert Parry holds that Handel links himself more closely with the past than his great contemporary, and emphasizes his power of absorbing the best qualities of the styles of the different people with whom he was brought into contact. While pointing out the opportuneness of his visit to England, he indulges in a remark characteristic of the democratic spirit which pervades these pages :

"Handel came just at the right moment ; for his fame had gone before him, and there were in those days what there are not now, enough people of spirit and taste among the richer classes to support really good work when they could get it."

From the study of Bach, which is a fitting prelude to the eulogy of twenty years later, it may suffice to quote the excellent passage on the inevitable scantiness of first-rate music for the organ :

"The organ is too grand an instrument to be tractable. . . . It seems easy to produce very attractive results by extemporizing; and in a theatre an organ has almost always a very telling effect in a church scene of any kind. But when music comes to be written down, or taken away from the illusive conditions of a theatre, it is judged by everybody, consciously or unconsciously, in a very different way ; and then nothing but such as is worthy of the instrument will stand. To be that, it must rise to the highest

pitch of grandeur, dignity and power. Prettiness and tunes for the organ may take people in for a little, but they cannot stand the test of time; while the average show-pieces, such as modern marches and offertories and fantasies, made to display the misdirected abilities of organists at the expense of their noble instrument, are nothing less than ignoble and repulsive."

The democratic temper of the writer emerges again in his treatment of Haydn, about whose parentage Hubert Parry remarks that "he had at all events the advantages of a thoroughly plebeian extraction".

Characteristic again is the remark, in connexion with Haydn's visit to England, on the good effects of the change of the character of the audience for whom he had to write upon his style: "It was the change from an audience of select aristocrats for whom he was paid to provide refined amusement, to an audience of a much broader and more mixed character". No fault can be found with the estimate of Beethoven on the score of reverence and admiration. Hubert Parry calls him in one passage the greatest composer of pure instrumental music, and in more than one place alludes to his "Ninth Symphony" as the greatest masterpiece extant. Over the chapters on Weber, Schubert and Schumann, we must pass without taking toll, save in the case of one sentence in which he accounts for the popularity of the first-named composer by his possessing, amongst other qualities, "a real wealth of sentiment, which is sufficiently heartfelt and sincere to escape that most common pitfall of the injudicious public,—sentimentality, which is the cold-blooded aping of real feeling by shallow beings who are incapable of it". The most unsatisfactory chapter in the book is that devoted to Mendelssohn. One cannot help feeling throughout that the writer is animated by a certain *arrière pensée*, which emerges here and there in negative commendation. His attitude strikes one as rather that of deference to general opinion than of individual predilection. He seems curiously reluctant to bestow high praise *in propriâ personâ* upon Mendelssohn's compositions, while fully admitting the remarkable charm of his person-

ality.[1] Happy geniality is the highest characteristic which Hubert Parry allows his music to have possessed, and he lays perhaps undue stress upon Mendelssohn's habit of consorting with " ordinary gay and thoughtless people ". One or two passages, moreover, convey a distinctly misleading impression. Thus, the harsh opinion of Berlioz expressed by Mendelssohn belongs to the date of their meeting in Rome, not, as the context on p. 281 implies, to that of Berlioz's visit to Leipzig, a full decade later.

The chapter on Wagner finely champions the artist but gives an inadequate picture of the man. The ignoble features in Wagner's character are scrupulously kept out of sight. The utmost that Hubert Parry admits against him is that he was uncompromising; but he qualifies this by the statement that " his severity was generally found to be just and his purpose wise ". It is only fair, however, to remember that this estimate was formed many years before the publication of the Autobiography, with its devastating candour, proved that commanding genius can be compatible with an almost total absence of magnanimity, chivalry or gratitude. With all its blemishes and imperfections—some of which, but by no means all, were corrected or removed in later editions—the *Studies of Great Composers* remains the best and sanest introduction to musical biography written in our times. The stories of the composers' lives are told concisely but with animation, though the writer is frugal of anecdote. But the real value of the book lies, as Mr. Fuller-Maitland justly observes, " in his power of getting at the very soul of the art, and expressing in words so much of what his practical experience had taught him of music's deepest secrets ".

[1] I have, since writing the above, found a convergent view expressed by Mr. Fuller-Maitland in his article on Parry's Literary Work in the *R.C.M. Magazine*, Christmas 1918: " It is amusing to see how Parry avoids a critical estimate of Mendelssohn, such as would undoubtedly have offended many of his readers in 1887. We know from many passages in his works that Parry fully appreciated what was best in Mendelssohn, but while he emphasizes the man's charming character, he is tempted to slur over the greater part of his compositions."

Hubert Parry's second book, *The Art of Music* (1893), was republished in a revised form in 1896, under the title of *The Evolution of the Art of Music*, as vol. lxxx. of the International Scientific Series, to which Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Walter Bagehot, Sir John Lubbock, Romanes, and many other distinguished men of science and philosophers, English and foreign, contributed. In it the growth of the most modern of the arts and the special work done by several of the great masters are treated in chapters successively dealing with scales, folk music, the beginnings of harmony, the rise of secular music, the combination of old methods and new principles, the balance of expression and design, and finally modern tendencies. The scope of the work and its inclusion in a serious scientific library, dominated by the doctrine of Evolution, place it in a wholly different category from his earlier venture, and its reception was marked by surprise as well as respect. The *Athenæum*, for example, spoke of it as " a rather curious volume ", though freely acknowledging its learning and sanity. Later critics have been readier to admit its permanent value. Sir Henry Hadow has pronounced it to be " the best book on the subject that has ever been written ", and Mr. Fuller-Maitland regards it as " Parry's most precious contribution to musical literature ". The underlying idea of the whole is the conviction that true progress can only be attained by continuity, coherence and organization — a conviction which found its final utterance in his last public utterance in April 1918 at a meeting of the Musical Association. Change is not necessarily progress ; adventure and experiment must be reconciled with a due but not servile reverence for tradition.

In *The Art of Music* Hubert Parry shows his great qualities as a musical historian, but these qualities had their defects and the breadth of his vision was not without its blind spots. One of these is acutely noted by Mr. Fuller-Maitland, who cannot be accused of a disposition to underrate the author's achievements :

" It is easy for us, in the present year of grace, to smile

at the way in which everything accomplished by Germans, every Teutonic tendency, is lauded to the skies, while French innovations and Italian efforts of all kinds come in for a good deal of adverse criticism; but it must be remembered that we all shared the same conviction that Germany was our 'spiritual home'; and it was not till a good deal later that the influence and creative power of César Franck were realized in England. One longs to know what Parry, in his maturer life, would have written about modern French developments of his art."

The answer to the question involved in the last sentence is given elsewhere; we do know what Hubert Parry thought and wrote about Debussy, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov. But Mr. Morris—in general a much severer critic—effectively defends Hubert Parry's pro-Teutonism in a passage inspired by a survey of his critical and historical writings as a whole, but especially applicable to *The Art of Music*:

"Naturally his serious cast of mind and his reverence for tradition are reflected in his historical outlook; his reverence for the giants leads him to put perhaps too modest a valuation on the work of the pioneers and explorers, the Monteverdes, the Purcells, the Scarlattis. But against this must be set his championship of Wagner in the days when Wagnerism was by no means the respectable cult it has since become. It must also be remembered that a wide-spread re-adjustment of musical values has been taking place these last fifteen or twenty years; French, Russian, and other traditions have sprung up to challenge the Teutonic supremacy, and the War has given a forced and sometimes a chauvinistic impetus to movements that were originally a natural and spontaneous growth. Violent passions do not make for sanity of judgment, and in another twenty years a calmer revision will probably show that Parry's scale of values is nearer the truth than many of us to-day are inclined to admit. In the meantime let us pay him the tribute that is due for his wide intellectual grasp, his dignity of mind, his devotion to what he conceives to be the highest; above all, perhaps, for his contemptuous rejection of all that is merely sensuous or merely sensational.

The last few words can best be illustrated by what

Hubert Parry says, *à propos* of modern phases in opera, of the methods of Meyerbeer :

" He [Meyerbeer] did not care in the least whether his details were commonplace or not. His scores look elaborate and full of work, but the details are the commonest arpeggios, familiar and hackneyed types of accompaniment, scales and obvious rhythms. . . . The element of wholesome musical sincerity is wanting in him, but the power of astonishing and bewildering is almost unlimited. For instance, when a situation requires something impressive, and he has nothing musical to supply, he takes refuge in a *cadenza* for the clarinet or some other instrument, and the attention of the public is engaged by their interest in the skill of the performer and forgets to notice that it has no possible relation to the significance of the situation."

On the other hand, he finds in Wagner's mode of utterance " the logical outcome of the efforts of the long line of previous composers, and the most completely organized system for the purposes of musical expression that the world has ever yet seen ".

There are some hard but not undeserved comments on composers who, in writing down to a low standard of public taste, " take a very low view of the public and write even worse than they need ". Even more severe is the estimate of the mental capacity of the patrons of opera :

" Operatic audiences have always had the lowest standard of taste of any section of human beings calling themselves musical. They generally have a gross appetite for anything, so long as it is not intrinsically good."

This was true of the fashionable clique who once flocked to Covent Garden and, we may add, largely dictated the choice of the works performed. It certainly does not apply to the audiences who support the operatic performances given by the British National Opera Company, or at the " Old Vic ". But the passage is characteristic of his reluctance to admit that music owed anything to the aristocracy, and we must admit, with Mr. Fuller-Maitland, that " his political tenets, like his prejudices in favour of certain nationalities, were often allowed to disturb the

balance of his critical powers. To imply that everything good in opera has been accomplished in the teeth of fashionable opposition is hardly accurate ". There is more justice in the contrast which Hubert Parry draws between the quality of fashionable music and that composed for popular audiences :

" The song from the Music Hall may be excellent and characteristic and often is ; the music of people who have every opportunity to be refined and cultivated may be detestably bad, and often is. There is an infinite variety of moods which admit of being expressed, from the noble, aspiring, human sincerity of a great nature like Brahms's to the rank, impudent, false sentimentality of impostors who shall be nameless."

Hubert Parry's third book, on *The Music of the Seventeenth Century*, which formed the third volume of the Oxford History of Music, appeared in 1902. His diaries and his correspondence with Sir Henry Hadow, the editor of the series, throughout 1900 and 1901, abound in evidence of the magnitude of the undertaking as he approached it, the unremitting labour spent on its execution, and the drastic condensation needed to bring the work within a compass which did not disturb the balance of the History. Mr. Morris has commented on Parry's erudition, remarkable yet " so unobtrusive that you scarcely realize as you read what an enormous amount of material he has contrived to pack into so short a space ". This packing was only achieved by wholesale cutting, made all the more trying to the author when he wanted to expand rather than reduce. In April 1900 it was the editor's painful duty to inform him that his MS. was more than double the length allotted. By the end of the year Hubert Parry had cut nearly a hundred pages out of his " unlucky book ". His serious breakdown early in 1901, when he was at work on the proofs, and his trip to Madeira for change and rest, involved a delay of several weeks. On his return and right on to the publication of the book he was engaged in a warfare with the Clarendon Press and the printers, each accusing the

other of delays. It fell to the lot of Sir Henry Hadow to act as mediator, and the distracted author handsomely acknowledges his sympathy and tact in this matter as well as his valuable criticisms on style and corrections of detail. Sir Henry Hadow's fitness for the post of editor needs no words of mine. But, apart from a fine musical equipment, his fastidious sense of style, his accurate scholarship, command of languages ancient and modern, and wide historical knowledge rendered him peculiarly helpful in remedying the occasional laxities of Parry's diction and verifying his references. These minor imperfections and inexactitudes were compatible with great erudition ; they are negligible but they cannot be overlooked.

The permanent value of this volume is differently estimated by different critics. Mr. Fuller-Maitland in his survey of Hubert Parry's literary work, expresses the view that the subject did not afford full scope for his powers: " As he himself said elsewhere, the space between Purcell and Bach was enlightened by no composer of the first magnitude, and the 17th century, intensely interesting as it is to the historian, was hardly illustrious enough to be worth treatment by so great a man as Parry ", though he admits that the " various transitional movements which turned the old art of music into new channels are all described with mastery, skill and lucidity ". Hubert Parry certainly did not regard the subject as unworthy of his powers, and as he was better equipped for the task than any other living British musician, regrets are unnecessary, especially as the result prompted an admirable review of " Parry as Musical Historian " by Dr. E. J. Dent in the *Athenæum* of September 19, 1919. Dr. Burney's work, as Dr. Dent reminds us, published in 1776, had for fully a hundred years been a standard authority not only in England but on the Continent, and it was high time that the whole ground should be surveyed afresh and the history of music rewritten for English readers. Turning to Hubert Parry's contribution to the Oxford History of Music Dr. Dent describes his methods, and reviews his qualifications and limitations :

"Parry was already known as a writer on music by his articles in Grove's Dictionary and by *The Art of Music* (1893). These writings were critical rather than historical; they expressed judgments on music that was for the most part familiar to educated musicians, and gave little evidence of research in original documents. The 'Seventeenth Century' is the result of a thorough study of unfamiliar material. Parry never would accept anything at second hand if there was any practical possibility of consulting an original source. He had little opportunity for personal research in foreign libraries; but he would get manuscripts copied for him abroad, and whatever was to be found in the British Museum and other home collections he perused with his own eyes. He was well read in the monographs of learned German and other historians, but whenever it was possible he went through the original scores to which they referred and formed his own independent judgment. To insist on this point is necessary, because it is unfortunately the case that Parry was not a very careful proof-reader, and was frequently liable to commit small errors with regard to dates and facts. The value of his historical work depends on his critical analyses, and these are entirely his own.

"He differs from all other historians of music in that he approached musical history as a composer, indeed as the greatest English composer of his time. Other composers, such as Schumann and Berlioz, have written about their art, but their writings are at best no more than good journalism. The only possible parallel is Vincent d'Indy, whose *Traité de Composition* is practically an analytical history of music. And M. d'Indy too has the same unbending idealism, one might almost say Puritanism, though as a Catholic and a Frenchman his outlook on the moral aspects of music is not always identical with Parry's. For all his breadth of learning, Parry had his prejudices, and the reader of his historical writings must not lose sight of them. He could not forget the battles that had raged over Wagner and Brahms, and he was inclined to go on fighting long after they were over and won. To him, as to others of his generation, it was an axiom

> 'That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
> And dark and true and tender is the North.'

"He viewed the whole of the seventeenth century as a preparation for John Sebastian Bach. Yet he did not

always appear to realize how deeply Bach was indebted to the older Italians. He speaks of the *Choralvorspiel* as the exclusive and characteristic property of the Teutonic Protestant Church ; but Palestrina and Vittoria had treated the Latin hymns in the same spirit, except that they wrote for voices instead of the organ. And the very word *canzona* as applied to a fugue on a series of subjects shows that the form comes from the early contrapuntal settings of the secular *chansons* in the days of the Renaissance. There is nothing specifically Teutonic or Protestant about the principle ; it belonged to the common international language. What was definitely Teutonic and Protestant was the application of serious artistic treatment to the vernacular hymns of the people. Both Catholics and Protestants adapted popular songs to religious words ; but the Catholic composers reserved their serious artistic elaboration for the Office Hymns. The Lutherans, having abolished the Latin hymns, raised their own vernacular hymns to a more honourable position than had ever been granted to the *laudi spirituali.*

"It was this preoccupation with the moral aspect of music that led Parry to look with disapproval on all florid song, and on nearly all forms of opera. Even Purcell could hardly reconcile him to *coloratura.* He was deeply interested in Monteverde, as a man of romantic imagination, as an audacious pioneer, but hardly realized the mastery of Monteverde's technical achievements. Yet he did not neglect the technical achievements of the Italians, for all his distaste for their style. One of the most valuable chapters in the book is that which deals with the vocal music of Rossi, Cavalli and Carissimi, and explains the intricacies of its formal design in minute and careful detail. But throughout the book the reader is perpetually conscious of a deeper passion than that of antiquarian research. Parry proclaims his thesis in the first chapter :

"'The new musical departure . . . was the throwing off of the ecclesiastical limitations in matters musical, and the negation of the claims of the Church to universal domination and omniscience. It was the recognition of the fact that there is a spiritual life apart from the sphere to which men's spiritual advisers had endeavoured to restrict it ; a sphere of human thought where devotion and deep reverence, nobility and aspiration, may find expression beyond the utmost bounds of theology or tradition. Until

this fact, and the right of man to use the highest resources of art for other purposes than ecclesiastical religion, had been established, such achievements as Beethoven's instrumental compositions, Mozart's and Wagner's operas and even the divinest achievements of John Sebastian Bach were impossible.'

" It is this sense of ' nobility and aspiration ' that finds expression in Parry's historical writings ; and because they are dominated by this sense, they are of necessity based on careful documentary research. In his own country he is remembered principally as a composer ; abroad, it is as a historian that he is known, and has begun to exert a positive influence on historical studies."

The only statement to which exception can be legitimately taken in a testimony all the more convincing because it is discriminating and gives reasons rather than depends on assertion, is that which denies to his Dictionary articles the credit of research in unfamiliar scores and documents. Against this may be set the evidence of a letter to Dannreuther in 1881 on his " Sonata " article in which he describes how he had been wading through the works of Dussek and Clementi as well as Weber and Haydn ; of " bunglers " as well as Bachs, and had made a sort of preliminary tabulation of over 250, before dealing with the moderns. Many writers would have remained inextricably immersed in this wealth of material. But Hubert Parry, as Mr. Morris observes, " had the true historical perspective: he saw facts and tendencies not in isolation but in correlation with other facts and tendencies ". And these other facts and tendencies were not merely musical. It was his linking up of music with life which, as Mr. Gustav Holst has told us, made his lectures at the College a source of illumination, and gave his pupils their first vision of history.

One may admit that in his history of Seventeenth-Century music Hubert Parry was limited by the exigencies of the period and the absence of outstanding or heroic figures. No such drawback existed in his next book, the study of Bach, published in 1909. It was the outcome of the devotion of a lifetime ; an act of homage which he had long contemplated and now paid in full. His views of other

great composers underwent modifications, but he never wavered in his enthusiasm for John Sebastian. Affection mingled with his reverence. The Bach lectures at the College, Miss Marjorie Barton [1] writes, " were some of the most inspiring and the jolliest I ever heard him give—his evident love of the subject was infectious and he seemed to look on ' old Bach ', as he often spoke of him, as an intimate friend ".

But this personal affection did not lead him to take the sentimental view of Bach as a tragic figure, or to over-emphasize the contrast between his supreme genius and the irony of fate which condemned him to spend his life in obscurity, winning only partial recognition for the least of his talents, and practically none for the greatest ; slighted by his official superiors, who regarded him merely as an inefficient schoolmaster ; and so inadequately remunerated for his prodigious industry that his widow died in extreme poverty, and his last surviving daughter spent her declining years as a pensioner on the alms of the few musicians who remembered her father. More than this, Bach's fame waited nearly a hundred years for the beginning of that revival in which the majesty of his aims and the completeness of their realisation have gradually assumed their true proportions, and won for him his unique position among the greatest masters of his art. One of the many services which Hubert Parry has rendered in his noble tribute to Bach is to show that, while the tardy acknowledgment of his genius is a matter of natural regret, there is no ground for supposing that he was discouraged or embittered by lack of success or prosperity. So far as we can tell, his home life was not only happy but blameless, and as Hubert Parry says, it is difficult not to feel a personal affection for Anna Magdalena, " whose life had been so entwined with his so long by the tenderest strands, whose handwriting appears so often mingled with his, whose musical nature had been nurtured so tenderly by him ". For the rest, Bach was in the rare position of one who spent by far the greatest part of his life in the continuous exercise of the most

[1] *R.C.M. Magazine*, Christmas 1918.

exalted faculties. He was a miracle not only of industry but of achievement. No composer can have ever tasted the joys of attainment so fully, because none ever possessed an equipment more perfectly designed for the execution of his ideals. Above all, he was sustained throughout his life by an unquestioning and unclouded faith.

As his biographer remarks, it was natural and appropriate " that when the Northern kingdoms and provinces established their independence from the ancient ecclesiastical domination, it should fall to their lot to find the highest expression of the purified religion in music ". Devotional, as distinguished from pietistic, or even ecclesiastical music found its purest utterance in Bach, who combined with his supreme mastery of resource a deep spiritual fervour born of unshaken belief. " Bach had so constantly used his highest skill for the purposes of devotional expression that he seems to have arrived at the frame of mind which, through association, felt the skill itself to be something sacred and devotional." Hubert Parry dwells on the remarkable and significant fact that Bach, though deeply moved by the idea of death, which forms the theme of many of his noblest cantatas, never regarded it in a gloomy or sinister aspect, but " as a thought suffused with mystery and tenderness ". Some time before his death it is said that he began a Chorale Prelude on the tune " When we are in deepest need ". He completed it on his deathbed, " and with touching sincerity of devotion he altered the title from the piteous expression of deepest need to the words *Vor deinen Thron tret' ich* ('I come before Thy throne '). Death had always had a strange fascination for him, and many of his most beautiful compositions have been inspired by the thoughts which it suggested. And now he met it, not with repinings or fear of the unknown, but with the expression of exquisite peace and trust ".

The popular misconceptions about Bach are dispassionately considered in Hubert Parry's book. In this context it is worth recalling the fact that one of the earliest and most eloquent vindications of Bach's genius in the British Press was from the pen of his predecessor, Sir George Grove, and

appeared in the *Spectator* of June 11, 1853. Vieuxtemps, the famous violinist, had played the " Chaconne " at a concert of the Musical Union, and Grove wrote to combat the notion then generally current in England that Bach " was *a man who wrote fugues* ; that he was prodigiously learned and equally crabbed and difficult to comprehend ; and that, in consequence, to all but professionals and the most initiated of amateurs, his pieces are utterly uninteresting ". Grove contends *per contra* that Bach's learning was a very subordinate thing, and that " not *it*, but feeling, tender passionate sentiment, a burning genius, and a prodigious flow and march of ideas, are his characteristics ". Hubert Parry's study abounds in felicitous illustrations of this contention.

He rightly insists on Bach's catholic sympathies and his sensitiveness to external influences, Italian and French. It is true, as he admits, that Bach stood upon the ancient ways and learned all that there was to learn from his predecessors before striking out new paths of his own. But so far from being pedantic, he was in many ways the greatest of musical adventurers and experimentalists. " Even the composers who appear to aim at being several generations ahead of their time are glad to take a hint from him now and again, and do not always surpass him in the issue." So far from being dull or dry, he was unsurpassed in the brilliancy and profusion of his ornament. In fine, Bach's personality " combined the primitive human qualities in large measure with the amplest outfit of the intellectual qualities ". His devotional fervour did not cramp his broad and spacious humanity, which was manifested, *inter alia*, by his love of frank rhythm and melody. For he was not merely capable of coining magnificent straightforward tunes. He was even more wonderful " in the deeply expressive rhapsodical melody, the outpouring of copious and genuine feeling, such as is displayed in his ariosos, the slow movements for solo violin, and the slow movement of the Italian concerto ". It is hard for any one who admires Bach to write of him without running the risk of lapsing into extravagance. But Hubert Parry

surmounted this difficulty with conspicuous skill. His eulogy is affectionate and reverent, yet discriminating; it is never marred by effusiveness or disfigured by unnecessary comparisons. He has, in fine, supplemented the minute and laborious research of Spitta with a study of the underlying significance, personal and artistic, of Bach's works so penetrating and sincere as to ensure the abiding association of his name with that of the most majestic of all the great masters:

"If Parry had only written his book on Bach (wrote the late Sir William Richmond, R.A., in May 1920), to me his *magnum opus* in literature, it would suffice to place him in the first rank of musical historians and critics. . . . He tells how that great man developed his genius, the many sources of its progress, and the retention of his powerful individuality while engaged in the study of contemporary as well as previous composers. So little, comparatively speaking, is known of Bach's life that the historian has to find his materials in Bach's work, and that Parry has done with an elaboration that is never tedious and an acumen that is rare. . . . Parry brings out the severe Lutheran, the deeply religious man, the enthusiastic but ever patient labourer, the musician who could and did master all the complexity of his difficult art and keep a character as simple as a child's. If any artist has found the balance of emotion and reason it is J. S. Bach, and that is why he is even of the great the greatest. We must remember that Parry wrote this great book at the busiest period of his career, yet there is no sign of haste, the threads of the tapestry have never once dropped, nor is the sequence interrupted. The intellectual grasp and the orderly handling are both remarkable."

Style in Music, the last of Hubert Parry's published books, appeared in 1911, and is a collection, in a revised and enlarged form, of the lectures delivered during his tenure of the Oxford Professorship. The twenty-one chapters of which it is composed exceed in the width of their appeal all his earlier works. For while it contains a great deal of history, the consideration of details is always subordinated to the larger issues and principles involved,

the treatment is refreshingly vigorous and incisive, and, above all, more space is devoted to contemporary art than in *The Evolution of the Art of Music.* The publication of that work in its revised form coincided with the establishment of the Promenade Concerts in their present form—an institution which has proved one of the greatest instruments of higher musical education. What it has stood for can perhaps best be gathered from the late Arthur Hugh Sidgwick's delightful book *The Promenade Ticket*, a study, to quote a phrase used in a different context by a writer in the *Times*, of that " steadily growing body of cultivated men and women who, even if their technical knowledge of music be comparatively small, have any way an enormous influence over the conditions of its progress ". To this new audience, familiar with the classical masterpieces of symphonic music and the adventurous experiments of the moderns and modernists, Hubert Parry's chapters on *Style in Music*—though not perhaps consciously addressed to them—cannot fail to prove not only intelligible but enlightening, suggestive and provocative. They open with the " Forecast "—the author's inaugural lecture at Oxford delivered in 1900, and though Hugo Wolf, Debussy, Reger, Scriabine and Stravinsky are not mentioned, modern tendencies are illustrated in a survey which includes Richard Strauss as well as the characteristic products of the Music Hall Muse, and the popular cult of syncopation. This catholic outlook, however, is dominated by the convictions which run through all his writings. Style is " the perfect adaptation of means to an end " : and " as there is a style for the greatest things, so there is a style for the least ". But the keynote is struck in the opening chapter when the author declares that " the great masters of style are such as we know to have been passionately in earnest ", and again when he asserts that though " the style can be no more than a criterion whether the thing is well expressed or not, yet style is so closely interwoven with every moment of art's existence that a great thought is hardly separable from the style in which it is expressed. . . . A great thought comes from a full heart ". Style and form, he insists, are

closely akin, but for him form means " organization "—not formalism—and he had no sympathy with theorists who sought to give a permanent interpretation to something that is always changing. This attitude is revealed conspicuously in the chapter in which he deals with the much-discussed sonata form, his ultimate conclusion being that it is proving too limited and is now only suitable for abstract music. Beethoven, he observes, " before he had done with it, proceeded to introduce features which were bound to effect its dissolution ", and Beethoven he regards as " the great prototype and fountain-head of the romantic phase of art ". As regards programme music, it was natural in its early days for people to go astray :

" Mixed with the natural impulse to find new paths was the instinct of rebellion against the apparent constraint of the sonata forms. But the experience of a few generations has shown that music with a definite representative intention can accord with the general principles of structural and textural development of which the fugue and the sonata were the earliest mature types."

" Choral Style " and " Instrumental Style ", whether regarded severally or in combination, are fully examined and analysed ; two lectures are devoted to the " Influence of Audiences on Style ", and other chapters treat of " The Evolution and Functions of Thematic Material " and " Theory and Academicism ", in which he expresses his whole-hearted sympathy with " those who rebel against any particular kind [of theory] which mainly consists of dogmatic assertions ". The word " theory " he describes as " a moderately coherent statement of what may be called rules for cobbling adapted as far as possible to the mental capacity of babes and sucklings. . . . It would be all very well if, to illustrate principles, examples of the great practice of the great masters were given ; but as a rule they are not ". Theory, moreover, as he correctly notes, having been originally based on the exigencies of vocal music, and many things being possible for instruments which are not possible for voices, tends to fall out of touch with any kind of music ;

it degenerates into that academicism which " takes mere harmony exercises as apt for either voices or instruments ; while, in fact, they are apt for neither the one nor the other ". Mr. Morris maintains that Hubert Parry's own compositions offer no practical solution of the problem of orchestral texture, though it is discussed frankly and with great insight in this book. The chapters on texture, in the view of another critic, are indeed a masterly performance :

" No other writer has, so far as we know, described so convincingly the curious backwater in artistic development created by the custom, followed for a long time by all composers, of entrusting all but the bass part of accompaniments to the tender mercy of executants reading (probably at sight) from more or less casually indicated figures—' a subterfuge which was an antithesis and even a negation of texture ' and the facile cause of ' loose and indefinite thinking '. . . . And, again, in the chapter on ' Antitheses ' we may specially note the remarks on the increased opportunities for the expression of personality afforded by the enlarged range of utterance made possible by modern music : rarely indeed do our passing fashions find so just a judge—sympathetic and humorously kind, and yet steadily looking through and beyond towards the only things that count in the long run." [1]

This sanity and justice seldom fail him, but he was not altogether immune from prejudice, and the harsh estimate he expresses of Liszt's music as music ought to be corrected by what he said in one of his earlier books of the " admirable breadth and freedom " with which Liszt had carried on the work of structural development in the spirit of Beethoven. A much more serious blemish is the almost uniformly disparaging tone of the references to Mozart. The critic in the *Times*, whom I have just quoted, observes that they " seem to be chiefly concerned with the unfortunately fairly numerous works that Mozart wrote, so to speak, with the little finger of his left hand ", and though all Parry says is undeniably true, the resultant impression is unfair, and might well be corrected by some pages explaining the

[1] *Times Literary Supplement*, January 4, 1912.

greatness in virtue of which Mozart is reckoned among the immortals. But the omission was deliberate: neither in his published writings nor in his letters or diaries does he ever betray any deep enthusiasm for Mozart, or a disposition to rank him with the great masters who were "passionately in earnest". For, with all his kindliness and humour and width of outlook, passionate earnestness is the outstanding quality of these chapters on Style:

"Musically, Sir Hubert stands for the best type of Puritanism, fiery and unflinching, but thoroughly sane. No doubt this attitude, like every other, has the defects of its qualities: but it is extraordinarily refreshing and stimulating in these latter days, to find this great creed upheld with a fervour so single-minded and infectious. There is a real nobility about the main current of ideas, a finely felt love and a no less finely felt scorn; and there is abundance of solid reasoning besides. He writes with a full heart out of a great store of learning; the spacious things, the things that really matter, are always before his eyes. . . . Good-natured tolerance of what is (or ought to be) known to be bad is the crying sin of much of English musical life. We may be as catholic as we like within the limits of the good, but somewhere or other it is our duty to put our foot down, and the stamp and the strong language with which Sir Hubert Parry puts his down are most refreshing and deserve the widest imitation. . . . It is one of the finest features of a very fine book that it stands definitely for an attitude of moral sternness in face of artistic degradation: may it lead not only to more thought but to more action. Judicious iconoclasm is surely a most admirable thing."[1]

These words were written in 1912, they have not lost their point in the thirteen years that have passed since they were uttered, though it may be doubted whether the moral fervour of the book which inspired them has proved as infectious as the writer hoped it might be.

[1] *Times Literary Supplement*, January 4, 1912.

CHAPTER XIV

GREEK PLAYS

PARRY'S share in the revival of Greek Plays at the universities demands special treatment for a variety of reasons. They brought him at successive stages over a period of thirty years into intimate touch with younger generations of undergraduates, and revived the happy memories of his own early manhood. They furnished him with a most congenial scope for indulging in "judicious levity"—four out of the five were comedies of Aristophanes—and disproving "the common mistake of light-minded people who think that those who take serious things seriously cannot be merry and light-hearted and joke and enjoy fun, but live in gloomy preoccupation and aloofness"—to quote from one of his College addresses. Parry, as Mr. Cyril Bailey says, "was a scholar as well as a musician, and had an instinctive sympathy both with fun and with the beauty of Aristophanes": his contributions to the art of musical parody were both ingenious and original. And, above all, these excursions into the domain of musical comedy, though they cost him time and infinite trouble and even anxiety in the preliminary stages of composition and rehearsal, brought him a rich reward in friendships and the exhilaration of success. The sea gave him his greatest refreshment: the Greek Plays the most "glorious fun".

The Greek Play movement began at Oxford with the now historic performance of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus in June 1880 to music by Sir Walter Parratt, and with Sir Frank Benson in the cast. But the invitation to Parry to join in did not come from his old University, but from

Cambridge, where, from the early 'seventies he had met with the most consistent encouragement from Sir Charles Stanford and the C.U.M.S. Cambridge produced the *Ajax* of Sophocles, with music by Sir George Macfarren, in 1882, and broke new ground with the first of the Aristophanic productions in 1883, when Parry was invited by the Greek Play Committee to compose the incidental music, choruses and songs for the *Birds*. The choice was fortunate, both for Parry and Cambridge, as it brought him into contact with the late Mr. F. J. Jenkinson, Fellow of Trinity College, who succeeded Henry Bradshaw as University Librarian in 1889, and was appointed "to be useful to Parry in the Greek". Mr. Jenkinson, with a modesty familiar to all his friends, belittled his services :

"I doubt", he wrote to me, "if my help amounted to much, though we went through every note together. I believe I was a blind guide in the matter of the choruses in the *Birds*, having only a schoolboy idea of Greek Choric metres ; and I think how different it would have been if he had had Walter Headlam."

Mr. Jenkinson stayed at Rustington more than once, and Parry never missed seeing him when he visited Cambridge. The tone of his letters is entirely irreconcilable with Mr. Jenkinson's self-disparagement. In them, as in his diary, Parry gratefully acknowledges Mr. Jenkinson's "astonishing goodness" in looking over and correcting proofs :

"Rustington, *September* 28, 1883.

"I had to go up to town early on Monday and devoted two days to the R.C.M. Since that I have stuck determinedly to mending the choruses. Some of them have given me very great trouble, but I have done all but three. Some of them are all the better for it (the mending) but some again are no better than mere compromises. I think I shall send you a couple of those which I am most doubtful about, to see if you think they can pass. . . . The first of all I have utterly failed to tackle, but I am going at it again. Ἤδη μοι τῷ παντόπτᾳ also puzzled me very severely. I have had to rewrite all the voice part and a good deal of the

instrumentation. While I was in the stress and sorely worried over it, I growled at you a little, but when the bother isn't going on I am very grateful to you for pointing out the better way to manage it all, and I shall continue to be so."

"RUSTINGTON, *October* 3, 1883.

"I have been spending the whole day over that long passage of *Epops*. . . . It seems a very awkward job to tackle. I was for two hours this morning trying to work it from the point of view you suggest, and I came to the conclusion after being nearly driven crazy over it that it was impossible. I have tried it from my own point of view, or rather a compromise between mine and yours and get along better that way. But it is a bore, and I am so done over it that if this attempt does not do I will not try again. The rhythms in the middle part are enough to give a man brain fever. It may seem simple enough to *say* in metre, but to get it into a fixed number of beats is maddening."

The song was duly finished and sent off to the printers, but on October 21 Hubert Parry reluctantly decided, against Jenkinson's request, to abandon the *Parabasis:*

"Half-and-half music never seems to me to work. I think any form of chant would become irksome at such an excessive length; and there is now not time for a regular musical setting. Even if there was I doubt its being possible for a man to learn it in the time there would be left."

The problem was not finally settled until the revival in 1903 when he wrote additional instrumental accompaniments to the spoken words of the *Parabasis*.

Meanwhile a prosperous start had been made with the choral rehearsals at Cambridge, and on November 16 Parry writes to thank his adviser for a copy of the score "which will bind up beautifully and be a very nice memorial supposing things go so as to leave a happy sense in my mind of having done my duty properly:

"How many things don't I need to thank you for! I appreciate them all—every detail, but I would rather trust you to feel that I was happy over every one of these

friendly offices and nursed the memory of them, than try to be brusquely recapitulating them."

The performances, held in the Theatre Royal on November 27, 28, 29, 30 and December 1, were preceded by a long preliminary article in the *Times* in which the name of *Peithetairos* appeared as *Peisthetairos*, to the great annoyance of B. H. Kennedy, the Professor of Greek, whose English version was used. His vexation found vent in the publication of a brief order of the day condemning the solecism. Kennedy judged everything by the test of classical scholarship. He once declared that the preferment of some clergyman to the episcopal bench was a positive scandal, adding oracularly by way of explanation, "I have seen his Greek verse". While Kennedy was responsible for the English text of the dialogue, the version of the choruses set to music was by the late A. W. Verrall and delighted Parry by its felicity. When the score was published he wrote to Mr. Jenkinson :

"It seems quite remarkably good—lively and genial and for the most part fits the music to admiration. I have touched it as little as possible. I know where I have had to alter much, as in the first chorus, Mr. Verrall will feel I have imported a grievous flavour of commonplace into his excellent verses, but I have done my best. . . . Please tell him I am much obliged to him for the admirable way he has fitted his verses, and say I hope he won't find my suggestions for the necessary patching here and there very vexatious."

As for Parry's music, it was composed, as he explained in a preparatory statement, "with the view of expressing in a thoroughly modern way the ideas suggested by the words and situation of the play. Only once is an ancient scale introduced: at line 858 the unfortunate flute-player executes a modern tune in the Lydian mode, to which it is not at all suited. The tune is the *Volkslied* 'Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär' '". The music consisted of twenty numbers, including the Introduction, Song of the Hoopoe, Gathering of the Birds (instrumental), Introduction to Act II., and the

short instrumental number at the end of that Act, Introduction to Act III., Entr'acte at line 1693, and the final March, a delightful piece which has often been found a useful substitute for ceremonial use in place of Mendelssohn's too familiar Wedding March.

The music was produced under the direction of Sir Charles Stanford, and the difficult problem presented by the costume was solved by a judicious compromise, the result of the happy co-operation of two famous Cambridge worthies, J. W. Clark, the Registrar of the University, scholar and archæologist and perpetual Vice-president of the A.D.C., of which he had been a member ever since its start in 1861 ; and Charles Newton, the professor of zoology and comparative anatomy, and a great authority on birds. It was their aim to " modify the conventionalized bird-dress, and to represent with some degree of ornithological accuracy both the structure of the wings in general and the form of the beaks of the individual birds ". Those who witnessed the performance will testify to their remarkable success—a success recorded in the splendid series of photographs taken by Lord of the Market Place. It remains to be added that the scenery was painted by John O'Connor, the well-known theatrical artist, while the stage arrangements were supervised by Mr. Waldstein, now Sir Charles Walston. The band, led by Mr. Richard Gompertz, afterwards violin professor at the Royal College, included some of the best orchestral players of the time, notably Messrs. Betjemann and A. Burnett, W. E. Whitehouse and Trust (cellos), Egerton and Spencer (clarinets), and Wotton, the bassoonist of the century.

The cast was remarkable for the number of those who have since attained distinction in various walks of life. Dr. M. R. James, successively Provost of King's College and of Eton, was the *Peithetairos* ; F. L. Norris, now Bishop of North China, the *Nightingale* ; A. C. Benson, the late Master of Magdalene College, the *Priest* ; Sir Laurence Guillemard, now Governor of the Straits Settlements, the *Inspector* ; E. A. Gardner, now Professor of Archæology at University College, London, the *plébiscite* vendor ; L. J. Maxse, the

coruscating publicist and editor of the *National Review*, was the *Iris*; the late Mr. Harry Cust was the *Prometheus*; and Mr., now Sir Stanley Leathes, the Civil Service Commissioner and one of the editors of the Cambridge History, was the leader of the Chorus. The *Parabasis* was spoken by C. Platts of Trinity, and the songs of the *Nightingale* and *Hoopoe* were admirably sung by Mr. G. T. Maquay, who died recently.

The *Birds* was a great success and was greatly and deservedly praised. By a general consensus of opinion the "star turn", as we say now, was that of Dr. M. R. James in the tremendously long part of *Peithetairos*. The production had a very "good Press", though the *Record* bewailed the performance as an evidence of the irreligion, unbelief and worldliness prevalent at Cambridge: "'Pagan, I regret to say', said Mr. Pecksniff"; otherwise the Press was almost unanimously appreciative. The notice in the *Saturday Review* was written by J. W. Clark, and Mr. Jenkinson added a paragraph—"not professional" as he puts it—on the music. Professor A. J. Church, who laid no claim to being a musical critic, reviewed the performance in the *Spectator* and also wrote an article on the play for the *Children's Illustrated Magazine*. The handsomest acknowledgment of Hubert's share came from Verrall in the *Cambridge Review*: "Everybody was delighted with it; every one had his own preference". Personally, he liked best the invocation of the *Nightingale*, the part-songs in the *Parabasis* and the final March. Altogether it was a happy experiment: "it is satisfactory to have 'sported' so 'decently' before the eyes of a contented public". But the professional critics were not niggardly of commendation. The *Pall Mall Gazette* pronounced the music "throughout admirable and most interesting". The words had been "treated with admirable skill" and all the music was "bright, attractive and original". And the *Athenæum*—where the learned Professor Prout reigned in the seat of the angular but vivacious H. F. Chorley—was also most friendly. The *Portfolio* had a special illustrated article, the *Pictorial World* published

drawings by Lucien Davis, and Mr. Robert Farren brought out a series of etchings. But the photographs already mentioned help one best to visualize a memorable performance. An interesting by-product was Mr. Andrew Lang's brilliant and characteristic *tour de force* in the form of a modern *Parabasis* entitled " The Barbarous Bird-Gods ", showing how the myth representing the birds as older than the gods is prevalent in races so widely severed as the Zulus, Dacotahs, Australian aborigines, Andaman Islanders, etc.

When the *Birds* was revived at Cambridge just twenty years later the Greek Play Committee comprised the leading Cambridge scholars—Sir Richard Jebb, Henry Jackson, Sir John Sandys, A. W. Verrall—Professor Newton and J. W. Clark; F. J. Jenkinson, Charles Waldstein and Oscar Browning. " J " (Mr. Clark) again looked after the scenery and dresses, and Sir Walter Durnford—now Provost of King's—and H. J. Edwards of Peterhouse were the stage managers. The interest taken in the revival was manifested in various ways. In those days there was a succession of Bohemian papers published in London under titles of an allied character—the *Bat*, the *Hawk* and the *Pelican*. Of these the *Pelican*, which survived longest, did not abstain from " winged words " on this occasion, and, possibly owing to the fact that pelicans, in spite of their piety, are not included in the *dramatis personæ*, confessed to " not caring for the *Birds* in the original Greek ", and added that it would be " extremely glad when the theatre opened its doors to something more bright and modern ". On the other hand, Jebb gave no fewer than three lectures on the *Birds* in the month which preceded the production. In one of these lectures, which is printed in the *Cambridge Review* for November 5, 1903, he referred at length to the " memorable performance " of 1883 as still " fresh in the memories of many of us after twenty years ", and added that they looked forward to hearing Sir Hubert Parry's music again with the keenest anticipation. A. W. Verrall also lectured on the *Birds*, and the *Cambridge Review* notes that the acting version used omitted the passage on which Verrall founded his ingenious theory that the *Birds* was a satire on a

Phœnician or Palestinian form of religion, and so was constructively anti-Christian. In spite of this confirmation of its misgivings in 1883, I cannot find any trace of further protest in the *Record*. Parry, who touched up the orchestration and wrote additional instrumental accompaniments for the spoken words of the *Parabasis*, shared the duties of conducting with Dr. Charles Wood, who had "trained the Chorus admirably".

The cast, though not so remarkable in the subsequent eminence of its members as that of 1883, included several young men who have since made their mark. Mr. Clive Carey greatly distinguished himself as the *Coryphæus* and the *Owl*. Mr. John T. Sheppard, afterwards Fellow of King's and now joint-editor of the *Classical Review*, won great approval in the long and exacting part of *Peithetairos*; the Hon. G. W. Lyttelton, now an assistant master at Eton, was physically and vocally impressive as *Herakles*; and Mr., now Sir Ronald Storrs, the Civil Governor of Jerusalem, took the part of *Prometheus* played by his uncle, Mr. Harry Cust, in 1883. The songs of the *Hoopoe* were entrusted to Mr. Hubert Eisdell, well known to concert audiences to-day as an excellent tenor singer. There were five performances—on November 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and the press notices were more numerous and more appreciative of the music than on the occasion of the original production. The *Times*, it is true, lamented the introduction of more horse-play, and thought the performance less amusing precisely because of these jocular interpolations—which, by the way, included a bold mimicry of Parry by the *Runner-bird*. But the score is eulogized as "unsurpassed in English music for its grace, spontaneity and freshness of invention". In the same spirit the *Manchester Guardian* speaks of the music as "the most appropriate, playful and melodious score ever written for a Cambridge Greek play. . . . The house grew hoarse with cheering at the end." Dr. Alan Gray, writing on the music in the *Granta*, expressed the view that Hubert Parry's full powers were first revealed in the *Birds*—"in its way an effort as remarkable as *Blest Pair of Sirens*"; and a genial article

by " Apemantus " in the same journal ends with the comprehensive compliment : " We came away with a vastly increased admiration for Sir Hubert Parry, for Mr. Carey, and for Mr. Sheppard ; and last, but not least, for Aristophanes ". Nor must we forget the tribute of Mr. Jules Truffier, Sociétaire de la Comédie Française, who attended the performance at the request of M. Jules Claretie, the Director of the Théâtre Français and as the guest of J. W. Clark. He wrote a charming article in the *Figaro*, in which he observes that " Sir Hubert Parry a souligné les morceaux poétiques d'Aristophane d'une fine musique ". There were sketches by A. Hugh Fisher in the *Illustrated London News* and by H. M. Brock in the *Graphic*, but once more the photographs of the principals and groups established the superiority of the camera over the pencil in furnishing a permanent record of the admirable collaboration of " J " and Professor Newton.

The performances were closed with the usual festivities, and at the opening of the next term Sir Walter Durnford stood the whole company a dinner at which Mr. Oliffe Richmond, of King's, now Professor of Humanity in Edinburgh University, read a set of verses, as generous in spirit as they are happy in expression. After friendly references to various members of the cast, to " J " the " grand old man Of histrionics Cantabrigian ", to Walter Durnford, Mr. C. C. Brinton, " the Queen of Beauty ", and to Mr. H. J. Edwards, he continues :

> " Yet heavier burden now my song must carry,
> Burden of praise and love for Hubert Parry.
> Dazzling success did not our senses blind
> To the true cause, the *one* that lay behind.
> His quickening Muse did our attempts inspire,
> Raised Aristophanes a cubit higher ;
> His bâton's magic, than the Athenian's pen
> Yet mightier, swayed and charmed the hearts of men."

The lines ended on a note at once convivial and regretful :

> " With bodies full, and hearts too full for words,
> We bid farewell to Cloudland and the *Birds*."

Professor Richmond had forgotten what he wrote of " the beloved Hubert " when I asked and obtained permission to print his lines, but he tells me " our affection for him was far deeper than any light words could convey ".

The *Birds* was revived at Cambridge in 1924 under the direction of Dr. Charles Wood, now Professor of Music at the University, and in the previous year was performed in English to Hubert Parry's music by the lady students of London University.

The *Oxford Magazine* was incorrect when in an otherwise admirable article on Hubert Parry's connexion with the O.U.D.S., published after his death, the writer stated that " in 1892 the production of the Greek Comedy was a venture into the unknown ". Cambridge had led the way nine years before with the *Birds*. But no exception can be taken to the remark that " it was a happy inspiration which suggested the *Frogs* as the play and Parry as the composer ".

Throughout the latter half of the previous year he devoted all the time he could spare from his College work and other engagements to the composition of the incidental music to the *Frogs*. It was a tremendous rush, but he had no reason to complain of the energy and goodwill of his Oxford collaborators, musicians and scholars. Dr. C. H. Lloyd, then the organist at Christ Church, who undertook the training of the chorus and conducted the performances in alternation with the composer, was indefatigable at all stages of the venture, and Parry's letters abound in grateful acknowledgment of his services in correcting proofs and revises, arranging rehearsals and engaging instrumentalists, in fine, of his " promptness and marvellous capacity for getting things through ". But as late as December 18 Parry feared he would barely get the copies ready for the opening performance on February 24. On December 22 he marvelled at the pace with which Hogarth (Mr. D. G. Hogarth, now Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum) and A. D. Godley, the late Public Orator, had got the translation done. " Sometimes it is so brilliantly good that I quite wish it was to be done in English." The long-expected

second proofs arrived on January 13 and thenceforward things went smoothly:

(*To Dr. C. H. Lloyd*)

"17 Kensington Square, *January* 23, 1892.

"I had a capital talk with Furse [now Bishop of St. Albans] this morning, and I think he has capital ideas about the dancing and general disposition of the Chorus. I have sent you down the rest of the copies of the big Chorus by Xanthias who came with Furse. I did not catch his modern name."

Instructions about the band and the employment of "deputies" follow. On February 6 he writes about passages to be sung by *Aeschylus* and *Euripides*: the former to be accompanied by castanets. Parry suggests a big empty wine-case or a cask and a bass castanet: "We can play the bones ourselves. The pitch is of no consequence either in the bones or the singer." The first band rehearsal was held at the R.C.M. on February 16, and though there were plenty of mistakes, "the things sounded well and I came away feeling happy". His happiness was "nicely dashed" in the evening by a paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, asserting that "the critical people at Oxford express disappointment at Dr. Parry's music". He admits that it was silly to be affected by such things, but "it did upset me sorely and I had a bad night of it". Parry, unlike Tennyson, rarely talked of his treatment by the critics, though he had good reason to complain in his earlier years. More often than not he speaks of the press being "too kind". This paragraph, however, though malicious and misleading, was the only flaw in a perfect month.

The first performance was given on the evening of the 24th. Parry's incidental music consisted of (1) Overture; (2) Introduction to Act I. Scene 2; (3) Introduction to Act I. Scene 3: Barcarole; (4) Entr'acte: Whipping Scene; (5) Entr'acte: Poets' Tempers; and he records his impressions in his diary as follows:

"I pulled myself together with a fierce effort, and all the music with but few slips went to perfection and the band played their very best. Even the overture was vigorously applauded; the χωρῶμεν εἰς πολυρρόδους λειμῶνας was encored, and so was the swing chorus. The effect of the rush of the Initiated was splendid, and the acting wonderfully good. Ponsonby[1] as the *Corpse* was unsurpassable and very good as *Euripides*. Furse's[2] *Heracles* was a little overdrawn but very funny. So, too, with Helbert's[3] *Dionysus*. *Charon*[4] was supremely good also—specially his lesson to *Dionysus* in the boat crossing the Styx, and of course that was received with shouts of joyful laughter. Talbot[5] was excellent as *Aeschylus* and Lyon as *Xanthias*. The chorus was as pat and vigorous as possible and their tone splendid. There was great enthusiasm at the end and everybody had to go before the curtain."

Parry was afraid the second performance on the 25th was bound to go badly after such a good first. "But I told the company we must break the tradition about bad second nights, and I think we thoroughly did. In some respects it was even better than yesterday's." On the 28th he wrote to acknowledge Lloyd's "angelic" goodness, in addition to all his other kindnesses, in writing to let him know how the third performance fared:

"It must have gone well indeed! It was my birthday on Saturday and you can't think what a welcome birthday letter yours was. It was a dismal day: six hours' hard work and Lady Maud ill at home, but your note put some shine in it."

Parry came down for the final performance, and the entry in his diary is no exaggeration of what took place:

[1] Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who afterwards married Parry's elder daughter. Now Labour M.P. for Brightside, Sheffield.

[2] Now Bishop of St. Albans. His brother, the late Mr. Charles Furse, A.R.A., designed the cover of the programme—a woodcut of Charon in his boat surrounded by frogs.

[3] The late Mr. Lionel Helbert, for many years headmaster of West Downs School, Winchester.

[4] Mr. E. M. Bonus of New College.

[5] Mr. J. E. Talbot of the Board of Education.

"*March* 1.—Much time spent with all the Frog company and their fellow-workers getting photographed. The last performance was a wild uproar from first to last. They insisted on having the Overture over again, and encored everything they could throughout. A bouquet of parsley tied with white ribbon was handed up for the donkey, and carrots in showers were flung on the stage. The row at the end was something wonderful to hear. Furse made a capital speech, and they called on me, but I couldn't bring myself to it. After that a supper—at the 'Grid' till past 1—with toasts and wild merriment. I never had such splendid fun in all my life or found anything so nice as all the good fellows were—so entirely without personal vanity or any putting of themselves forward from first to last. I was treated much too kindly, and we parted in low spirits at its being over."

Having attended the first performance the present writer can testify to the exhilaration of the audience. How the *Frogs* affected the actors is well told in the following reminiscences furnished by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby:

"When I first heard that the O.U.D.S. were going to perform 'the Frogs' I did not take any particular interest in it, until one day when Michael Furse (now Bishop of St. Albans) and Jack Talbot arrived in my rooms at Balliol and asked me to play the *Corpse* and *Euripides*. I had done some acting but the part of a corpse I feared might be rather beyond my reach. They reassured me, however, and I agreed. Then I had to get the consent of the Master. Jowett was silent and blinked. He had no illusions that acting could be undertaken without interference with work. But he consented at last, and eventually even came to the performance, and I was greatly delighted afterwards at receiving a note from him which began 'Dear Euripides, I thought your performance excellent!' But work certainly did go to the wall, because never can any performance have absorbed the time and attention of players more than the *Frogs* did. We began our rehearsals in the Christmas vacation. Jack Talbot, who was *Aeschylus*, and Lionel Helbert, who had the chief part as *Dionysus*, and I met frequently and spent much time in developing our particular characteristics. When term began we had a perfect orgy of rehearsals, and of course I attended them all, whether I

was on or not. Then the music arrived, and I can well remember the night when Talbot played it over to us in his rooms in Magdalen. It seemed to act like magic on all of us, whether we were in the chorus or not. As time went on we were singing, humming or whistling snatches from morning till night. The little company all became very intimate friends, and we developed our special jokes and jargon, composed of Greek and slang, which made us very trying company for any one who was not taking a part in the play. Michael Furse did most of the stage managing and arranged the various evolutions for the chorus: and he, like every one else connected with the performance, found his work remarkably easy owing to the extraordinary enthusiasm shown by every performer.

"Great was the excitement when Hubert Parry came down to take a rehearsal. But the impression left was that he thought it great fun but not at all good. This spurred on the chorus and orchestra, who seemed to be determined that it should be good as well as fun, and when the series of performances came I think they can be credited with having made an unqualified success of their part of the show. We were all of us a little apprehensive as to how the play would be taken, and none of us expected the packed houses and tumultuous applause with which we were received. We certainly worked hard and each did his share. Helbert in his immensely long part of *Dionysus*, Lyon as *Xanthias*, Furse as *Heracles*, Bonus as *Charon*, Talbot and myself, and Tapsfield as leader of the chorus, and the chorus themselves —each and all seemed inspired with a special enthusiasm. Some credit too must be given to Aristophanes, for we found in his lines a great deal that suited our mood. But undoubtedly it was the music that carried us off our feet and the beautiful choruses still bring vividly to my memory one of the happiest experiences of my life. As *Euripides* I was supposed to be like an ill-natured Burne-Jones Saint. But I think the very different reading of the part given by the *Euripides* in the revival of 1909 was far better than mine. I had my own song specially written for me to the accompaniment of a flute and clarinet. It never appeared in the score, and I lent my one and only copy to my successor[1] in 1909. I was very much pleased when I saw that my rendering of it pleased the composer. My corpse was very much appreciated. The part played itself. But I took

[1] E. S. H. Corbett of University College.

my lead from my funeral march, which in its mock solemnity prepared the way for my altercation with *Dionysus*. My make-up was said to be much too realistic, and some of the audience took exception to the signs of decomposition on my cheeks. In fact when the theatre was burnt down a week or so later it was said to be a judgment on this outrageous performance of mine.[1]

"But the *Frogs* was destined to be eventful for me in more ways than one. When term was over some of us met together in London still talking over the glorious days of the *Frogs*. 'Come round and see the Parrys', said Furse to me. 'Oh!' I replied rather reluctantly, 'do you think I ought to begin them?' But I did go; I did begin them; and now thirty years later I am still going on with one of them."

Mr. Cyril Bailey writes in much the same strain of the influence of the music:

"The effect was electrical, and the audiences which filled the theatre night by night almost felt that a new art had been created. *βρεκεκεκὲξ κοὰξ κοάξ* was heard at the street corners, and the refrain of the great *Ἴακχε* chorus and the delicately pathetic Funeral March of the *Corpse* were hardly less popular, though perhaps Parry's art showed itself more clearly in the subtler beauty of *χωρῶμεν εἰς πολυρρόδους λειμῶνας* and the grave serenity of *ὦ Διὸς ἐννέα παρθένοι*."

To these testimonies may be added one which probably pleased the composer most of all. Dannreuther, whom he went to see on March 6, was "enthusiastic about the *Frogs*. He doesn't believe such a delightful, fresh, clever, healthy performance is possible anywhere else in the world, certainly not in Germany." Parry never spoke directly or positively in terms of praise of his own work; his satisfaction seldom rose above the negative level, the schoolboy's euphemism of "not half-bad". And he only quoted the approval of those whose judgment counted, for Dannreuther was a rigorous critic; even here he is careful to emphasize the word "performance", and not to apply the commendation to the work performed.

[1] In the Creweian oration at Encaenia this year Dr. Merry said "*tanto fervore accepta est fabula ut exardesceret theatrum*".

On March 16 he was back again in Oxford for a performance of his Symphony in C and one of his Anacreontic Odes in the Sheldonian. The Symphony went well and was well received. Parry mentions that no fewer than fifteen of his "Frog friends" turned up to welcome him, and on the following day he was presented by the entire Frog company with a fine book full of photographs of the performers: "a very jolly memorial of the proceedings and most pleasantly bestowed in Woods'[1] rooms in Exeter. They received me with the first chorus of the Initiated, which they sang with great energy when I came into the room. It was altogether jolly and good." By way of postscript to this record I may add the letter to Dr. C. H. Lloyd on March 4:

"I wonder how these dear Frog people are! I had a very nice note from Furse this morning, which I was glad to have, for I wanted to write to him. What a wildly jolly time it was, and what a nice lot of fellows they were! And what a real good unselfish friend you were all through."

For his next venture in the domain of Greek drama Parry turned for the first and only time to tragedy. The *Agamemnon*, of which six performances were given at the New Theatre, Cambridge, on November 16-21, 1900, was, as a writer in the *Cambridge Review* justly observed, a "heavy task musically", since of the 1673 lines in the play 840 are assigned to the chorus and 660 were set to music. Besides the choruses Parry wrote an Introduction, a triumphal March and a short Intermezzo. His diary shows that for several months, during a very busy year, he devoted all his available leisure to the study of the text and the composition of the music, and he had certainly no reason to be dissatisfied with the reception of his share of the setting.

The *Agamemnon* Committee comprised all the great Cambridge scholars—Jebb, Henry Jackson, Verrall, Sandys, and Jenkinson—while J. W. Clark and H. J. Edwards acted as stage managers. The Greek text used was prepared by Arthur Sidgwick, whose son Mr. Frank Sidgwick was leader

[1] F. C. Woods, then organist of Exeter, afterwards of Highgate School, who had taken a most helpful part in the production.

of the Chorus, and the English version was that of Miss Anna Swanwick. No pains had been spared to make the production worthy of the play, and Verrall contributed a preliminary study to the *Cambridge Review*, in which he again expounded his ingenious theory of the beacon-fires. But, somehow or other, the Cambridge *Agamemnon* lacked the prestige of the Oxford performance twenty years earlier.

On this occasion there was no outstanding performer, though Clytaemnestra had won a " Blue " for the long jump, Agamemnon was rowing in the trial eights, and the Argive elders were largely recruited from the ranks of athletic undergraduates. The part of the Watchman, it may be noted, was taken by the late Mr. E. S. Montagu, the Secretary for India in 1917–1922. The criticisms of the press, apart from a certain amount of somewhat perfunctory praise, were by no means enthusiastic. The *Granta*, in an able article, followed up by controversial correspondence, pronounced the production on the whole as " unworthy ". The *Westminster Gazette* considered that it fell between two stools, being neither archæologically correct nor successful as an adaptation, and held that the play ought to have been given in English. The most hostile and amusing notice was that of " Max " in the *Saturday Review*, who called the production " Aeschylus made ridiculous—a stupid, tawdry perversion ". The acting, like the setting, was " elaborately realistic and cheerful " : the music was also " cheerful " ; but " Greek tragedy can't be made cheerful ". A good many of the notices were written by dramatic critics who frankly avowed their inability to criticize the music and dismissed it with brief laudation.

Mr. J. B. Atkins in the *Manchester Guardian*, a paper which he had represented with much distinction in the South African War, turned his recent experiences to good account by showing how topical much of the play was in its references to the privations of campaigners, the failure of transport, and the inadequacy of the commissariat. He also was moved to notice that Hubert Parry's music, besides being admirably descriptive, fitted in excellently with Verrall's theory of the beacon-fires. The *Westminster*

Gazette found the score ingenious and pleasant, but "of very modern flavour". The *Granta* implied that it probably saved many of the audience from boredom. The most detailed musical criticism appeared in the *Musical Times*, which very rightly dwelt on Parry's remarkably effective use of "leading motives" and the artistic subtleties of his handling of the metre. In the *Athenæum* it is pointed out that the music, though beautiful and appropriate, was "decidedly difficult". The chorus and band—the latter mostly composed of old R.C.M. pupils—came in for unqualified praise.

My own impressions, recorded in a notice in the *Spectator* for November 24, were that Parry's method was in keeping with the general attitude of the Cambridge Committee in staging the play:

"Antiquarian accuracy is mainly confined to the employment of the Greek text, the exclusion of female performers, the use of classical costumes, and a regard for the traditions as to the grouping of the chorus. For the rest, scenic accessories are employed and freedom of gesture is permitted to the actors. This partial modernisation, rendered inevitable by the conditions of indoor performance in a modern theatre, is faithfully reflected in Sir Hubert Parry's score. That is to say, he has not been at pains to write archaic music for archaic instruments, but makes judicious use of the resources of the modern orchestra. The emotional advantages of this method are too obvious to be insisted on. A composer who is confined to the harp and flute can never infuse into his music the poignant accents commanded by violins, clarinets, and oboes, or the mystery and awe which reside in the tones of the basses. At the same time the outlines of Sir Hubert Parry's music are broad, the colouring restrained, the melody simple. The composer has not tried to paint with all the pigments in his palette. He has resisted the temptation to handle his share of the work in anything approaching the spirit of the modern music-drama. Loyally accepting the limitations of the situation—in which the speeches of the principal *dramatis personae* are all spoken, not sung, and vocal utterance is confined to the chorus—he has composed, not an opera, but a number of illuminative pieces of incidental

music, in which the point of the spoken word is emphasized and its suggestiveness coloured without any obtrusive, perturbing, or inflaming use of the sonorities at the disposal of the modern composer. The great opening chorus, which succeeds the Watchman's monologue, is a really masterly effort of descriptive writing, the harmonized monotone of the opening passages exactly fitting the weariness of the ten years' waiting for Agamemnon's return. Sir Hubert Parry has throughout closely followed the metrical structure of the choruses, fitting sharply defined phrases to what may be called the marching rhythms, and treating the more exalted and rhapsodical passages with an elasticity befitting their quasi-improvised character. Unison is freely used, but variety is lent to the music by antiphonal treatment, and the alternations of tone-colour between the basses and tenors."

Parry conducted two of the performances: the rest were undertaken by Dr. Charles Wood. The very brief mention of the production in his diary indicates that he was under no illusion as to the importance of his music, and I think there can be no doubt that Greek Tragedy proved a less stimulating incentive to his inspiration than Greek Comedy. This is not to say that he admired it less. One may note in this context that for all his passion for the sea he never composed a sea symphony.

The next Parry-Aristophanes play was given in 1905, when the O.U.D.S. chose the *Clouds*. "The slightly academic tone", according to Mr. Cyril Bailey, "which caused some apprehensions as to the dramatic success of the play, won Parry's sympathy at once, and this time he fairly let himself go in parody :

(*To Cyril Bailey*)

"R.C.M., *January* 19, 1905.

"The proofs went off to Breitkopfs on Monday. I had your corrections of the Greek transferred to my proofs by my secretary and checked them all. Godley's version fits quite splendidly. It is quite a *tour de force*. It is impossible for me to do the arrangements of the incidental Music yet. It is a very heavy job. But it shall be done as soon as is

humanly possible. I am getting it all into shape, however, and want your help over the titles to be sure I don't make any mistakes in my Latinity.

"The Overture is, as I told you, called a 'Notturno', and as a hit at the modern programme-music people, I want to call it 'Insomnia Strepsiadis'—will that be right? It represents the nightmare he has been suffering from just at the beginning of the play. Then he is also the subject of the movement before the scene where Socrates talks of him as such a fearful idiot, and I want to call that movement 'Passacaglia' and either 'Rusticus expectans' or by the hideously burlesque title of 'Rusticus aratur in Parvis', which I leave you to translate. Perhaps the first is more respectable. Also do you think 'Fuga pessimistica' is too atrocious for the name of another movement? I think you will guess what I mean, and perhaps can suggest a better and less canine name. About the movement in which I told you I had introduced a solo bit from Beethoven's Violin Concerto: how would it be to bring in some one made up like Joachim to pass on the stage as if playing it in the street and seeking admission to the school?—which is denied him, and he passes sorrowfully out before Strepsiades comes to knock at the door. The Orchestra practically snuffs him out and extinguishes him as I have it. The point would be the exclusion of Music in accordance with the statement of Adikos, and it would be a hit at the modern scoffs at 'old-fashioned music'. It fits on very deftly to the movement suggesting the knocking at the door."

There was the usual rush and racket with the proofs, for as Parry says, "The race I live in just now is quite desperate"; but with the invaluable aid of Dr. Allen, the task was finished, though it was a "tight fit", for the music for the end of the play was not sent to the copyist until February 23, or less than a week before the first performance. The incidental music comprised five numbers:

1. Introduction to Act I. Notturno: Strepsiadis Insomnia.
2. Introduction to Act I. Scene II. Sinfonia Academica.
3. Entr'acte. Passacaglia: Arator Aratus.
4. Entr'acte. Fuga Pessimistica (Fog-fugue).
5. Entr'acte. Quodlibet.

The *Clouds* only obtained a third prize on its original production at the "Great Dionysia" at Athens in 423 B.C. It is not, in the opinion of some writers, a first-class play. Hence it was all the more to the credit of the actors of the O.U.D.S. that they succeeded, in the words of the *Athenæum* of March 11, 1905, in making a first-class show of it. The Greek Play Committee was a positive galaxy of learning, including Ingram Bywater, the Professor of Greek; Robinson Ellis, the Corpus Professor of Latin; Henry Pelham, the President of Trinity; Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln (credited with the saying that a certain play of Aristophanes was "as broad as it was long"); Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen; D. B. Munro, the Homeric scholar and Provost of Oriel; Dr. Farnell of Exeter and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, then of Magdalen, later of *Sinister Street* and Herm, who took the part of *Phidippides* in the play. A notable sign of the times was the inclusion for the first time on the Greek Play Committee of a lady, Miss Lorimer of Somerville College, under whose direction the dresses were made. The stage management was in the hands of three distinguished classical dons—Mr. Cookson of Magdalen, Mr. Cyril Bailey of Balliol and Mr. A. D. Godley, the late Public Orator, and always one of the most refreshing of Oxford humorists. Godley and Cyril Bailey provided the metrical English version which accompanied the acting edition of the play, and Godley was responsible for the English translation published with the pianoforte arrangement of the score. Dr. (now Sir Hugh) Allen was of incalculable service in training the chorus, and conducted in alternation with the composer. There were in all nine performances, on the evenings of March 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 7, and on the afternoons of March 2, 4 and 7.

The burden of the play fell on Mr. C. W. Mercer and Mr. E. L. Scott, both of University College, who greatly distinguished themselves in the parts of *Strepsiades* and *Socrates* respectively. *Socrates* excelled in gesture, *Strepsiades* in unflagging vivacity, and "said every line as if he meant it". I quote this appreciation from the *Athenæum*, which has little but praise for the scenery and dresses, and

with intelligent anticipation observes that the " teaching in rhythm " imparted by Aristophanes " would be salutary for most minor poets of the day ". The chorus of female clouds—" dear, diaphanous creatures ", as Parry called them, played by male undergraduates, presented a " singularly handsome and effective appearance ", and though " their noses were too big ", their evolutions " made a great impression ". As for the music, the critic is equally laudatory :

" A superadded touch of modern and local caricature is almost inevitable in such cases, perhaps, and Sir Hubert Parry's music revealed itself from the outset as up to date. It was a wonderfully skilful caricature of innumerable popular songs, interspersed with motives from Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Strauss. The hoot of the motor-horn was heard early and often, a suggestion not out of place, since we remark that *Phidippides*, the fast young man of the day, runs his father into debt to the extent of ' twelve pounds for car and wheels to Amynias '."

To this professional estimate may be added the more enthusiastic eulogy of Mr. Cyril Bailey :

" Beethoven, Wagner, Tchaikovsky were all laid under contribution, and all with exquisite appropriateness. The *Fuga Pessimistica* was a marvellous exaggeration of modern tendencies, and yet — characteristically — it remained a wonderfully beautiful piece of music. There was a moment, too, in the Quodlibet, when the popular ' Wait till the clouds roll by ' had melted into the sleep-*motif* from the *Walküre* and was sustained by ' John Peel ' and ' We won't go home till morning ' in the bass, which was almost delirious ; nor will any one who heard it forget how, as he watched the house of Socrates burning to the *Feuerzauber*, one eminent musician in the stalls turned, half-pale, half-convulsed, to another, whispering, ' What would Frau Cosima say ? ' "

Four years later the *Frogs* was revived in 1909. But, as Mr. Bailey writes :

" Parristophanes, as we had learnt to call him, was not content with a mere revival, and improved and added all through, notably an audacious Handelian parody in the

Entr'acte before the entrance of the *Frogs*. The reception of the play showed that time had certainly not dulled the brilliance or the beauty of the music."

The performances were given on February 17, 18, 19, 20, 22 and 23, with *matinées* on February 18, 19 and 22. Sir Hugh Allen trained the chorus and conducted when Parry was unable to be present. Mr. Cyril Bailey was stage manager, and the acting edition was based on Professor Gilbert Murray's verse translation. The principal parts were allotted as follows :

Dionysus	G. Howard, Christ Church.
Xanthias	E. A. de Stein, Magdalen.
Aeschylus . . .	G. M. Stevenson-Reece, Balliol.
Euripides . . .	E. S. H. Corbett, University.
Heracles	J. D. Casswell, Pembroke.
Pluto	Hon. J. N. Ridley, Balliol.
Charon	J. N. Oliphant, Christ Church.
Aeacus	Hon. G. Charteris, Trinity.
A Corpse	W. P. Watt, Balliol.
A Hierophant (Coryphaeus)	F. H. Grisewood, Magdalen.

Mr. Philip Guedalla, since active in politics, the law and letters, appeared in the rôle of the landlady, and Mr. Adrian Boult, now well known as a conductor and Professor of the Royal College of Music, figured in the chorus of the Initiated. The revival was a great pleasure to Parry—how great may be gathered from his letter to his son-in-law :

(*To Arthur Ponsonby*)

"R.C.M., *March* 2, 1909.

"Thank you so much for your delightful letter from Oxford. The *Frogs* did come off well and no mistake—and what memories they did call up ! They have been fruitful in good luck for me. Perhaps without the *Frogs* we should never have had Elizabeth and Matthew[1] and Copenhagen and heaven knows how many other jolly

[1] His grandchildren. Copenhagen refers to a visit when Mr. Ponsonby was attached to the British Legation there. Shulbrede Priory, near Lynchmere, is the beautiful old-world house now belonging to Mr. Ponsonby. Taormina and Palermo refer to a journey in which Parry joined the Ponsonbys in Sicily in 1908.

things, like Shulbrede and Taormina and Palermo. Whoever would have guessed the old *Frogs* of years ago would have had such glorious consequences. I do owe them a lot. . . .

"Darling Doll has just been here looking as full of spirit and darlingness as ever."

The last of the series, the *Acharnians*, was given in February 1914. Writing in the *Oxford Magazine* of October 25, 1918, Mr. Cyril Bailey, under whose direction the play was produced, emphasizes the tragic irony that underlay the composition of the music:

"Its production has a melancholy significance now, not merely because the War has claimed among its victims both *Dicaeopolis* and *Lamachus* and many other prominent figures in the cast, but because it has shed a grim light of irony on the main theme of the play. Parry was essentially a man of peace, and seized the opportunity to ridicule what he believed to be the ungrounded fears of a war with Germany: the subdued tones of *Die Wacht am Rhein*, coupled with the *motif* of the 'Blue-Funkers', as he called it, figured prominently all through the score, and the exquisite hymn to Peace must again and again have been in the minds of the chorus and cast in the following years:

ὦ Κύπριδι τῇ καλῇ καὶ Χάρισι ταῖς φίλαις ξύντροφε διαλλαγή,
ὡς καλὸν ἔχουσα τὸ πρόσωπον ἄρ' ἐλάνθανες.[1]

Yet in some ways the *Acharnians* was Parry's greatest triumph, for the material was not at first sight so promising as that of the *Frogs* or the *Clouds*. He met the difficulty by wonderful effects of strict rhythm, which only revealed their beauty after long acquaintance: in neither of the other plays did the music so grow on the Chorus during rehearsals, and at the end the *Parabasis* and δεῦρο Μοῦσ' ἐλθέ were fixed in their minds for life."

The invitation was conveyed to Parry in October 1912, when he was recovering from an operation, and the subsequent correspondence reveals his initial misgivings and the

[1] "O of Cypris foster-sister, and of every heavenly Grace,
Never knew I till this moment all the glory of thy face."
B. B. Rogers.

constant strain under which his share in the work was carried on :

(*To Cyril Bailey*)

"R.C.M., *November* 1, 1912.

"I had a look at the *Acharnians* and was filled with wonder how you were going to get much fun or enlightenment out of it! Of course I should be very sorry to have to give it up. I can't help being quite greedy for another lark like other Greek plays! But you must tell me what you propose to do with it. Just now I have got my hands more than full!"

At the end of May 1913 he had knocked off work at the College owing to a collapse brought on by overstrain, and wrote from Highnam that he was taking the opportunity to get on with the music, mentioning the choruses already written and inviting suggestions about omissions, dances, etc. "I think", he adds, "it will be a good plan for me to send you the choruses before they are printed for you to see that I haven't maltreated the metres." The trouble he took over them is sufficiently shown in the *cri du cœur* seven weeks later. Parry was cast into the depths by Mr. Bailey's letter on the treatment of the Cretics in $\frac{6}{8}$ time :

"I can't assimilate your view that the accent on the third syllable must be stronger. The horror of it is that if I am to recast the Cretic portions, the Cretic parts of the *Parabasis* and εἰ δέ, etc., must be completely rewritten. I must beg of you to wait a little and see if in the end my view of the modern equivalent of the Cretics won't hold water. The alternative is obviously that I must give up the job. I have gone to the uttermost limit of endurance and kept myself ill in order to carry the work out, and I haven't strength for more. . . . Of course detailed amendments can be done, but not the rewriting of whole choruses."

(*To the same*)

"Rustington, *July* 22, 1913.

"Here is the *Parabasis*. It's fearfully long. I don't know whether the complaints of the old warriors about

their treatment could be cut at all. That's where the length is liable to become oppressive! My elaborate joke at the end is at your disposal to cut out or not. The young boys of these days following Debussy have developed an inordinate passion for consecutive 5ths, so the occasion is suitable to remind folk that that is exactly what their primitive forefathers did, and I have introduced a hideous bit of 'organizing', quite correct, and the tune is the plain song of 'Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius'—after all you are the sons of your fathers! Don't be shocked at the profanity."

A hard spell of revising the band parts of his *Te Deum* for the Gloucester Festival—which was never held—and College examinations interfered with the *Acharnians*, but he wrote a few days later to report that he had attended to all Mr. Bailey's suggestions about cuts, etc. On his return from his cruise to Staffa and Iona, Parry wrote on September 1 to express his great relief at the possible settlement of the vexed question of the Cretics. For the sequel I am indebted to the following generous explanation given me by Mr. Bailey:

"We had great difficulty about their setting. The Cretic is in Greek a 5-time metre ♩♪♩, and Parry set the chorus in $\frac{6}{8}$ time ♩.♪♩.. When I first saw the setting I was alarmed, because I thought the accent would then fall wrong. As you see, he felt my criticism strongly, and afterwards, as soon as I heard them sung, I saw that he was absolutely right and I was completely wrong. He had got, as always, the real modern equivalent, and the 'Cretic' effect was ultimately just right."

Later letters deal with the familiar agony over proofs and revises, and apologize for his shortcomings on the score of ill-health and over-pressure. In January he wrote to say that since the end of October he had taken every hour he could get to finish the full score, and had never missed a day save when he was engaged for the whole of it. "It works out at 270 pages of full score", which he had sent off on January 5. On the 16th a bombshell arrived from Breitkopfs, who wrote to say there was no prospect of getting

the copying done in Germany. The only way out seemed to be in setting a whole army of copyists to work at once on different parts of the score, and "it is doubtful if we can get them. I'm ashamed to say this worry has nearly bowled me over. It is quite an open question whether the parts can be ready in time." So he begs Mr. Bailey to keep the bad news back: "it might knock the steam out of the chorus if they knew". The difficulty was got over somehow, and on February 3 Parry writes to thank his devoted friend for his patience and kindness and hopeful words about the music. He had omitted to let Sir Hugh Allen—who was training the chorus—have the label-tunes marked in the instrumental movements:

"I daresay he will guess 'The British Grenadiers' always typify the old fighters of Marathon, and the 'Norrible Tale' the frights about the Germans, though in the *Parabasis* it is made to extend to a wider meaning. I should like to dedicate the Overture to the 'Blue-Funkers'!"

The overture was entitled "War and Peace"; the Prelude to Act I. "Ancient Grudges" and the Prelude to Act II. "The Little Pigs' Minuet". It will be remembered that, at the opening of the second act, Dicaeopolis, the country farmer, with whose protest against the unnecessary continuance of the Peloponnesian war Aristophanes was in sympathy, is found bargaining with a Megarian for the sale of his daughters dressed up as pigs as the only means of escaping starvation. For the rest, the explanatory notes which Hubert wrote for the programme are worth reproducing, if only as an index of his pre-War pro-Teutonism:

The War Scares are typified by .	"An 'orrible tale I have to tell."
The Acharnians (the old Fighters of Marathon and Salamis) by .	"The British Grenadiers" and "Rule, Britannia!"
The Pugnacious Athenians by .	"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do!"
Dicaeopolis (the Countryman) by	Schumann's "Merry Peasant."

The obvious Answer to the War Scare by	"O dear, what can the matter be?"
Athenian Alliances by . .	"The Marseillaise."
The Spartans by the . . .	"Wacht am Rhein."
The Levity of Popular Indifference by	Ragtime Tunes.
The War Spirit and the Impersonation of the shoddy Military Hero, Lamachus, by . .	A Parody of some Patriotic Effusions.
Smooth-Tongued Cajoleries of Foreigners by . . .	The Waltz Tune from the "Rose Cavalier."

Many other well-known tunes are referred to in appropriate connexion with the various situations.

Of the seven performances given, including two *matinées*, during the week of February 18-24, Parry was only able to attend on the afternoon of Saturday 21st, when he conducted some of the music. The other performances were conducted by Sir Hugh Allen or Mr. Adrian Boult. The acting edition used was the translation by the late Professor R. Y. Tyrrell of Trinity College, Dublin. Miss Penrose and Miss Lorimer, both of Somerville College, superintended the making of the dresses, and the list of *dramatis personae* reveals the interesting fact that the Megarian's daughters, entrusted with squeaking as well as speaking parts, were played by small girls, though somewhat inconsistently the *rôles* of Dicaeopolis' wife and maid, the bridesmaid, and the dancing girls were sustained by mere males:

(*To Cyril Bailey*)

"R.C.M., *February* 23, 1914.

"It's heartrending to think I shall not see the jolly performance any more. The way the Chorus did all your evolutions and gestures was such a joy to see. And they did sing with such festive liveliness. It will be for ever vivid in my memory. And what luck it was to find that youthful Jones! He is a marvel. If there had been nothing else to help it along he would have carried it all

upon his unique shoulders. But they were all good. And all your work upon it came out to perfection."

The "marvellous Jones", Mr. Bailey writes, was D. W. Llewelyn Jones of Magdalen, a freshman just nineteen who played Dicaeopolis:

"It was a part of over 900 lines, and he absolutely held the play together from start to finish—a wonderful feat. I think he was one of the best amateur actors I have ever seen. Such a jolly boy too. Both he and W. G. K. Boswell of New College, who played *Lamachus*, were killed in the War."

It was a large cast, of which the War took a heavy toll. The Greek Play Committee of this year was equally composed of dons and undergraduates, and amongst the latter was Guy Lawrence, President of the O.U.D.S., the younger son of George Lawrence of the Chancery Bar, famous in youth as an athlete and as the *Cassandra* in the early performance of the *Agamemnon* in 1880. The gifted son of a gifted father, Guy Lawrence fell in action only a few weeks before the Armistice.

Hubert Parry telegraphed in response to a greeting from the Company on the 24th: "Thank you so much. Am feeling forlorn, but send you all my love, and hope you will have no end of a good time." And he wrote to Mr. Bailey on the 26th in the same vein of gratitude and regret:

"R.C.M., *February* 26, 1914.

"Thank you very much for your letter. I'm afraid you must be feeling a bit of a reaction after the long strain of looking after that vivacious performance. But Allen tells me you are already in the grip of 'Mods', which will be as complete a change of work as you could well get, and will prevent your mind harking back to the joys of the Theatre. The memory of it all will be one of the things the gods themselves can't take away. It is almost incredible to what an extent your daring choice of the play justified itself, or the extent to which what you put into it made it go. I look back with delight to the evolutions

and business you devised, all so perfectly apt and enlightening, and I try not to feel too sore at having only seen it twice."

In the article from which I have already freely borrowed, Mr. Bailey ends with a vivid account of Parry's personal share in these productions:

"His scholarship was astounding: his work, after a reading of the play, would begin with a long afternoon and a cigar at the Royal College in company with an emissary from Oxford, going over the choruses to get the rhythm and mark recalcitrant quantities. A month or two afterwards the manuscript would arrive with hardly a shade of error in rhythm or quantity. The most ingenious expedients were used to get over the difficulties of classical metres in modern times; witness the treatment of the ever-recurring Cretics in the *Acharnians*. Then followed the period of rehearsal, when almost every day brought a letter of suggestions and elaborations. And most memorable of all were the days during the performance when Sir Hubert came down himself to conduct. An indescribable feeling of fun and geniality came over chorus, cast and audience, and the play went as never before.

"And now it can never be again, but with the grateful recollection of all the humour and beauty he has given us, we are left to wish

εὐοδίαν ἀγαθὴν ἀπιόντι ποιητῇ
ἐς φάος ὀρνυμένῳ."

Writing to me a couple of years later, Mr. Bailey amplifies what he has said above about Parry's attention to detail:

"As I looked through his letters I think the two things which struck me most were the intense pressure at which he worked — exquisite lyrics and superb humour being produced on days completely filled with work at the College and elsewhere—and the minuteness of his care for details. No point seemed too small to escape him, nor did he mind the least if one worried him over a trifle like a false quantity or an awkward division of words. I was chary about doing so at first, but soon learnt to know that this was what he wanted. I couldn't over-emphasize my sense of his marvellous genius in seizing the spirit of Aristophanes and giving

it a wholly appropriate modern dress. His music to the choruses is better than any commentary."

It remains to be added that after the Oxford performances the University of Leeds gave both the *Clouds* and the *Frogs* in English to Hubert's music: the *Clouds* on November 29 and 30, 1906; the *Frogs* on November 30 and December 1, 1911. Mr. Cyril Bailey, who attended both performances, testifies to their success, and to Dr. W. Rhys Roberts, Professor of Classics in the Leeds University since 1904, I am indebted for the following details of the performance of the *Frogs*, under the musical direction of Mr. T. J. Hoggett, Mus.Bac., Lecturer in Music at the University. In a notice contributed to the *Classical Review* for February 1912, Professor Rhys Roberts observes that while Greek comedies and tragedies are so often seen at Oxford and Cambridge as to come and go without comment, "a performance, in English, of the *Frogs* at one of our youngest Universities and in the midst of a large industrial population is novel enough to claim attention in the *Classical Review*":

"The translation used was Professor Gilbert Murray's. There were large audiences on both nights, drawn not only from Leeds itself, but from various parts of the Three Ridings. The company, including the orchestra, numbered one hundred. All the speaking parts were taken or understudied by actors who had read the *Frogs* in the original. The play at no time 'dragged'; the attention was held from start to finish. . . . The chorus, led by an admirable Coryphaeus,[1] were heard and seen at their best when, as the Mystae with torches aflame, they passed in the dark through the audience up the Hall, uttering that great cry to Iacchus. Not only in this scene, but throughout, the singing was maintained at a high level. . . . The marked educational effect on all who took part in the performances cannot be questioned. As already indicated, the play was given in English. A performance in Greek would neither have brought the University, nor interested when there, those large audiences, ignorant for the most part of Greek, which we wished to see and did see."

[1] Now the Rev. Ernest Cross, Vicar Choral of Salisbury Cathedral.

Dr. Rhys Roberts adds in a letter, dated April 17, 1923, that " the manly breadth and humorous gusto of Sir Hubert Parry's music were greatly enjoyed both by the singers and the audience. You know how full-throated young Yorkshiremen can sing, and the music and the singers were well matched." In happier days a performance of the *Birds* had also been contemplated at Leeds, but these diversions were rudely thrust aside by the War. It is hoped, however, that the *Birds* may yet be given—" with Parry's music, of course, if leave be granted, as it was by him most readily and generously for the two other comedies ".

CHAPTER XV

BOATING AND YACHTING MEMORIES

Love of the sea and seafaring was a strong hereditary instinct in Hubert Parry. His father's mother, Mary Gambier, descended from Nicholas Gambier of Caen in Normandy, was the daughter of Samuel Gambier, First Commissioner of the Navy, and niece of the first and only Lord Gambier, Admiral of the Fleet, whose title became extinct on his death in 1833. Out of eight members of the family who served in the Navy, five rose to be admirals. Parry, as we have seen, was a "dry bob" at Eton, and though he loved the river, was not a rowing man at Oxford. It was not until he was nearly thirty, when he first went to Littlehampton, that he had an opportunity of indulging in what proved to be the great recreative interest of the last forty years of his life. I am indebted to Captain James Roach, who sailed with Hubert Parry for many years, was greatly trusted by him and remains devoted to his memory, for the following notes on his boats and yachts :

"Sir Hubert, when he came to Littlehampton, started with a canoe with a very large sail, and was more than once upset. On one occasion he capsized it and swam ashore with the painter in his mouth. My wife, who was then in Sir Hubert's service, saw the accident and went along the shore to assist him. Sir Hubert hauled up the canoe out of the water and sent my wife home for some dry clothes. When she returned he was in the bathing tent at Rustington quite exhausted."

The small sailing boats which followed are mostly linked with the production of the *Birds* at Cambridge—the *Ornis*,

a small open cutter in which he sailed with the late Sir Robert Morant and the Richmond children in the early 'eighties, the *Kitta* (κίττα = magpie) and the *Hoopoe*, a little yawl of seven tons, with bunks and a well. Captain Roach's father was Parry's first skipper. There was also a small centre-board called the *Scuttler* or *Tommy Scuttler*, but he began cruising in earnest with the *Latois*, a 21-ton yawl, in which he went as far as Stockholm, Copenhagen, Hamburg, the Kiel Canal and the Channel Islands. Finally there was the *Wanderer*, and for her history I return to Captain Roach:

"The *Wanderer* came to Littlehampton on November 23, 1900. She was then a ketch-rigged vessel, built for a Humber pilot and called the *Humber*. Sir Hubert bought her, pulled her all to pieces inside and fitted her up as a yacht in 1901. After cruising in her for some time he had her hauled up on Mr. John Harvey's slip, had her cut in halves, and ten feet added in the middle; she was then 61 tons. This made the accommodation much larger—a fine large saloon with state-room, three spare rooms in the lobby, a nice ladies' cabin, a good sized galley and pantry, and a large forecastle with cots and two berths and every convenience. Sir Hubert cruised with her for some time and then had her hauled up on the slip again. This time he had the short counter cut off and a yacht's counter built on, which made the *Wanderer* look much smarter; and in 1911 he had the old mast taken out and a much larger one put in with entirely new rigging. . . . In the *Wanderer* we used to go long cruises for a month or so to the S.W. of Ireland and the Skelligs, a favourite cruise of Sir Hubert's, or up St. George's Channel to the N.W. of Scotland, or down in the Bay of Biscay sailing all the time, night and day. The crew was seven all told. . . . In the year the War broke out Sir Hubert had a 33-horse-power Thornycroft motor put in to go through the canals of Sweden and Norway, but we were prevented going by the War. We went down at the back of the Isle of Wight, but by that time the War had begun. We tried to get out by the Needles, but they fired three shots across our bow and then the guard-boat came up and made us go back in the Solent. However, we got leave to go out and cruised as far as Dartmouth and back to Littlehampton to dismantle. I am sure that his not being able to use the yacht must have put ten years

on Sir Hubert's age, for he was a lover of the water, and used to look forward to those lovely cruises which he used to enjoy so much, and not only he, but his skipper and crew who mourn his loss."

Hubert Parry's fleet also included the *Dolgwandle* already mentioned in extracts from his diaries. Captain Roach describes her as " a smart barge built by Harvey of Littlehampton ". She was not used as a yacht, but as a trader, and was ultimately sold at Havre. He adds that the family did not care much about yachting, unless it was for a short cruise, but that " Sir Hubert delighted in taking his grandchildren for a spin ".

On all his cruises Hubert Parry kept a log, never missing a day, but the entries were brief, business-like and of little interest to the landsman. His most frequent companions were his brother Sidney ; Frank Pownall ; Logan Pearsall Smith ; Dr. G. R. Sinclair, the organist of Hereford ; Dr. C. H. Lloyd ; Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Hugh Allen. Four of these companions are dead, but his brother, Mr. Sidney Gambier-Parry, kindly placed at my disposal the diary kept by him during ten summer cruises between 1896 and 1907. The first four—1896, 1897, 1898, 1899—were in the *Latois*, the small 21-ton yawl mentioned above, with Pengelley as skipper : in and after 1901 they sailed in the *Humber*, soon re-named the *Wanderer*, the " general roominess " and sea-going qualities of which proved an agreeable contrast to the narrow accommodation and excessive liveliness of the *Latois*—" a brave little ship, often tried to the utmost of her powers ". Thus in August 1896, after witnessing the Naval Review and yacht-racing in the Solent, with the *Britannia*, *Meteor* and *Ailsa* as special attractions, they ran into a gale on their cruise to the Land's End, shipped two big seas, nearly lost the dinghy, and had exciting work getting into St. Mary's. The visit to Scilly, apart from the beauty of the islands, was also noted for the " overwhelming kindness " of the Smith-Dorriens of Tresco Abbey.

In August 1897 Hubert and his brother had a most enjoyable cruise, starting from Dieppe and then past



HUBERT PARRY ON BOARD THE "WANDERER" OFF THE CASQUETS, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903.

From a Photograph by G. R. Sinclair.

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Dunkirk and Ostend to Flushing, whence they sailed up to Terneuzen and were then towed up the ship-canal to Ghent, through typical Dutch scenery. There were no exciting incidents, but Hubert proved himself indefatigable, wherever they landed, in exploring churches and examining pictures. A year later they successfully explored the English coast and its estuaries from Ipswich to Dover. In 1899, joining the *Latois* at Guernsey, they failed to get a pilot to take them to Alderney, started off, ran into a white fog, and, without consciousness of their whereabouts or their risk, passed through the Ortac Channel between the Alderney group and the Casquets. Beautiful weather, moonlight bathes, and much enjoyable scrambling in Sark, an island for which Hubert had quite a special affection, made this a memorable cruise. And they had a further spice of risk in the Alderney Race on their way home, the yacht " plunging and kicking like a wild thing " in the lumpy sea as they neared St. Alban's Head. Christchurch Bay, where they landed and rowed up the river to the Abbey, and Stokes Bay were the final stages in the cruise, which ended at Littlehampton. Mr. Sidney Parry's first cruise in the *Humber* was at the end of August 1901, *viâ* the Solent to Poole Harbour, where they landed and explored Wareham, once an important seaport. From Poole they had a hard long beat out against the tide, " but got through by the skin of our teeth " to the Solent and so home with a strong easterly wind to Littlehampton.

In 1902 they cruised to Spithead on June 27 for the Coronation Naval Review—postponed by the illness of the King—and sailed in and out of the Fleet. On the 29th, on their way home, they were becalmed for five hours just short of Selsea. Hubert availed himself of the opportunity for a bathe, went overboard and swam so far out that those on the yacht could only see his head through their glasses. Meanwhile an excursion steamer passed between the yacht and the swimmer, and gave him a rousing cheer. After a while his brother grew a little anxious and consulted the skipper about sending out a boat. But no : the skipper had done it once before, and was not going to do it again.

So they had to wait patiently until he returned ; " blue all over ", in his brother's words, but none the worse for his prolonged immersion. In a second and much longer cruise a month later (July 30, 1902) Hubert, his brother, and the late Dr. Charles Lloyd joined the yacht in Valentia Harbour —travelling *viâ* Holyhead to Kingstown and thence by rail to the south. On August 1 they visited the Skelligs, and, favoured by exceptionally fine weather, managed to land on the Little Skellig, a feat not often accomplished by yachtsmen. The rock was crowded with innumerable solan geese—a wonderful sight. After much scrambling and exploring on the Great Skellig they sailed back past Valentia to the Shannon, went up the river and back, and then round Loop Head, and close up to the Cliffs of Moher on the Clare Coast—closer, indeed, than the skipper liked. " The best day's sail I ever had " is Mr. Sidney Parry's comment. Their course was shaped to the Aran Islands, where they landed in Killeany Bay, went ashore and walked across the island of Inishmore, " one vast stone-covered heap ". On August 5, after a lovely sail through Galway Bay, they anchored near Mutton Island and went ashore next day to find Galway squalid but intoxicated (in all senses) with the delights of a race meeting, in spite of drenching rain.

A short cruise in September 1905 to the Solent calls for no remark, but the excursion of August 1906 was not without excitement. Mr. Sidney Parry joined the yacht at Ryde, and on the way to Dartmouth they ran into a gale and carried away the topmast. They touched at Plymouth, Penzance and Clovelly, and at Lundy saw the wreck of H.M.S. *Montague* on the rocks. I have often noted that Hubert Parry enjoyed running risks. His brother gives a good example of this trait in the following entry in his diary :

" When off Lundy we got becalmed, the tide carrying us towards the N. end of the island—a beastly dangerous spot. Hubert's spirits were up, as usual, in proportion to the danger, and he scorned the skipper Pengelley who tried his utmost to persuade Hubert to hail a big sea-going tug

which had crept up to us seeing our plight. We continued to get nearer and nearer the island, the tug following and the skipper almost beside himself, stamping up and down the deck. Then our mainsail began to fill, the boom creaked and swung over, and we got steerage again. Round went the tug, and we were soon out of sight of each other and the island."

Mr. Sidney Parry's yachting notes end with the cruise to the Channel Islands in August 1907. On their first cruise together in 1896 Hubert heard of his election to the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The owner of the *Wanderer* was now a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to which he was elected in May 1907, though he never raced and was seldom seen in the clubhouse. On this trip they landed in Jersey and explored its caves, but the appeal of Sark remained supreme. It was a happy week, with light and baffling breezes until the run home, when they had to heave to in heavy wind and rain, and eventually sailed into Littlehampton harbour in a big sea and a blinding rain-storm—a risky job. Hubert was at the helm and brought in the yacht in masterly style, the crowd on the pier giving him a great cheer. "They had been watching us for a long time and some of them knew as well as we did that it wanted a very slight error of judgment to smash the yacht up after passing inside the harbour works."

Dr. Lloyd also wrote some genial yachting reminiscences for the Parry memorial number of the *Royal College Magazine*, and after her father's death Mrs. Ponsonby received this characteristic letter from Sir Walter Raleigh:

"The Hangings, Ferry Hinksey,
"*November* 29, 1919.

"It is not easy just now to write memories of Sir Hubert. I was very fond of him, and I think he liked me, but we were shy and all the most delightful things that happened were little things, not easy to share with the public. I had four glorious holidays with him, and when he died it was the end of a chapter.

"Men are funny creatures. If they like each other they are content to be together and to take what comes

without probing each other's minds at all. We caught cuttlefish, and for dramatic interest talked about George [1]. Sir Hubert was a delicious compound of wilfulness and kindness. The real drama of the yacht was—where shall we go next? Talk of secret diplomacy—the yacht was full of it. Sometimes the skipper disapproved of Sir Hubert's programme, and then his two guests usually held up the hands of the skipper, who did not like to raise objections on his own. If we prevailed, as we sometimes did, Sir Hubert would grasp the tiller and put the ship on the course he hated—a resolute martyr, still utterly kind, but the light had gone out of his life. His pleasure in the yacht was the pleasure of a three-year-old, which is the acutest thing in the world. He enjoyed things most when we were in what to a landsman would seem danger.

"I have often thought of him and missed him."

It was in memory of one of these cruises that Parry sent Sir Walter Raleigh a gift of some pipes, duly and almost lyrically acknowledged in a letter of thanks, in which Sir Walter wrote:

"I can't get over the pipes. It's most tremendous of you. I love them. They're not heavy, either, only large and capacious. 'To make a pipe for my capa-a-a-acious mouth.' I wish I could sing. I would."

From Dr. Lloyd's reminiscences of "Parry at Play" I extract the passage which deals with yachting:

"Much as he loved all outdoor exercise, he had too serious a sense of the value of time to give up to it more than was necessary to keep him in health. His greatest recreation (using the word in its literal sense) was yachting, and I know how eagerly he looked forward to the recuperation which he anticipated from his summer cruises. It is my conviction that if the War had not for the last four years made this annual 'cure' impossible for him, he would have been in a better condition to withstand the illness which carried him off. On several of these cruises he was good enough to ask me to accompany him. Yachting with him was no society affair of the Solent, though he was a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was justly proud of his white ensign. His yacht was a strongly built, very sea-

[1] Parry's factotum.

worthy North Sea ketch, which he had gradually improved and altered as to rigging, fittings, etc., ultimately going so far as to have her cut in two and lengthened. His fare and habits were of the simplest. He would begin the day with a header overboard and a swim to an enormous distance ; or, if the weather would not permit of this, he would get one of the crew to pour a few buckets of salt water over him on the deck. Though he had a qualified and responsible skipper, he worked out the ship's course for himself, and frequently took the helm, or helped to set the sails. It was delightful to see him steering on a sunny afternoon, with his busy brain no doubt teeming with ideas, and yet keenly alive to everything around him. He was never happier than in a violent storm, or in a hairbreadth escape from danger. More than once I yachted with him off the West Coast of Ireland, and we visited such out-of-the-way islands as the Skelligs—the Great Skellig with its bee-hive cells of early monks ; the Little Skellig with its myriads of sea-birds—and the flat sea-swept Aran Isles at the mouth of Galway Bay. On other occasions we went to Holland or France ; but wherever we landed he knew everything that was of interest concerning the place, historical, geological, architectural or what not. Never was there a more delightful travelling companion. When he went ashore he liked to superintend the marketing himself, selecting with discrimination the fish, or the beef-steak, or the vegetables that were required for our table. When we were able to anchor for the night in a harbour, he would often take himself for a sail in the dinghy while the dinner was being prepared ; and after dark he liked to read some serious historical or philosophical book for a couple of hours in the cabin.

" Whether at play or at work, at sea or on shore, no man was ever more energetic and intrepid, and at the same time more generous and considerate than Hubert Parry. Of him it might truly be said that he was *le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*."

Evelyn Lady de Vesci, an old friend and contemporary of Hubert Parry, writing to me in May 1923, remarks that his capacity for intense happiness was never more signally shown or more delightful to watch than during his holidays at sea :

" He seemed to belong to the splendour and excitement

of wind and waves—no weather was too wild for him. . . . I can vividly recall the vision of him in yellow oilskins against a black and heavy sea, intensely happy and as though alone—riding the storm.

" I also remember being amused and perhaps overcome by seeing him outside the galley door, holding a huge fragment of uncooked beef in his hand, about which the cook was evidently asking his opinion. Hubert was conscientiously sniffing at it and finally returned it genially to the cook, saying ' I think it will do ; I think it will do ', but one thought with apprehension of the next meal.

" It was on Lord Pembroke's yacht *Black Pearl* that we had a wonderful cruise round Ireland, and I only wish I could record the eager and interesting talks that he and Pembroke had on all sorts of subjects in the little deck cabin, and their rollicking enjoyment of fun and good stories.

" I remember that after very wild weather, when we were sheltering in Blacksod Bay, we sailed out in the cutter and landed at a house where we were hospitably entertained at tea. There was a grand piano in the room and Hubert asked if he might play on it : ' It is long since I have seen a piano ', he said, and we sat entranced listening to the music in this sort of dream-house in a wild corner of Ireland. Then twilight fell, and still under the spell of the music we said good-bye to our hosts and sailed back to the yacht."

Lastly, Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, the author of *Trivia*, has generously placed at my disposal the following recollections, remarkable alike for their charm and intimate understanding of Parry's character, of the cruises made in his company during the last five summers before the War :

" It was in the year 1909 that I first went yachting with Sir Hubert Parry, and as I was afterwards his guest every summer, until the War put an end to his yachting, I have been asked to write down a few recollections of those ever-memorable cruises which it was my privilege and pleasure to enjoy in his company.

" Sir Hubert was the very reverse of a fair-weather sailor ; the social and spectacular side of yachting had not the least attraction for him, and great was his contempt for

the idle yachtsmen who pottered about the Solent and only ventured out to sea in the calmest weather. Although a member of that most fashionable of clubs, the Royal Yacht Squadron, I think he almost never visited the famous clubhouse at Cowes; he loved the open sea, distant coasts, and adventurous voyages, and the greater the difficulties he met and the hardships he had to put up with, the more he was pleased. When on the first of August he would meet his guests at Littlehampton—and these, in his last years, were always Sir Walter Raleigh and myself—our cruise would be prefaced by a bit of pleasant comedy, Sir Walter Raleigh and I trying to divine on what destination he had set his heart, while he, with infinite courtesy and patience, tried to make out whether we had something in mind which we should especially enjoy. Should we sail for Ireland, for Scotland, or for France? What was it that we would really most like? What we liked most was of course to find out what he wanted, the delightful voyage he had been planning in his winter day-dreams, but which, at the slightest hint of another preference, he was perfectly prepared to sacrifice and forget. Plans and alterations were put before us with apparent impartiality, but he was so keen and cared so much, that it was not difficult to guess the plan he cherished, and our course was soon determined. But when this was settled, when we had sailed or been towed by the local tug out of Littlehampton harbour, and the sailing orders had been given to make East or West or South, our course was then irrevocably fixed, and we went sailing on day and night towards our chosen destination, however contrary the winds might be, or unfavourable the tides and weather. Indeed, the greater the difficulties, the greater for him—and in the end for us through him—the greater the pleasure. To beat our way in the teeth of a gale, to defy storms and tides, to be out at sea when all other sailing craft had taken shelter, to defy the Devil and all the winds of heaven, sometimes seemed to us, in moments of weakness, an odd way of taking a summer holiday; but then again we would be infected by the exultation that underlay his pretended gloom, and thrilled by his maledictions against the elements; and when at last we had accomplished our voyage, and in spite of everything we had fulfilled our purpose, when our storms and troubles over we anchored in some quiet and beautiful Irish or Scotch harbour, we could not but agree that it was all

immensely worth while; although, without the example of his intrepid spirit, we ourselves should never have had the constancy and courage to endure all that we had had to put up with before our goal was reached.

"Sir Hubert certainly loved to sail in the roughest weather, to navigate perilous shoals and pass through channels and races marked dangerous on the charts, and always to carry the fullest amount of sail. His skipper, Captain Roach, tells me that three times he carried away his topmasts, which were forty-five feet long. 'On one occasion', adds Captain Roach, 'we went out of Littlehampton with a fresh South-West wind; he left his friend at the tiller and went below to have a little lunch, when the topmast went over the bow. Sir Hubert looked up out of the companion, and taking it as a joke, he called out "Skipper, you have the burgee upside down!" The topmast and the burgee were below the foot of the mainsail.'

"I was not on the *Wanderer* on this occasion, but I have never seen him take mishaps, however annoying, in any other spirit; and I must say in spite of his reputation as a rash yachtsman, and the minor mishaps he sometimes incurred, I do not believe that he ever exposed himself and us to any serious danger. If he had been alone it might very well have been different[1]—there are many tales at Littlehampton of sailing boats upset at sea and incredible swims ashore—but with his guests and crew to take care of, he would always consider their safety, if not his own, and yield to the advice of his trusted and experienced skipper, when he saw the skipper was really anxious. At the same time he certainly did things that few yachtsmen would dream of doing, and one needed to have iron nerves or great inexperience to sail with Sir Hubert. Mine was the latter qualification; I was hardly aware of the risks we ran and the traditions we defied: his calmness was that of experience and courage, mine of ignorance, and so we got on excellently together. I soon came to see that he knew perfectly what he was about, that we were all perfectly safe in his hands, and need have no misgivings. For there was

[1] Mr. Pearsall Smith's surmise is borne out by a passage in Parry's Diary for 1887 describing a long "tug of wills" with his skipper—a temporary substitute—whom he found "as sulky as a bear". They had gone to Cowes in the *Hoopoe* for the great Naval Review in July, and in the space of three days Parry, on five successive occasions, insisted on doing what the skipper had declared to be impossible or dangerous.

never any one in the world more truly considerate of the feelings of others; his courtesy, not only to his guests but to every one of his crew, was exquisite, was almost Quixotic; and if no set of people, however goodnatured, can be thrown together for weeks at a time without giving each other now and then some cause of annoyance, Sir Hubert, in the most trying circumstances, never allowed any sign of this to appear; he was always good-tempered, always jolly, and though I sailed out with him every summer for five years, and must, I am sure, have often been a tiresome guest, he never once allowed me to feel that he was in the slightest degree annoyed with anything I said or did. He was the same with his skipper and crew: 'He always took everything in good part,' Captain Roach writes; 'he was well liked by his skipper and crew. In the morning when he came on deck he would always pass the time of day from the skipper to the boy, which put good cheer in the crew for the day, and the last thing at night it was always a good-night to all. We were all truly sorry to lose such a good master, for he was always the same.'

"Sir Hubert would come to the *Wanderer* from the midst of the important occupations and great responsibilities of his professional career, but these, with everything that pertained to his achievements and reputation and position, he would throw from him as he stepped on board his yacht, as he would change his irrelevant and inappropriate London garments. He spoke but little of his employments and the subject of music was hardly mentioned between us. I was too ignorant to dare to mention music, and he was much too considerate, and in a sense too modest, to dwell on matters which he thought might not interest me; and save that now and then I would see him working over a score, I might never have known that I was in the company of a great composer. That my host was a scholar, a man of great attainments, immense reading, that his mind was at home in the highest regions of thought and speculations, that he was endowed with the most exquisite æsthetic sensibility and a profound love of all that is beautiful in art and nature, was of course obvious at all times. His genius could not be hid; it shone and flashed in his talk—that frank, delightful inexhaustible talk about the people he had known, the places he had been to, the books he had read, which made his company a perpetual delight. He gave himself freely in conversation, he loved to discourse

and argue, he had strong views and liked to express them strongly, and yet there was a lack of dogmatism in his most vehement assertions ; and even when, as sometimes happened, he would throw chairs about the cabin to emphasize his point, he never seemed really intolerant or angry ; and if one did not agree, one could always put the other point of view, and he would listen to contradictions with a certain diffidence which was most unusual and most endearing in the attitude of an elderly man to one so much his inferior in years and attainments as myself. But this attitude of almost boyish modesty characterized his relations with all the people with whom I ever saw him come in contact ; he treated his skipper and crew as if their interests were as important and their points of view were as worthy of consideration as his own ; and it was a real lesson in human and democratic courtesy to go shopping with Sir Hubert. He loved buying the yacht's provisions ; he had his favourite shops in every port he was accustomed to visit, and, rowing ashore with a couple of yacht-hands to carry his purchases in their big baskets, we would walk in leisurely procession about the town, visiting some butcher or grocer or old fish-wife, whose faces would light up when they saw him approach, and with whom he would have long, leisurely confabulations, not only about their goods, but about their personal affairs as well—their health and symptoms and family worries—with all of which, from previous visits, Sir Hubert was intimately acquainted. ' It's an odd thing,' he once remarked to me, after a long confabulation with an old fish-wife in Plymouth, ' it's an odd thing how shopkeepers will remember a customer they only see once a year ', but I thought it would have been still odder if this old lady had forgotten the genial and generous customer, who remembered her ailments and the names of her children, and had just brought up to date, in a pleasant half-hour's talk, his intimate acquaintance with her affairs and family troubles.

" This sense of human brotherhood, this consideration for the humblest human creature, this modesty of spirit, which made him forget, or treat as absurd accidents, any privileges or distinctions which might be irrelevantly attached to himself—it was this democratic fellow-feeling and human courtesy which caused him to be loved as I think few masters have ever been loved. If he led us all on somewhat wild adventures, if he liked to draw a long

face over the predicaments in which we sometimes found ourselves, we all knew that we were really safe in his hands; that his gloom was only his fun, and that we should reach, as we always did reach, our desired destination, happy and safe, and all the better for the adventures we had been through.

"Now that I recall my cruises in the *Wanderer*, those golden weeks when we drifted with the tides in halcyon weather, or beat our way through storms and heavy seas, these recollections are made precious to me by the memory of my wonderful host. It was his company, his courtesy, his golden talk, the infection of his spirit of adventure and of eternal youth, which gave an incomparable charm to these holiday voyages. I am glad that I was conscious at the time of my great privilege; and I wish I could express more adequately my sense of what it meant to me, and my sorrow that these glorious cruises are for ever at an end."

CHAPTER XVI

"INSTINCT AND CHARACTER"

I HAVE purposely detached from the chapter devoted to Hubert Parry's books, and reserved for separate treatment in this final chapter the latest, most ambitious, self-revealing and characteristic of all his literary works, a work which no musician had ever attempted, or indeed was qualified to undertake. For the theme of *Instinct and Character* is nothing less than the meaning of life, and the destiny of man. Yet only a musician could have written the book. As we have seen, though he touched life at many points, music was his chief and absorbing interest, and it was in music that he found his best means of appealing to the spiritual side of man's mixed nature and furthering the brotherhood of nations on which, in his view, man's continued progress and even existence depended. He was fastidious in the choice of words for musical setting from the very outset, and in regard not only to their literary quality but their aim and import. He never subscribed to the doctrine of art for art's sake. Music was to him a means of enhancing high emotions and aspirations.

The growth of this conviction is well traced by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby in his Preface to *Instinct and Character*. Music revealed to him secrets which words alone could not convey. On the other hand the breadth of his knowledge beyond the limits of his art found expression in the medium of music:

"Certain it is that as he continued his course through life a growing comprehension of the purpose of existence developed in him side by side with his fine discrimination of beauty and quality. Like a man climbing a rough path

on a steep hill-side he kept turning to gaze at the ever unfolding and expanding view which, as the horizon broadened, seemed to explain so much to him ; and he was filled with a desire to express what he saw of the vast landscape both in music and words.

" In many of his choral works his realization of a great moral purpose in life is disclosed. Through music he believed that man's higher nature could be reached, for it was his conviction that its civilizing and ameliorating power would become one of the most potent influences in the refinement and uplifting of humanity. A general survey of the vast expanse as it first struck him in its completeness he gave in *The Vision of Life,* a poem which he wrote and set to music for the Cardiff Festival of 1907. Indeed, the whole series written between 1903 and 1914—comprising *Voces Clamantium,* 1903 ; *The Love that casteth out Fear,* 1904 ; *The Soul's Ransom,* 1906 ; *Beyond these Voices there is Peace,* 1908—form in their continuity of idea an enunciation of the ethical principles which were his constant guide, and disclose an overmastering spiritual idealism as part of his nature.

" Some years before he died Hubert Parry began the present work, not in substitution for, but in addition to, his musical compositions and his supervision of the Royal College of Music. He wrote at first as if only to record on paper for his own satisfaction the outcome of his penetrating observation of the map of life. The more he wrote the more the governing idea which seemed to him to hold the parts of the puzzle together extended and developed until the consistency of his interpretations struck him as worthy of presentment in book form.

" The completed work does not represent a task undertaken for some specific purpose. Neither is any attempt made to dogmatize, to preach or to teach ; nor, indeed, well equipped as he was by copious reading in general literature, and more especially in history, biology and ethnology, did the author intend to present a scientific scheme in the narrower sense. *Instinct and Character* constitutes rather the accumulated impressions of a sagacious and far-sighted man, recorded in the fullness of experience towards the end of his journey through an arduous and active life, and resembles the easy discourse of a sympathetic and thoughtful fellow-traveller turning a new light on the ordinary incidents of human experience. His wide sympathies and appreciations and the multiplicity of his

occupations brought him in contact with all manner and all classes of people, and gave him an insight into social phenomena which was perhaps of more service to him in clarifying his vision than his special studies or technical knowledge.

"Having laid down his propositions he amplifies and illustrates them, giving vent to enthusiasm and also, if need be, indignation with a refreshing and spontaneous freedom which those who knew him personally will recognize as eminently characteristic. The confidence in spiritual excellence, which had already inspired not only the choral works mentioned above but also many of the terminal addresses which he gave at the R.C.M., and which, I would go further and say, may even be detected in the choice of the beautiful poems set to music, is the underlying theme he seems to want to justify by fuller analysis and more comprehensive amplification. The interdependence of humanity, the spread of higher enlightenment in proportion to the recognition of service and altruism, the extension of the scope of human activity by co-operation and the right appreciation of quality, the increasing control of man over his destiny—not through passive resignation but by determined effort—the unity of purpose which the higher mind can perceive in spite of the baffling inconsistencies and aberrations of modern life, the gradual conquest of love and brotherhood through true religion—with these hopes and convictions present in his mind he embarks on his enquiry. He goes back to the elemental motions from which life itself originates and sees purpose and direction in their action and interaction. He then traces very fully the primitive instincts of man evolved from the animal world, and shows how these governing impulses have by their fruitful development ministered to the progress of civilization or by excess and perversion disturbed and thwarted the more rapid growth of the spiritual energy which lies at the back. In drawing his conclusions he vindicates his creed and, once more insisting on the inestimable value of the still largely dormant but ever expanding moral agencies, he looks forward to the future of the race in no vein of despondency or pessimism, but with a rational and firm confidence in the triumph of right."

This faithful summary of the genesis and contents of *Instinct and Character* may be supplemented by a few words

on the author's general equipment for his task and the autobiographical interest of the book itself. Hubert Parry never acted on the maxim *non multa sed multum*. Even in his own art he distrusted over-specialization—whether in acoustics or technique. He was an omnivorous reader from his school-days onward. As a young man he was deeply versed in the works of Darwin and the Victorian rationalists, and for a while was a reverent disciple and student of Herbert Spencer, though he never shared Spencer's extreme Individualism in the domain of politics, and his view of the origin of mind in *Instinct and Character* is not easily squared with Spencer's emphatic declaration of its total distinction from matter. It is a curious fact that the word "psychology" or "psychological" is only mentioned about half a dozen times in the course of the whole book, and then only in passing. Of the new psychology and psycho-analysis there is not a word, and we are thus happily spared the formidable terminology which has now even infected the columns of the daily press.

Hubert Parry accepted the doctrine of evolution, but does not enter into any of the recent controversies on the transmission of characteristics, though familiar with the experiments of Mendel. As a young man he was an enthusiastic practical botanist, "algologist" and "mycologist", spent many hours over the microscope, was an excellent hedge-naturalist and had a good working knowledge of astronomy. He was a close observer and great lover of all birds and beasts. But his interest in science had its limitations, and the effect on civilization of the marvels of recent modern inventions—the conquest of the air, wireless and the cinema—is hardly alluded to. The most remarkable omission in the book is his failure in a reasoned account of the aberrations of modern life, written in great part during the progress of the War, to take into account the appalling destructive possibilities revealed by the progress of applied science. His best equipment lay in a wide knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men and women: the "old nobility", country gentlemen, sportsmen, athletes, "æsthetes", tramps,

farmers and labourers, society beauties, domestic servants (whom he treated with unvarying courtesy and consideration), painters and musicians and men of science, professors and authors and seafaring men. In his father's lifetime he met an endless procession of clerics at Highnam. His episcopal acquaintance, beginning with his much-beloved relative, Dr. Hamilton, the Bishop of Salisbury, was quite unusually large, and embraced many American and Colonial bishops besides Wilberforce of Oxford and Ellicott of Gloucester. Liddon was a visitor to Highnam, and Hubert Parry heard all the great and popular preachers of his time, including Magee, Stopford Brooke and Father Ignatius. It was only in the company of pretentious, ostentatious, purse-proud or selfish people that he found himself " out of it " and would take refuge in silence. Money-making for money's sake was to him anathema ; and he was unable to find, as some philosophers have found, any excuse for gambling.

He was capable of conceiving violent, instantaneous and not wholly warranted dislikes, but more often of forming favourable impressions which were not borne out by further acquaintance. He was not suspicious, but he resented being deceived when those whom he credited with good qualities failed to justify his opinion. But in the main he was a sound judge of character, and his wide-ranging social opportunities supplied him with a rich fund of material. The best illustrations in *Instinct and Character* are drawn from his own observation. He quotes freely from various authorities—scientific, philosophic or historical —but seldom gives a specific reference to chapter or verse. The whole book is singularly free from scientific or pseudo-scientific jargon, and there is hardly a sentence which one has to read twice to be sure of the meaning. He had attained, not without considerable effort, to a remarkable lucidity of exposition. There are no purple passages, or deliberate epigrams, but many notable sayings incisively expressed, and passages in which the style rises to a restrained fervour. It should be added that while one can sometimes read between the lines of his illustrations, he

rigorously abstained from personalities. He was often moved to indignation, sometimes even to loathing, but never attacked his contemporaries by name.

Autobiographically viewed, *Instinct and Character* is curiously interesting in that his own development is a sort of recapitulation of the successive phases of the development of mankind, as he saw them. The " recapitulation theory " according to which evolutionary stages are repeated in the growth of a young animal, is a commonplace of modern biology. Hubert Parry's own life is a repetition of the processes by which, in the course of countless ages, primitive instincts have been controlled and adjusted to their surroundings on man's spiritual side. We all have these instincts in varying degrees of intensity ; they were most of them remarkably strong in the young Hubert, as we can see from his early diaries : the instinct of activity ; the instinct of dominance ; the " herding instinct ", as shown by his regard for school ideals and traditions ; the instinct for organization as shown in his rules of life and study, and his habit of correlating facts ; the instinct of curiosity and enquiry ; the instinctive desire for approbation ; the instinct of reverence and hero-worship. He had them all and suffered from their excess, but he had also another instinct, or whatever it should be called, which does not figure in his list—that of self-dissatisfaction : the divine discontent which, in spite of many failures, ceaselessly drove him onward and upward. When one contrasts the intolerance and contempt which as a boy he showed for " cads " and vulgar people, with the philosophy which he preached and practised in his old age, one feels that the view he took of man's destiny and self-conquest was largely justified by what he had achieved in his own person.

SUMMARY

The theory of the universe outlined in the preliminary chapter is that of perpetual, ubiquitous and infinitely diversified motions, derived from one central source of energy. Collisions and chaos are prevented by the system-

atization of these motions through association into comparatively small groups representing coherent principles. Progress is assured by the survival of the fittest associations of motions, which are never permanent, but are constantly modified by the new situations and new relation to context which their mutual interaction begets. At the root of all things is the ceaseless impulse to motion, the central energy. The origin of the primal energy is not discussed: its existence is taken for granted. Life is defined as "the period for which associated motions continue to act in perfect accord, in which their particular unity is maintained", whether it is animal, vegetable or mineral organism:

"It is probable that many people look upon the world as reserved for humanity, or, at the utmost, for animals. But the attitude of humanity is gradually gravitating towards the extension of the meaning of life to everything that represents coherent activities. Men speak not only of the life of the world, of the life of a tree or a river, but also of the lifetime of things they themselves artificially contrive—such as a ship, a bicycle, a motor-car or an engine; a law, a police regulation or even a fashionable superstition."

As with "life" so with the interpretation of "good and evil". Certain things minister to that delicate adjustment of equilibrium which constitutes life: certain other things imperil or damage it. Evil and good spread slowly over immense areas of space and time. But Hubert Parry disputes Mark Antony's dictum. The good bears good fruit as the evil bears bad. "It bears fruit which is of service by directing the motions produced by the universal energy in such a way as to help the race to survive and prosper", and even evil deeds are helpful in teaching man what to avoid. The types of man's learning from evil or good are always the same. Type legends

"embody symbolically certain recurrent forms of motion expressed in activities, emotions or thoughts found in every sphere of human life. . . . This recurrence is one of the things that help man to gauge himself and his destiny.

The primeval forms of motion which persist and the fashion in which they are manipulated and directed on the basis of experience are the foundations of human character; and upon human character the well-being or ill-being of the race depends."

The last sentence at once justifies the title of the book and expounds its aim. These " primeval forms of motion " are the instincts whose essential service is to minister to the preservation and survival of the race. The higher the organism the greater its complexity and the slower its development. The difference between many of the instincts of man and the animals is frankly admitted, but while the Darwinian hypothesis is apparently accepted, the cause of this differentiation is not discussed. But he dismisses as " visionary " the view that the higher instincts were implanted in man by some supernatural power. The purely animal instincts are the lowest in man. Man of the lower type is in the same position as the insects and cannot adapt his conceptions to changes in his environment. Conventional human beings are unadaptive, helpless or obstructive. Man's highest aspiration is not towards pleasure or " the happiness of the greatest number " ; it is rather to be found in the satisfaction of " the instinctive impulses which have the effect of making the race survive and prosper—survive, that is, with content and feeling that it is worth while ".

Dealing with the instincts in order, Hubert Parry begins with the Instinct of Self—in its barest simplicity the feeling of identity or segregation from other organisms : originally a " self-against-everything-else " instinct, and the foundation of all other instincts ; aiming at self-preservation—on the analogy of all organisms, even earth-worms and vegetables—and shown in the desire to be free, to dominate and destroy ; prompting to invention, cunning and craft ; to antipathy through the fear of hidden danger and dislike of what is strange ; to hatred which could yet pass into worship, exploited in their interests by priests and medicine-men. Pugnacity, with the aim of dominance, is another notable aspect of the Self-instinct, leading—in spite of the general upward tendency of the human race—to the dis-

heartening spectacle of war and havoc ; aggravated by the "herding instinct", and most particularly ferocious when inspired by the *odium theologicum*. Hubert Parry notes the decline of pugnacity—duelling and brawling—in social life, and finds a proof of the primitiveness of the Irish in their persistent love of fighting for its own sake. Pugnacity is only justifiable when self-protective. Independence is the noblest phase of the Self-instinct, but easily passes into the vice of self-assertion and arrogance—in races as well as in individuals. Emulation and competition are fine in themselves, but domination (their occasional outgrowth) and the "will-to-power" lead to jealousy, tyranny, destruction and oppression. In individuals he traces the excess of self-assertion which leads to wilfulness and perversity, "the desire to be always in opposition", shown in high-spirited children, sometimes poisoned by harsh or domineering teachers, or reacting against the violent partisanship of their parents. Perversity in its extreme and most pernicious form is shown in the rebellion of vigorous natures against morality and self-control, and in their confounding debauchery with independence. From this he passes to the egotism of artists, poets, authors, with amusing illustrations of the disease ; to Pride, the primitive form of self-respect —blind and uncritical, yet capable of service to the race ; to Vanity, "a bastard form of Pride" engendered by stupidity, ignorance or insensibility, yet often found in people of great gifts and even genius, and not without its value by saving individualism from being submerged by the force of the herding instinct. Lastly he touches on Self-adornment, the "quaintest aspect of the Instinct of Self", universal and primitive, shown alike in the living and in the treatment of the dead, and especially active in connexion with the instinct of sex. In the section dealing specifically with the sexual instinct, after admitting its essential nature and its power of enhancing the faculties of man—his courage, artistic achievements and heroism—the writer is not content with condemning its dangers when indulged to excess. He writes with indignation of the reluctance of humanity to face facts, of its disposition to treat them with

leniency or as a joke, and of the iniquitous exploitation of the instinct by certain trades and interests—a crime loathsome in itself as well as being a crime against the generations unborn.

The Hoarding Instinct is treated at considerable length : the whole section is full of autobiographical experiences. Hubert Parry begins by showing how a universal impulse, ministering in primitive conditions to the survival of the possessor, has grown into a desire for possession merely for the sake of possession. He waxes resentful at the people who take a romantic or æsthetic interest in the miser instead of recognizing his supreme folly and futility. The worship of wealth only leads to obsequiousness, which often turns to hatred when the idols are overthrown. The rich are the worst enemies of the rich and frustrate their generosity. Excessive wealth destroys spiritual energy, stultifies education and enlightenment, and at schools perpetuates the vicious tradition which confuses studiousness with priggishness, and perpetuates the " shielded type " which relies even insolently on its own personal experiences. The attitude of mind of the wealthiest section of society is controlled by their slowest and feeblest members.

The detail and vehemence of his onslaught on the excesses of the Instinct of Acquisition—leading to meanness and fraud—are remarkable :

" Indeed, since the great competitive commercial epoch set in, it has been such a frequent experience to come across a man who has made a vast fortune, who has absolutely no education, no understanding, no appreciation of anything noble or beautiful, no sense of courtesy and not even a pretence of manners, that the grossest forms of ostentatious extravagance are merely regarded as amiable weaknesses."

Much of this section would need to be revised in the light of post-war experiences and of what the new rich, with all their glaring faults, are prepared to spend on the education of their children. Hubert Parry admits that the older wealthy classes have redeeming qualities, graces and reticences ; he has no mercy on the crude vulgarity of the newly arrived plutocrat, who was nearly always made an " obtuse Tory "

by dread of spoliation. Then we have a long passage on the gross ignorance of the conditions of the poor which prevails among the dwellers in stately mansions; on offensive patronage resenting any protest as blasphemy; on the careful way in which the average wealthy people are shielded from all inconvenient knowledge, and, stupefied by pride of possession, band themselves together to keep the poor in their places. Here again the education of the rich has advanced by leaps and bounds since 1918. Pride, apart from possession, can, he admits, be shown in every sphere —among grand dukes, prima donnas or slum women. It is at the root of self-respect; but as self-worship "there is no depth of the most noisome reek of Hell to which the instinct of Pride cannot lead". Humanity, however, is now on its guard, taught by the evils of despots, mad emperors, callous and brutal aristocracies; and organized precautions against injustice on a vast scale have come into being, though the lesson has not yet been completely learned. This again was written before the days of dictatorships, Proletarian or Fascist.

The section on the instinct of Imitation is short but full of shrewd and suggestive sayings. He writes well about language and imitation—which is more fruitful in learning than in making languages. A digression on slang, which is largely "based on imitation by weak-minded people", but "avoided by the judicious as inducing incompatibility and vulgarity of style", sounds odd in the mouth of Hubert Parry, who was a frequent offender, but his weakness was for a special brand of nonsense rather than slang. Perhaps the best thing in this chapter is the comment on the text that weak natures are most prone to imitation, and to imitation of bad examples:

"Imitation and the Herding instinct have great influence in art and music, especially amongst those who have no command of artistic principles or realised mastery of methods, or independence of character. The men who have technique and no independence of invention and thought merely imitate the tricks or effects of some one who has greatly impressed them. The unenlightened public often

like the imitation better than the originals. The effect of such influence is to assimilate the style and phraseology of all kinds of art at any particular period ; and it is through this that any one with any sense of style at all can identify the generation to which any work of art belongs."

At the end of the section he returns to the same subject in a still more characteristic passage, not untinged with irony :

" Where a man happens to be endowed with facility in wielding words or the brush or the pencil or in writing down something which looks like music, and has no personal force or character or scope of mind, he always imitates some stronger personality and reproduces his phraseology and mannerisms without having any personal appreciation or understanding of them, or indeed of life, of beauty, of design, or of principle. Perhaps there is no great harm done ! The larger public generally like the imitation better than the original ; and the imitator may help them to become familiar with a strongly individual style which they at first resented. So the imitator will act as a sort of intermediary towards something which has genuine meaning."

The long and illuminating section on the Herding Instinct is not without its surprises. Herding was originally more important to man than to any other animal, as he was the most defenceless—" slow, soft and weak ", though also the most crafty and cunning. But while the gregarious instinct ministered to the survival of the race on its physical side, in its later developments and in its influence on man's mental activities it has often had disastrous results. Physical herding has been exploited by commercialism and love of gain, and has turned beauty spots into the desolation of vulgar abomination. Herding in the fashionable world only produces friction without any intimacy. Mental herding—the herding of phrases, opinions, ideas and feelings —is illustrated by sectarian, political and class cleavage. And all the herding impulses in their later and more complicated developments show increased capacity for malignant and unprofitable results. " The world's experience is that when the herd are moved to consensus it is always

on a low plane of intelligence." The great mass of the human herd has been prone to force, fury, intolerance and persecution, does not listen to people of intelligence, and stones the prophets ever since the great example of the Cross—" the most significant achievement of the herd ". Yet while holding that the herding instinct paralyses all the finer kinds of spiritual activities, he finds consolation in its entire lack of enduring qualities. He admits that it is responsible for necessary revolutions, but it can never build up. " Real progress only begins when individual minds come into their own again." He evidently believes that they do and will leaven the mass in the long run, though herding, originally protective, became aggressive and is still destructive, and in its mental phase the great dupe of imposture and consistently opposed to all reforms —social, political and hygienic. It is thus at the mercy of demagogues, modern commercialism and the great herd-drivers of modern life—the newspapers, the " organizers of public opinion " which thrive on misrepresentation and suppression. Indeed he goes so far as to say that the few decent honest papers which kept commercialism at bay have died from lack of support. But these " herd-drivers " have their difficulties ; they cannot altogether dispense with the intellectuals—the thin stratum between the ornamental leisured class and the upper commercial class. This " vital stratum " communicates with and infects with its independence the upper surface of the commercials ; the herd-masters have to humour and cajole them, and even some of the herd-masters themselves become infected with the independence of those whom they employ. This extremely pessimistic survey of the Press ends with the admission that " there is a large proportion of high-minded and enlightened writers among journalists, and all these labour with might and main to counteract the mischievous propensities of the herding instinct ".

There remains the relation of Genius to the herd. The conclusions he arrives at are striking, even startling, but they follow logically from his premises. Genius is

" ultimately the power of going alone. It hardly exists until it is at variance with its contemporaries, till it prophesies hard things and has been purified and purged by suffering." Popular success is fatal to genius. Furthermore, it is progressively hampered by the constant broadening of the sphere of knowledge. Backward races are shown by recent history—he is evidently thinking of Russia—to be more favourably disposed for the production of genius. Moreover the progress towards Democracy (which he regards as inevitable) makes conditions more and more unfavourable to its appearance, since it involves the lessening of the special value of the creature that is independent of the herd as an energizing unit. As the mass becomes more educated and less prone to blind herding, prophets will cease : there will be no more need for them. The rôle of exceptional intelligence will be confined to interpreting what others see. Education is the main cure for the aberrations of herding, but education and the accumulation of knowledge will render the emergence of genius impossible, or nearly so. The context makes it clear that he has literary and artistic genius specially in mind, and that he is ready to admit that the manifestation of such genius is not the only or possibly the best thing worth having.

The existence of the " Instinct of Activity and Work ", which comes next on the list, is regarded as evidence that man is not an idle animal. It early declared itself as a desire to do something effectual which ministered to the well-being of the species, justified and intensified as the race progressed, and insisted on by the social conscience. The total result, however, is ineffectual owing to the perverse valuation of work, the disproportionate reward conferred on those who dazzle. Man is not idle, but objects to having work imposed on him as infringing his independence ; herein the English are specially refractory ; while pride gives work a bad name as derogatory to the dignity of those high in social position. Play, which belongs to the same sphere of energy, is an inversion or simulation of work, an imitation of serviceable and effective

activities, as shown in children's games. The issues are obscured by menial service, originating in the strong making the weak work for them. The servile system passed into mediæval feudalism and still influences Society from top to bottom. To set the wise free to do important work is one thing: menial service devised to enable certain wealthy people to do nothing is another and much more harmful matter. Play is justified as a healthful protest against specialization and the monotony of modern industrial life. A clear distinction is drawn between "honest play" and the pleasure which is "the excess of play dissociated from the activities which make play serviceable". So the search for an antidote to specialization by working men is demoralized by their opinion (fostered by the example of the rich) that it is to be found in aimless pleasures, drunkenness, gambling, etc. There are plenty of profitable outlets for the play instinct—games, the drama, novels—which satisfy because they excite interest. Play is essential: its value is emphasized with enthusiasm; but the excess of the instinctive impetus in the direction of play leads to terrible evils, including the horror and waste of prostitution.

The section ends with a thoroughly Hubertian passage on the alleged joys of Doing Nothing. It was not to be expected that one whose nature was compared to radium should accept the view that there was any intrinsic virtue in repose. Man, according to him, never willingly puts up with "doing nothing": it is the chief misery of imprisonment. "The joy of repose is entirely dependent on the strain of the preceding effort." Rest is purely a relative term. The idea of eternal rest in Heaven as a reward for the good implies a ludicrous disproportion between the time of repose and the time in which it was earned. Life of any sort implies vitality and activity; rest is valuable as a restorative and as giving a sense of renewed life. "Rest in itself is not a joy at all." The discredit attaching to work and the idealization of rest were a survival of the evil system of feudal times. It was inevitable that slaves and serfs should misconceive both. He might well have quoted in support of his opinion the

famous autobiographical epitaph of the poor old woman servant who always was tired and looked forward to " doing nothing for ever and ever ". He concludes with a further expansion of his definition of Life as " consisting in what a man gives out, not what he takes in ". Nutriment, whether food or spiritual refreshment, is wasted if not followed by physical energy or spiritual activity.

The familiar processes of growth and excess are again traced in the " Instinct of Order or Organization " beginning in self- or race-preserving activities, pattern-making as an end in itself, and leading on ultimately to the highest operations of government, education, and the finest products of art. Organization is the chief enemy of and antidote to waste. In the depths of his soul man hates disorder. But the invariable result follows. Excess of orderliness leads to undue conservatism ; to the belief that Finality has been reached, to obstructiveness, to persecution of reformers leading in turn to revolt and wreckage, destructive waste and confusion. The passage on the natural rebellion against orderliness among people with a keen sense of art is worth quoting :

" The deadening effect of the excess of the instinct of orderliness in art is the same as it is elsewhere. It is shown when the worshippers of a particular type of design insist that it is final and admits of no further development. . . . And so it becomes intolerable. People go on reproducing it with variations, without any meaning at all, and those who ardently long for things that really represent life are misled into supposing that anarchy is their only joy. . . . Temporary confusion reigns, and then men's instinct for order reawakens and a new development of organization, generally based on what had been discredited, is attempted."

The weaknesses of disorderly though generous minds, especially of uncompromising visionaries, are acutely analysed, and various types of orderliness in nations are illustrated. In particular he notes the docile submission of the intellectuals in North Germany to Government direction. " Their most daring or venturesome politicians and philosophers were not German at all."

This is a rather sweeping statement, though many eminent German writers and statesmen were ultimately of non-German extraction. There is, however, good ground for the observation that as a rule the Germans, with all their great industry and thoroughness, show little capacity for distinguishing essentials from details. Their "grand success" in music is attributed mainly to its freedom from governmental interference, and Hubert Parry is inclined to think that this freedom was granted from a Machiavellian motive—as providing a safety-valve for superfluous energy which might otherwise have found a vent in politics.

The excesses of orderliness in the mental sphere are, however, chiefly illustrated in the domain of education. The wider view of the value of experience is lost or disregarded in the maintenance of antiquated *curricula* which are no longer of practical service, thus retarding the diffusion of knowledge to an extent verging on the ludicrous. *Curricula* are framed to favour classes and sects. History, most important alike in specialist education as well as in schools which train our "governing classes", is neglected. The Public Schools are subjected to a severe indictment for tabooing living history and, until recently, confining its study to that of 2000 years ago. Moreover, Public Schools are essentially Church Schools aiming at the direction of spiritual development in accordance with the traditions of the Established Church, while, by a strange irony, the models of life and conduct offered by the ancient history which is all that is recognized in these schools, are all pre-Christian — that is to say frankly, Pagan. The present alternates with the past tense in this indictment, which deals with the proscription of all English literature and the tyranny of Latin verse composition. There is little doubt that, had the author lived, he would have largely revised his criticisms in view of the changes at our Public Schools, and withdrawn or softened the serious charges levelled at the incapacity of their *alumni* to adapt themselves to great national crises. The testimony of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson to the

unsurpassed services of public-school boys in the War, delivered in a speech at Bradfield College on November 25, 1916, and repeated and confirmed a year later in a letter to the headmaster, is a sufficient answer to these charges, and all the more convincing as it came from one who rose from the ranks and never went to a public school.

Proceeding with his examination, Hubert Parry finds that sectarian education is governed by an interested obscurantism while unsectarian schools have always been progressive. Yet as an afterthought he admits the drawbacks of the specialized or technical education, as compared with the work of the " class schools " which " did minister to certain extremely important ends which were subtly valuable to Society in general ". Being designed to educate for positions of superintendence and guidance, with all their defects of inaccuracy and method they did " lay emphasis on the development of character and of the spacious outlook which can be obtained by discursive acquaintance with the greatest things of ancient literature " —and it is upon human character that the well-being or ill-being of the race depends.

This view, it may be added, is borne out in a most striking way by the volume *The Value of the Classics*, published as the result of a conference at Princeton University in 1917, in which three hundred representative leaders of every calling and interest in the United States—including men of science, bankers and heads of great business corporations—are unanimous in testifying to the superior value in promoting efficiency and leadership of an education based on the humanities as compared with a purely technical training.

There are fine sayings in the chapter on the instinct of Inquiry and Curiosity—an instinct which, when properly exercised, enlarges the horizon and corrects primitive aggressive self-interest and intolerance. " It is not possible to find where justice is without patiently seeking for it even in the camp of the enemy "—a happy gloss on *fas est et ab hoste doceri*. Curiosity is conspicuous in undeveloped minds, and is by no means confined to man. It is of great

service to primitive man, and is also found in the highest minds. Science and philosophy and invention could not exist without it in the form of inquiry, which is the basis of all knowledge—a persistent never-sleeping passion extending to the furthest bounds of the universe; a delight which even gets the better of greed and inspires to heroic effort. Truth is of supreme importance to inquiry; races can be divided into the trustworthy and untrustworthy, and Hubert Parry quotes the testimony of Pastor Moritz in 1782 to the English hatred of the word "liar". The evil of lying is even recognized by savages; the recognition persists to-day in England, though the need of compromise and courtesy causes indifference to small deviations. The spirit of inquiry passes on to become the auxiliary of the instinctive desire for approbation, for the goodwill and approbation of one's fellow-creatures, from which even great men are not free; and the universality of this desire is a recognition of the solidarity and mutual dependence of human beings in general. Moreover, inasmuch as the individual who receives applause formulates the opinions of those who applaud him, it tends to establish public opinion, though "the public opinion based on the applause of the majority is the crudest democraticism in existence". The facts, however, do not tell against democracy, but against the misuse of opportunities by the governing classes.

Hubert Parry traces the growth of the craving for domestic into that for public response: hence the power and value of the scribe as monopolized by the monastic orders, and enormously enhanced by the discovery of printing, until the Press, by securing the consensus of the many, proved in time the great and only means of winning recognition from the herd and so of forming public opinion. A long digression on the evil results of Press publicity, growing out of the commercialism of the Victorian epoch, and tending to the progressive recognition of unprofitable rather than serviceable activities, has for its keynote the saying that "the real benefactors must brace themselves to do without public recognition", but also "to resist the inclination to feel that public recognition is a degradation".

More than that, he admits that so-called popularity-hunters may be really lovers of their kind. The instinct is laudable; it is only in excess that it tends to isolate the individual and promote Megalomania. Even Megalomania has its farcical side, for the megalomaniac cannot succeed unless he has some one to impose on. Hence the recognition by the Press of the man in the street—the lavish bestowal of limelight on anyone and everybody: gamin, grocer's assistant, peer's daughter. Hence, too, all the wonderful devices of "booming", the illustrations of which are largely drawn from music and the *claque*, and the creation of newspaper reputations by publicity agents. All classes and conditions of men are infected; even those intimate with the facts, and contemptuous of the hoaxing methods employed, "are consumed with the irresistible desire to see themselves favourably reported by the very people they generally represent as dishonest, ignorant and stupid". The effect of the excess of the instinctive desire for approbation is "destructive of quality in every sphere of mental effort. . . . Pure intelligence is as yet but a very small voice . . . the re-establishment of the serviceableness of the instinct manifestly depends on the general diffusion of understanding," but, as he reluctantly admits, egotism, vanity, competition and other impulses prevail against it. The signs of the times are adverse, but the writer has faith in the ultimate triumph of humanity. Like the Greek chorus he cries: *αἴλινον, αἴλινον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω*, though his inveterate confidence in progress would induce him to substitute *νικήσει*.

In his survey of the origin and development of the Instinct of Sympathy, optimism predominates. Even in early times he notes the expansion of sympathy from its primitive limitation to sexual or parental love to a wider range. Devoted friendships are a world-wide theme of sagas and folklore, though they generally begin fortuitously and remain individual. But the instinct has been progressively extended by legends, poetry, plays and novels in which the central figures inspire love and admiration. Just as impartiality is difficult for a

biographer, who is impelled to love, glorify and idealize his subject, so " novelists cannot dispense with lovable traits ". Hubert Parry was a great reader of novels all his life, but his taste was in the main old-fashioned, and he had little acquaintance with, or appreciation of the persistent efforts of many modern and fashionable writers to dispense entirely with lovable or likeable traits. In spite of faulty education, he was convinced that human sympathy had made slow but remarkable progress, notably in the last two centuries. Even in the early nineteenth century society from top to bottom was brutally callous to suffering and injustice. He singles out Voltaire, Beccaria and Howard as forerunners in awakening and expanding sympathy. Romilly, Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale are noted as outstanding examples of this changed attitude, but the public mind was growing more receptive and they had hosts of devoted followers. The callous, cynical or indifferent are a dwindling minority, and the public at large have awakened to a collective responsibility for cruelty.

On the side of excess Hubert Parry severely reprobates the blindness of maternal love, promiscuous almsgiving and favouritism. Mothers who indulge their children to their ruin " belong to a lower order of human beings, while the circumspect mother belongs to the higher ", and his Puritanism comes out in the assertion that finer characters are produced by hardship, sternness and even narrow discipline than by excessive tenderness. Promiscuous almsgiving is often due to cowardice and indolence, with the result that the deserving poor are neglected. Beggars are most multitudinous and aggressive in superstitious and mentally inferior countries—Spain, Italy and Ireland, where justice is subjected to personal bias in every walk of life. He assigns to England an honourable pre-eminence in guarding against favouritism — the Achilles-heel of monarchy. Democracy resorts to committees to guard against personal bias. Women's concealed interference with appointments has hitherto been dangerous and pernicious, but he accepts, as one of the arguments in favour

of their wider recognition in public life, the contention that such recognition would fix responsibility and make women feel it.

Turning to the Instinct of Antipathy, he finds it hard to resist the feeling that it starts from the same centre as Sympathy, on the principle that every force and form of motion in the universe has its opposite, but they both gain force as they go opposite ways. Antipathy probably sprang from self-preservation and fear, and still conspicuously betrays its barbarous origin, being responsible for colossal injury by its misdirection—by unjust suspicion of the innocent, the suppression of truth, and the obstruction of enlightenment. The horrible cruelties of persecution for witchcraft [1]—a side-issue of mediæval Christianity—all grew out of the fear of a hidden and insidious danger. This leads on to a long discussion of the pernicious belief in the efficacy of force, based on the fallacy that you can annihilate dangerous things, whereas we now know that all reforms have to be made by consent : " actual extinction of any kind is impossible ; the cure of evil is to divert the energy from an evil course to a course which will not work evil ". He distinguishes believers in force as a remedy from those who resort to it to resist wrong—the only form in which it is effectual. Wherever force, coercion or suppression enters into conquest, the problem remains insoluble and failure is inevitable. In a final contrast of the two instincts Sympathy is pronounced permanently serviceable because it proves capable of unlimited adaptation. " Purely animal instincts remain animal because they are *not* adaptable. Social instincts become more and more important as they adapt themselves better to spiritual requirements." Sympathy, allowing for its excesses, is preponderantly on the side of justice and fruitful co-operation, helpfulness and beauty. Antipathy is on the side of hindrance and ugliness.

Up to this point the instincts have been discussed in

[1] The credulity of Sir Thomas Browne in this regard, and its disastrous results in the trial of two poor women in 1664, is the only stain on the character of that otherwise humane and enlightened philosopher.

sections under a general heading. But a special chapter—the longest in the book—is devoted to the Instinct of Religion. This separate treatment is justified in the preliminary remarks which define the religious instinct as universal and progressive; as presiding over all other instincts, controlling and directing them to beneficent ends. "Man is where he is in relation to all other living beings because he is the religious animal." By urging mankind to respect and desire the welfare of living beings outside itself, the religious instinct has more and more fostered the conviction of the universality of mutual dependence. This level can only be attained by the highest development of human intelligence, but the *impulse* comes without previous intellectual effort. Hence the strange element of mystery and wonder in all the phases of the instinct. It does not impel to special actions, but predisposes to certain actions in preference to others; it is always reaching out to an ideal beyond; only when stereotyped in formulæ does it become injurious.

The mystery of all things, common as well as uncommon, is only appreciated by the more developed minds. "When men know little they reverence what they do not know. When they know much they confine their reverence to things proved worthy of it." Strenuous and spirited minds develop intelligence by probing mysteries, making them reveal their secrets, while the slothful, cowardly or submissive avoid them as dangerous. So far the view—with its insistence on mystery and wonder—might seem not irreconcilable with a supernatural basis of the instinct, but such an interpretation is dismissed by the explicit statement that its ultimate progenitor is Fear. Fear predominates in early phases of religion, leading to the worship of things beyond man's understanding, and it still survives in the desire for the thrill of mystery in worship, even when artificial and an obstruction to the true reverence of the things which deserve it. This true reverence—a vital and energizing factor in religion—is quite a late development. It was only gradually that primitive man came to credit his gods with kindly and helpful qualities and ceased to

propitiate them as capricious and malicious powers. Anthropomorphism is at the root of both tendencies ; that of crediting gods with the highest as well as that of crediting them with the lower human qualities. The former prevailed because of the essentially progressive nature of the religious instinct, though, as an incitement to ecstatic worship, it led in time to the excesses of monasticism—originally traceable to the laudable desire of resisting and excluding evil impulses, but, when divorced from conduct and healthful activities, tending to avarice, wealth and ultimate expropriation. The solution of national problems, he remarks in parenthesis, varies in efficacy with the number and influence of people whose instincts are under control. Even in the most advanced nations the uncontrolled majority may dominate the wisdom of the few. The average mind easily relapses ; public opinion is corrected by the religious instinct if the nation is really progressive. The Great War was due to the disregard of others by nations dominated by a false philosophy irreconcilable with the principles of progress. Returning to primitive notions, Hubert Parry shows how " stocks and stones " were first propitiated and then worshipped, as symbols of associations, and how the symbol gradually ousted the idea it represented, the prerogatives of mystery being strengthened by the weakness of those submitting to them. The irrepressible instinct of reverence is thus capable of the strongest perversions : sceptics under the Roman Empire were liable to superstitious panic, and to-day, in times of great national stress, we have witnessed similar reversions and relapses.

But the strength of the religious instinct lies in its progressive adaptability. The anthropomorphic notion of gods as super-men—both for good and evil—or as local and tribal deities gave place to that of one universal Deity. And in turn the Supreme Being has receded further into a dim and mysterious region, dissociated from realities—" a world principle, the Logos of the Stoics ", in the words of a modernist theologian—as religion becomes more and more symbolic. But man cannot dispense with the idea of a Supreme Personality, and the serious difficulty of those who

want to believe early legends and theories of religion literally, and also to accept obvious and certain truths brought to light by increase of experience, is frankly acknowledged. The compromise to which this conflict leads is justified in a passage none the less self-revealing for being cast in an impersonal form :

" The best of mankind are still impelled to reverence and aspiration ; they are impelled to thankfulness for the good things they enjoy, to wonder and exaltation at the constantly expanding revelation of the universe. They want to express their sense of such things, and to confess their humbleness and their weakness and their consciousness of wrongdoing. They want to ask for pardon when they feel humiliated through having been overcome by low and bestial impulses, to recover their tarnished self-respect, to get encouragement in persistently striving to rise to a higher standard of life ; and they have no other ways of doing such things, whether collectively or solitarily, but in the old beautiful terms knit into living unity by the religious impulses of many generations of simple-minded, ardent beings, who loved the essential things that were reverable, and had an extraordinarily keen insight in identifying them.

" These are among the most treasurable things that are inherited from long-past ancestors. They are the spiritual contribution of the earlier people, whose range of experience was infinitely less, to the descendants whose minds are so built up with verities that they can no longer accept the fanciful creations of the imaginations of the undeveloped primitives as actual and literal fact."

The genealogy of Reverence is then traced from the primitive worship of familiar objects to that of the heavenly bodies — personified and anthropomorphized until by a salutary reverberation the finest men were invested with divine attributes. By the customary process worship was perverted by lopsided manifestations when divorced from conduct. Examples are noted of " commercials " combining the utmost regard for ceremonial devotion with dishonesty—a curious tribute to light from darkness. The hypocrisy of purely ecclesiastical religion is illustrated by conventional church-going ; by the abuse of " benefit of

clergy" in eighteenth-century clergymen whose standard of life was lower than that of laymen. The origin of theological subtleties is traced to concentration on artificial accessories which ousted real experiences and to a misdirected zeal in inventing forms and ceremonies "which men grew to love more than the realities on which they were embroidered". Reverence was still further deflected from conduct by the additions and interpretations of the messages of teachers, or by the worship of the personalities of teachers and preachers and poets rather than of their works and teachings. And all these gigantic systems of theology distracted men's minds from the right sphere of the religious instinct, "which is to regulate action and character in the highest interests of humanity". The divorce of reverence from conduct is illustrated by the power and venality of ecclesiastics in the sixth and seventh centuries at a time when "all literature had become sacred", and again in the sixteenth century under Charles V., when the gates of Paradise were shut against those who had no money. The worship of the "genius-hero", not necessarily ignoble, became perverted to a gross servile flattery of success and wealth.

It is characteristic of Hubert Parry to find him admitting that the adulation of sporting champions may be condoned, so long as people are impelled to lead healthy, vigorous lives, though it lowers our moral standards. Men cannot get on without worshipping something; and when they cease to revere they cease to have anything worth living for. But human society is entangled in the complexity of its social conventions, and the perversion of reverence is glaringly apparent in the ridiculous fuss made about personalities, and the invasion of the privacy of domestic life by the Press—"the most poisonous and vulgar of all methods of advertisement". Yet once again the note of hopefulness revives. Pauses and relapses are inevitable. Progress cannot be continuous. The instinct for reverence flags, but it is not possible that it should cease or be extinguished. The same instinct which impels people to reverence also impels them to transfer their

reverence to more worthy objects as the result of their experiences. These transfers often lead to animosity against dethroned idols; they involve many difficulties in the remoulding of our instincts—evasions, reserves, the obstruction of vested interests and powerful influences, the claims of social expediency—but in the end the instinct to find what is really beneficial and "reverable" triumphs.

A section devoted to Symbol and Legends—the successors of stocks and stones—emphasizes the point that they are necessary not only to primitive minds. All legends are the product—collective and not individual—of the religious instinct; and the ultimate agreement of human beings as to the qualities found most inspiring in primitive legends is a supremely powerful vindication of that instinct. Folk-lore—which has created the profession of the story-teller—is a good test of the character of a people, a diary in which self-revelation is frank and unalloyed. The extravagances, superhuman and grotesque traits of these stories are defensible; even intellectuals are fascinated by the impossibilities which emancipate us from the sphere of the commonplace, tiresome and obvious domain of law. Myths and legends are always symbolic; truth to detail is not necessary; exaggeration is compatible with sincerity. But there are spurious as well as genuine legends, and ecclesiastical art is often superficial and tainted by commercialism. Sanctity spreads from the central idea to inessentials. This process is defensible on the ground that religion has to be adapted to different grades of understanding. Gorgeous ceremonials, which only appeal æsthetically to educated minds not moved to religious ecstasy, are kept alive by the masses and are hard to displace. Religion should be capable of appealing to the highest natures as well as the lowest:

"The latter need to be inspired with the symbols which represent great truths in forms which they can understand; the former are not dependent on the symbols, but even so they can love them for the sake of the truth and beauty that is in them. The uttermost agnostic can be thrilled by a hymn or song of praise because of the qualities

of emotion or devotion which it expresses. It reveals to him subtly the working of noble qualities in a fellow human creature. It reveals to him a kinship in aspiration. The susceptibilities which have been handed down through many previous generations still lurk in the recesses of his nature and are ready to be called into activity by a congenial touch."

The inevitable clash causes pain to the higher minds, and can only be relieved by progressive mutual tolerance. A disregard of symbols is not a sign of the lack of the religious instinct. The spirit of inquiry, the testing of tenets, are compatible with reverence; while the plea that what is held by the majority must be necessarily right has always proved unsafe. Unless tenets are subject to the investigation of intelligence they become stagnant and drift into formalities. But the progress of spiritual energies is inevitably slow; the transfer of reverence involves infinite readjustments; and different forms of incitement and symbolism are required by different minds. The capacity of appreciating quality is not confined to men of high intelligence; it is denied to frivolous types, but even they can be roused and stirred by high ideals. There are infinite varieties in the apportionment of the inner light, but the fundamental instincts are the same. The lower types need a cruder symbolism, as in the realistic representations of the Crucifixion. The perception of relations, as opposed to isolated individual experiences, increases *pari passu* with the growth of our spiritual energies, and individual symbols count for less save as the embodiment of fruitful ideals. There is no finality: for "it is of the essence of ideals that they should be unattainable". It is the genius-hero [not the same as the genius without qualification] who sees furthest, who is the apostle of progress, and is always persecuted by the herd in his lifetime, but deified by those who verify his teaching afterwards. The many come in time to reverence his words without understanding, but by their worship they keep them intact and alive to be truly interpreted by later generations.

Under the heading "Superstition and the Supernatural" the writer shows how all religions have suffered from theological speculations superimposed on the message of their founders—from Christ downwards—and leading to the employment of force and resort to war and massacre to establish and maintain them.

Superstition is defined as the product of the excess impetus of the religious instinct. Two types are distinguished: (1) Fear working on ignorant and undeveloped minds; (2) the more subtle and injurious superstition which attributes, through misapplied symbolic associations, supernatural powers of good or evil to beings or powers which possess none. The basis of superstition is the denial of the sequence of cause and effect; it attributes qualities arbitrarily and incoherently, and while useful in keeping primitive societies together, proved later on at variance with progressive conditions of religion. Superstition in its ecstatic self-regarding form tends to isolate units and to render mutual understanding impossible. The plea of supernatural authority which emerged in the theory of the Divine Right of kings in the seventeenth century was reduced to absurdity and worse by the bolstering up of such sovereigns as Charles II. The situation only fostered cynics or intriguers. And though the theory is discredited it still survives, and impostors flourish. But it is not only unnecessary but the reverse of meritorious to accept the claim of authority without inquiry.

Supernaturalism is not a subject of knowledge; the more knowledge grows, the more supernaturalism shrinks, for man in the end is forced to submit everything to the test of experience and observation. In times of deep and general ignorance the few who used their knowledge to forecast the future easily persuaded the ignorant majority that they were supernaturally inspired. There are now none of these prophets, because of the shrinkage of the sphere of the supernatural. But professional guides in religion still claim to be in contact with some central supernatural agency, and humanity is readily disposed to admit the claim, since the habit of indolence induces men

to dispense with the labour of verification. Moreover, the fervour of worship cannot brook criticism. Hubert Parry frankly admits that we must face the fact that, whether it exists or not, people believe in the supernatural, and rest their claims on it. It must therefore be discussed from their point of view. All religions claim a supernatural basis, however much mutually repudiated by their respective professors, each claiming special privileged supernatural information. Incidentally we may note the unqualified assertion that " no one of all the uncountable millions who have constituted the successive waves of human life in this little world has ever seen a supernatural being ".

The paradox of Greek religion is then discussed. It was anthropomorphism idealized in terms of physical beauty rather than of spiritual worth. But the intelligence, knowledge and reasoning of the Greeks far outstripped their scheme of religion, which was rendered superfluous by the supreme achievements of their poets, dramatists and philosophers, who all ministered to the expansion of really religious ideals. Thus the revival of Greek thought in the Middle Ages helped to eliminate the element of the supernatural from the Renaissance, and to foster the spirit of inquiry. Spheres of authority vary with human progress; those which are serviceable for one age are unbearable and injurious for another, since those in authority—religious or otherwise—always strive to maintain it unchanged, to suppress criticism or terrorize opposition. Even to-day the range and variety of intelligence is amazing—grade above grade, from cave-dwellers to the subtlest thinkers. But in all the religious instinct is present in special phases fitting the temperamental standard of the individual. The central notions are the same, and men still endorse the essential points in religions founded in barbarous ages because they represent true conceptions of the highest qualities of man and the most worthy ways of living.

In " Art and Religion " Hubert Parry's peculiar combination of special training with wide-reaching interest in all fields of mental activity is signally

manifested in what is perhaps the most fascinating part of his book.

The impulse to adorn and beautify what one loves and reveres, he notes at the outset, is found alike in the highest levels of devotion and the lowest phases of sentimental triviality. "All arts are the product of the natural desire to glorify the subject the artist has in mind." Art, as he never wearied of insisting, is a form of devotion, and religion furnished its primal impulse. "The object of all genuine art is to make people in general love the things which are especially and ideally good." This doctrine is not fashionable to-day; but it was the life-blood of his teaching and the pole-star that guided his creative effort.

Art, he continues, was early harnessed to religion in fancy portraits of imaginary supernatural beings—at first formidable, hideous and cruel. The appreciation of beauty only came with the higher conceptions of religion arising out of a general diffusion of conditions which admitted of life being enjoyable, and made men think better of their gods. This phase culminated in Greek art, and in a sense of beauty never surpassed in sculpture. But the Greek gods were only super-men and super-women. The products of Greek art were far more wonderful than the theoretic religion they professed to serve, and the glorious temples and statues were part of the desire to glorify man's possibilities. The conception of the celestial hierarchy proved inadequate and broke down; society relapsed into barbarism, art into crude and clumsy products. Art, he observes, is the subtlest gauge of the spiritual condition of its producers. Rome in her grandeur was preoccupied with government, administration and the more strenuous activities. Her concern with religion was practical rather than æsthetic. The contrast between the art of Rome and of Italy in the Renaissance period was due to the spiritual fervour which was the outcome of the new phase of the religious instinct revealed in Christianity. Painting for generations was devoted to beautifying symbols of devotional ecstasy—notably the Virgin and Child. The new awakening was caused by the growing influence

of the other-than-self-regarding interests. Christianity re-established the self-respect of the humblest; the Saviour of the world was born in a manger. At every step from the tenth to the sixteenth century the new art gained from the instinct of religion. These conclusions are not mere assertions made on the strength of reading or at second hand. They are the outcome of Hubert Parry's lifelong interest in the works of the old masters, fostered by the daily contemplation in his early years of the art treasures at Highnam, and fortified later on by his habit of personally inspecting the contents of the great galleries, British and foreign.

But certain phases of humanity on its religious side did not lend themselves to pictorial or sculptural treatment. They required a new kind of art. Evolution more and more tends to things of the mind, and it is with mind, emotion, feeling, and the temperamental qualities that the modern art of music has to deal:

"If it had not been for the peculiar qualities of modern religion, in various phases, this art would never have come into existence. All the marvellous complexities of modern secular music (so called) are built up on the spacious foundations of music that was called into existence by the religious instinct. Even the riotous wantonness of latter-day irresponsibility unconsciously refers back to forms of expression and phraseology which belong to the devotional music of three centuries ago."

The purest art, he continues, is the common ground of various standards of devotion and the ideal ministrant of the religious instinct. The soul of man, which is the vehicle of his religion, is enveloped in mystery, the craving for which is essentially the craving for progress, *i.e.* "the craving to get into mystery so as to dispel it and get into more mystery". Hence the bold deduction that "the attainment of all-embracing knowledge would be the extinction of the human soul". Man piles up knowledge, and the more he attains it, the more his thirst for it grows; but the more he knows, the more he recognizes the insufficiency of mere human knowledge. The high type of mind

is then contrasted with the mechanical mind, concerned with isolated facts and not with relations, the recognition of which opens up limitless vistas of mystery. Art without mystery is self-destructive ; and music, for good and evil, is pre-eminently the mystery-causing art, always adventuring into the unknown, and free from the bondage of facts. What is true of the highest portraiture or landscape painting—that it is an idealizing generalization, not a fixing of the mood of the moment—is even more true of music, which, moreover, by its subjectivity is protected from any collision with tenets, doctrines or theological implications. The sacred music written for the religious service of one Church is available for all. Where music comes in men meet in unity. It is thus an ideal means of rousing the vitality of spiritual fervour amongst those who profess different creeds—even those who have none at all. " The requisite fervour can be inspired in the maturity of mankind by the dreams and speculations of its childhood without insisting on the exactitude of facts." Art is therefore helpful in solving the difficulties of the common exercise of the religious instincts. It provides a scheme and revivifies symbols. It is noteworthy that Hubert Parry strongly demurs to the view that it is easy to alter forms without impairing their inspiring influence. Music is supremely serviceable in this respect by breathing a warmer spirit into ceremonies than is possible for appeals to the eye. He illustrates this point by the thousands of settings of the Roman Mass, the best of which appeal to all devout minds. Theatrical music fails from the paltriness of its texts : " The ideal solution of the musical drama would bring it within the sphere of religion ".

Art, he admits, as recent history shows, does not invariably conduce to brotherly love ; it can raise the temperature to an injurious heat. But in itself, and when genuine, it does bring men into real fellowship, for " they delight in feeling their enthusiasm grow in company ".

By a natural transition he proceeds to define and discuss toleration, which is found in its highest form in the most open-minded, highly educated, and experienced men ;

undeveloped minds are the most intolerant because of their limited range of experience, and the most prone to use force because they cannot endure argument. Minds of the widest scope are the most considerate and the most resourceful. "The mind that has the widest range tries to see into the mind that has the least."

Cynicism is described as the devitalisation of tolerance; but "perhaps it only exists fully in proverbs and melodrama". *Per contra*, the man whose nature is on the rising plane is insatiable in his desire to know more and more of his fellow-creatures, and to find wider scope for the relief of his instinct of reverence, while his instinct of imitation makes him long to live after the manner of those whom he reveres. The recognition of the interdependence of the human race constantly draws men up from things of sense to things of the mind and spirit; and the ideal of the all-embracing mind is a frank acceptance of unlimited diversity. Those who are furthest away from the mere worship of symbols are yet capable of sympathy with what they express. The passage that follows on the dilemma presented to those who recite creeds in which they do not believe is unconsciously autobiographical, and is a modern variant on the story of Naaman and the answer of Elisha to the Syrian captain when he asked pardon for continuing to worship in the House of Rimmon: "Go in peace". Hubert Parry's conclusion is that nothing is gained by blatant, self-assertive or aggressive intolerance:

"If every individual who feels himself at variance with the opinions of the majority of any society thinks it incumbent on him to protest and openly sever himself, the opportunities of progress towards understanding are reduced to a minimum. . . . The man who has understanding does not abrogate it because he continues to associate with those who have none. . . . The sincerity and openness of the individual is vital, but the relationship of the individual to his environment, through which the widest benefit to the race may be attained, does not entail the sacrifice of truth because the individual is not perpetually flinging the truth as he understands it in the faces of those who do not,

and can only be brought to understand it by patience and humouring."

The two methods of getting people to understand—attack and persuasion—are illustrated by the methods of Luther and Erasmus. Neither could have acted otherwise than he did. Luther was necessary, but the work of Erasmus, though he was an opportunist and not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, was of supreme importance; and his methods are still working in the direction of enlightenment. Force has failed, but persuasion is converting mischievous energies to the service of humanity. The conclusion of the whole matter is, "needs must that differences will arise"; but it is important that they should exist, as through differences the world progresses; otherwise it would stagnate. "The more a man really knows and understands, the more humble he becomes, the less likely to insist on his own infallibility, and least of all to use force in order to establish tenets or views or theories which after all may not be entirely and completely true."

The last section of the chapter on the Religious Instinct is devoted to "Man's Responsibility and his Progress towards Unity". It starts with the uncompromising declaration that "Man's destiny rests with himself, and he is slowly learning it". He, and not any special supernatural being, is in the end responsible for evil and suffering, "by stupidly, blindly and weakly yielding to the superfluous excess energy of his instincts". And the only way in which men can learn their responsibilities is by recognizing that their descendants, successors or contemporaries suffer for their misdoings.

Intelligence does not serve as an impetus till it has reacted on instinct, which is inevitably a slow process, and in parenthesis he notes that the intellectually quick races progress more gradually because of their instability. But in spite of all relapses and reversions to primitive violence, humanity *does* progress in self-control by systematizing experiences and applying the results. Freedom of intercommunication, with the consequent advance in mutual

understanding, is a great opportunity for progress ; since the race survives in the fullest sense when all actions are done with the widest recognition of their effects—an illustration of the instinct of self-preservation " writ large ". The heights are scaled step by step. All religions and philosophies are subject to modification. Each philosophical system is a summary of a previous similar system with an increment of added experience. So in religions ; the traits which are consistent are also adaptable, and in their adaptability lies man's progress to the mastery of his destiny. The highest happiness is to be found in self-dedication to the service of one's fellows, and such a life is immortal in its effects : " only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust ". But an evil immortality can be achieved by indulgence in baser appetites—in the inheritance of evil and suffering by others. Hence the idea of Hell for the wicked is symbolically appropriate : it would be true if the souls of the wicked could survive to witness the effects of their evil deeds. As a set-off, however, he notes the predisposition of the instinct to revere nobility, generosity, wisdom and justice as indicating something more than mere observation based on experience. " It is a kind of anticipation of what serves to promote the highest well-being of the race."

The anomalies of religious tenets are ascribed, not to deliberate misrepresentation, but to undeveloped mental powers. Religion is based on feeling rather than intellect, which accounts for the vague and uncritical element in it. Ancient legends and myths still continue to inspire religion :

" Such inspiration is of supreme importance, and those who have passed on to a mental situation where they are no longer dependent on legends and tenets to inspire them with religious ardour, may well hesitate before they make turbid the fountains of spiritual grace in others. They know too well how difficult it would be to supply an alternative."

The interpretation of experiences unifies the past and makes the future more knowable. So we come to the

definition of the highest optimism as "the belief that as man has succeeded in controlling his destiny and the resources of the little corner of the universe with which he is concerned by slow degrees, better and better, so he will go on doing it in the future". There is no hope of a comfortable, easy-going, symmetrically planned Utopia, but of "a reality of constant effort, and the development of the consciousness that the guarantee of life is the fruitful expenditure of energy". The misconception of life only leads to disaster and retribution in, for example, the idle rich who cling to the idea that work is degrading. But the changing estimate of the things worth having and doing steadily tends to the conviction that all the satisfaction of life comes from effectual activity rather than acquisition, notoriety or self-indulgence. "The wider conception of man's responsibilities realizes that the measure of the worth of living is the amount of good which can be done while life subsists—quite irrespective of what happens when life is ended."

The orthodox conception of the after-life—as continued identity *plus* rewards and punishments—while inspiring the hope that failures and follies and misdoings may be made up for hereafter, overlooks the absence of opportunities in the after-life for redressing wrongs committed on earth. It thus leads to "the complacent and enervating notion that whatever wrong and harm a man may do in a short spell of life will be put right in an eternity of ecstatic hymn-singing". And this view, in the writer's belief, weakens the sense of mutual dependence and responsibility and discourages the effort to make this world more free from suffering and injustice.

Hubert Parry writes finely of the tenderness of the reverent agnostic for the cherished beliefs of those who cling to the continuance of personal identity. Such beliefs, if necessary to men's spiritual condition, though erroneous, cannot be swept aside or abolished instantaneously. Such impatience delays the progress of knowledge. "The more a man understands, the less likely he will be to act aggressively to those who do not understand." People expect

too much in too short a time; our views of "ancient times" are being constantly revised by modern excavations and discoveries. Greece and Rome are now as yesterday; and the more the range expands the more wonderful is the achievement of mankind through the constant, continuous, irrepressible instinct of seeking the good of the race.

All instincts are liable to excess; the noblest and greatest—that of religion—most of all, and the "deadly ecstasy of superstition" has at times paralysed human energy and stopped all progress. Yet something is to be learned from all phases of the religious instinct; even the crudest were preludes to higher conceptions; and even the primitive products of art were fruitful when sincere. All these efforts tend to converge when the ultimate impulse—the desire to find out what ministers to the welfare of the race—is the same:

"The most various types of humanity must tend to approximate in agreement when they go on for centuries trying to find a solution of the same problems. . . . The evil thing is the assertion of the unit against the organism of which it is a constituent. That is the ultimate root of all disease."

The perfect situation is defined in a musical metaphor as a resolution of individual dissonances into the ultimate coherence of concord represented by the well-being of humanity at large; the dissonances are essential to life, but so is adjustment. The most "reverable" individual is he who combines the widest insight with the greatest faculty of self-adaptation; and all types of religion unite in general agreement in identifying such a being, and in the wonder and delight which its revelation arouses.

The long chapter which follows on "Excitement" is specially interesting from its treatment of art and music, genius and inspiration. Excitement being the condition in which instinct becomes active, energy required in one quarter must be drawn away from the general supply, and the insensibility thus resulting is a serviceable aid

to inquiry, exploration and enterprise, whether bodily or mental. The more other instincts are deadened, the greater is the energy and efficacy of the instinct excited, and though excitement is responsible for an immense amount of suffering and death, on the whole the sacrifices have been worth it—the gain is greater than the cost. This conclusion is supported by examples drawn from various fields of effort—forlorn hopes, the fortitude of martyrs, the fortunate insensitiveness of soldiers in battle: "War, in modern conditions, would be impossible if men were fully aware of what they are doing". The value of distraction and diversion is also illustrated by strategy in war and the dialectics of debate. The cleverness of quickly excitable minds is next examined. Cleverness is defined as "dexterity, combined with quickness in dealing with the immediate present, without concern for wider issues. Wisdom is the fruit of the assimilation of a vast amount of experiences and moves with the measured gait which is tiresome to merely clever ephemeridæ." Excitable members of a domestic circle do not make for peace, but divergences of temperament are profitable in the main and "explosive and apparently impracticable people are very often the most capable in the establishment".

Genius is especially so liable to perversity and outrageous follies that most people think geniuses cannot lead blameless lives—a view perverted into excuse for notoriously evil propensities to irregularity, indolence and inaccuracy, as a proof of genius. But men of genius are always capable of being lifted off their feet by enthusiasm. Practical normal people distrust genius not without justice, because the rebound from excessive concentration often lands the genius in a bog or quagmire. The relaxation of the fervour of artistic invention is frequently followed by a plunge into lower pleasures which are peculiarly seductive at the moment when the strain is relaxed.

There are some admirably caustic remarks on the interest excited by the follies and failures of genius in the worst part of the public, ending with the observation that the genius thus singled out for notice would do well to

note that those interested in his misdoings are mostly those totally incapable of understanding the products of his genius. Enlarging on this topic, Hubert Parry observes that remarkable gifts, amounting to genius, are not the monopoly of men of character; a vast number of enormously able men exhibit very low and mean qualities. An amusing passage follows on cranks — excitable people ferociously interested in negligible things, whose average criterion of right and wrong is the extent to which they differ from the sane majority. They are not useful fanatics, but fanatics for inessentials; thus their power of mischief is limited, and even cranks sometimes prove of service by getting minor evils remedied. Thence he passes to the habitual tendency of low-class minds to impute foul criminality to those from whom they differ, to violence of word as well as deed. "People hate the truth with extraordinary fury when it conflicts with their comfort and habits." *Per contra*, the mind of wider scope is less liable to these ignoble excitations, can adjust itself better to unfamiliar conditions, and rarely indulges in personal abuse or violent irrelevancies.

The excitement induced by the consciousness of commanding attention in orators, public performers, etc., is examined in its dual aspect as a stimulant to enhanced vitality and, on the other hand, as a producer of bewilderment and mental paralysis, as in stage fright. More highly strung and susceptible people are peculiarly liable to these influences, while commonplace minds are uninspired and unscared. Self-mastery is defeated by unfamiliar though insignificant surroundings; amusing examples are given of great men paralysed by small occasions, or by the inability to gauge the standard of the minds of an unwonted type of audience: "People who are accustomed to address meetings of thousands are rendered dumb by an audience of a dozen spinsters in an aggressively respectable drawing-room". It is merely a matter of experience; once the clue is discovered, and the wider the scope of mind, the easier it is to guard against failure.

Thirst for excitement, he resumes, is natural as leading

to a sense of enhanced powers and vitality, but it is almost invariably characteristic of people who have no idea of using any energies beneficially, and is indulged in at spare moments from regular occupation merely to fill up time, from a "gnawing sense of inefficiency". Mob excitement, it is contended, though it leads to damage, is seldom serious, because it is not directed by intelligence.

The thirst for activity is also universal and is abnormal in great men (it was certainly intense in the writer). In a curious passage he goes so far as to say that those who distrust it from interested motives encourage substitutes in the shape of games and sports, as a compromise to conceal the defects of our social system. A large section of humanity has a vast amount of time to spare. Aimless people at a loss how to apply their energies take refuge in dissipation — in both senses of the word — and squander their energies on a constant variety of futilities or in gratifying unworthy instincts. Prominent amongst these is gambling — the acquisition of money without earning or effort—" which completely extinguishes the faculties outside the range of the immediate object sought", promotes callous selfishness, and destroys self-respect and the desire for approbation. In his strictures on sexual indulgence Hubert Parry has less mercy for the weaker than the stronger sinners :

"You cannot have tragedies unless you are interested in the people who figure in them. . . . The radius of effect is proportionate to the degree of force available, but to most people the volcanic power, for all its dangerous possibilities, is less repulsive than the perpetual lingering on the verge of vicious indulgence."

Further examples of the ways — mostly trivial — in which the thirst for sensation is gratified lead on to an examination of religious excitement as shown in the search for new and strange gods, only devout while it is fresh, in those who range from creed to creed. It is not always insincere, but is mostly a sign of deterioration ending in the swamps of superstition. Some of these

spiritual Odysseys are animated by a consistent adherence to high ideals, but change for change's sake only is repulsive and unprofitable to humanity, which is, however, to blame for the existence of this type and has to pay for it. The mixture of instincts differs in every human being: everything depends on the relative strength of each identifiable instinct in proportion to "the regulating apparatus called the mind". Many noble men suffer from earthly cravings, and an excess of potentially dangerous energy is found in genius, even where reason and morality are of a high order:

"It is without a doubt that in the ranks of men and women who associate together because the people who have succeeded in keeping themselves in hand cannot put up with them, there is a high standard of wit and capacity. At times there is found a fervent delight in beauty, character and romance, a joy in the interchange of ideas, exuberance in the enjoyment of things quite healthy and honourably enjoyable as well as in things which are gross and base. . . . And it is quite an open question whether their rebellious lives are not more worthy of sympathy than the lives of the submissive ones, who secretly satisfy their thirst for excitement by small concessions to their instincts and walk about among the mindless herd with a smug air of irreproachable respectability."

In dealing with Literature and Art in this context Hubert Parry places music in a different category from letters, painting and sculpture, as being more capable of directly rousing excitement. It enormously enhances the stimulation caused by the words — when they are set to music—because it is *motion*, while the immediate product of letters, painting and sculpture is motionless. Also sounds in themselves are exciting, and rhythm, the most primitive element in music, is exciting without sound. Philosophers and savages are alike sensible to its appeal. But he maintains that "curiously enough, dance rhythm is incapable of development", and in a most interesting passage dwells on the shyness of the highest composers in frankly resorting to rhythm. "The only development of

rhythm which seems to appeal to the higher order of mind is the use of cross rhythms; such as the simultaneous occurrence of three and two, or of five and two"; and he notes the increasing prevalence of compound metres in modern music and the elaborate forms of modern dancing, "in which young people are taught to make each arm represent different metres and the feet yet another". Music, however, suffers from its capacity for causing excitement, since composers, eager for applause, aim at catering for the thirst of the vulgar for superficial effect. Art has many functions, but spiritual elevation is the highest:

"It satisfies in higher natures the craving which makes lower natures resort to alcohol and drugs, by taking temporary possession of human life and breathing into it the sense of the noblest and most inspiring things which the spirit of man can attain to. It gives the sense of vitality which men long for. . . . In the finest type it is the passion of some form of the religious instinct which uplifts the receptive being; in others it is the sublimation of the instinct of orderliness manifested in subtle and perfect design; in some cases it is the instinct of curiosity, in some the instinct of love. . . . Some like a work for its complexity of line, some for its colour, some for its sentiment, some for its force, some for its sensuousness, some for its austerity. A really great work of art has so many sides that it can provide spiritual food for people of most diverse temperament. And inasmuch as the instinct of religion is one of the most universal, the vitality produced by it raises the general standard of activity."

It will be noticed that neither here nor anywhere else does Hubert Parry even begin to discuss the theory of "Art for Art's sake". Art in his view, as in that of G. F. Watts, could not be divorced from morality. "Sensible people", he continues, regard excitement with disfavour from having only noticed its worst aspects, but "in the end it ministers more to well-being than the reverse". A noble excitement alone can sustain ardent and generous reformers, though their ardour is often hampered by lack of discretion. No progress is ever made without incidental inconvenience,

and Hubert Parry explicitly disavows the belief in the perfectibility of the human species.

The chapter ends with an analysis — authoritative, illuminating and self-revealing—of the working of inspiration in Art and Letters, as illustrating the most complete and continuous concentration in which excitement plays a great part, the artist " being dependent on a state of exaltation for the essential glow of what he produces ". This is ultimately traceable to instinct—in old days almost always the religious instinct, especially in its aspects of worship, devotion or abasement. In time the development of sympathy provided an alternative exaltation. But the ardour of inspiration does not come at call. With some creators it seems to grow as the work warms under the man's hand ; with others the excitement which comes with furious intensity seems to provide the whole scheme at a moment —" exaltation is so great that the vitality becomes almost supernatural ". Hence the division between steadfast and prolonged exaltation and vivid and explosive excitement—picturesquely expressed in Nietzsche's " Apollonian " and " Dionysian " categories. The progressive differentiation of modern life, Hubert Parry observes, tends to make the latter more frequent. Huge works like *Le Grand Cyrus*, *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Paradise Lost* are impossible to-day.

In fine, the service of the instincts and of the excitement which enforces them depends on the range of their action ; the unprofitable over-concentrated excitements have in them the seeds of their own destruction. As matters stand, the proportion of benefit exceeds that of injury. " Excitement at the lowest level cajoles a man into thinking that he is alive without troubling to effect any of the things for which life serves ; at the highest it enables him to regard life as of no consequence in the ardour to achieve some notable service to humanity."

In " Welfare and Illfare " the relations between mind and instinct are re-stated and explained in detail. Instinct is the root force of all good and evil. Mind's function is not active but directive and instructive—it is " the officer in

chief directing the operations of the forces of instinct", but cannot be effective of itself without enlisting the driving power of these forces. Hence the resort in education to rewards and prizes—appeals to the spirit of emulation, pride, and even possession—all implying "the half-conscious recognition of the feebleness of intelligence as a driving power without the co-operation of instincts".

How then did mind emerge? Hubert Parry is substantially in agreement with Herbert Spencer, who, while emphatically affirming the existence of mind as distinct from matter, yet devoted his efforts to interpreting mental manifestations by reference to physical laws. "Mind was called into existence by the necessity of satisfying the cravings of instinct and has constantly been built up by adding to its systematization of experiences for the better attainment of the same objects." Mind, in short, shows instinct how to get what it wants at the moment and later on in similar circumstances—thus improving the machine and speeding up its working. Beneficent actions are just as much the result of instinct as mischievous ones. The wrong view of mind as the active agent is due to their constant conflict, which will always remain, as man is *not* perfectible. The reaction is continuous. Mind is only developed by reiterated experiences; and experiences brought to bear on instinctive activities by mind do not effect changes in them at once but through frequent repetition. "Instincts are always impelling the imperfectly developed human being to do things which get him into trouble, but if his skull is made in the right shape he develops enough mind to make the instinctive energies work with less resultant unpleasantness as time goes on." This curious *obiter dictum* should be read in connexion with what Hubert Parry says later on of the ultimate fate of the backward races.

Mind, it is thus shown, has a very hard row to hoe, and can only progress slowly, since average minds resent reasoned argument, or anything they cannot understand. Also conditions change, and mind has to be constantly providing for new emergencies, and new incitements to

activity. In this context note is taken of the substitution of credit for barter, and the wonderful development of the technique of the money market, and the organized facilities for rapidly making money by watching the market. Here mind, which interprets the terms of the organization, has been impelled to find the speediest means of attaining the aims of the instinct of acquisition. The history of trade generally points to instinct as the motive power, to mind as the modifier and provider of means.

Mind's relation to instinct is much more important on the side of restraint than of actual helpfulness. Life is maintained by excess of supply. There is stupendous waste in all directions, but man is not impelled to deal with it except under the pressure of need. At first he turns to things within his reach; then to those further off. The familiar ascent from things physical to mental is once more illustrated.

The evil of active organic excess forces is much more serious, as when bottled up they may explode or exude poison and disease. Mankind is still only on the verge of this colossal field of spiritual and social waste, owing to people being promiscuously driven to do things they are unfit for or dislike doing, for the benefit of those in authority —slave-driven by the law of supply and demand:

"Unemployment is owing to unwillingness even more than to lack of work, and unwillingness is inevitable when the kind of work is unsuitable or uncongenial, and unemployment breeds mischief because it induces want, and because instincts drive men who have nothing serviceable to do to do things which are the reverse of serviceable."

This "vile situation"—Hubert Parry wrote this paragraph not later than the summer of 1918—is traced to the excess energies of the instincts of gain and pride. The existence of "unemployables" is not admitted or at any rate mentioned. Humanity is only tardily awakening to the terrible consequences of its blindness and indifference, and the awakening has ceased to be mere "cold academic speculation". But men waited so long that the evil has

been aggravated by a new factor. Every day that a necessary task is deferred makes it harder to accomplish, and feeble-minded folk shrink from tackling the formidably gigantic accumulations of excess waste. Happily the few robust reformers do not share in this cowardly indolence, and keep hammering away at the obstructions raised by the selfish, privileged classes who shut themselves up in their well-guarded enclosures, refusing to recognize experience and banding themselves into groups. Something almost approaching pessimism prompts the assertions that the amount of "vital, independent mind" in a million human beings is "infinitesimal", and that the overwhelming majority are dominated by the baser herding instincts. On the other hand, self-distrust is not altogether reprehensible, as it is often based on the acceptance of accumulated experience embodied in average habits. But Hubert Parry is eloquent in condemning the fetish-worship of "Good Form"—a principle sound in its widest but mischievously wrong in its limited scope of refusing to apply mind to questions affecting the privileges and comforts of a class, and the grievances and discomforts of those who do not belong to it. The privileged few, who monopolize material advantages and think hard work *infra dig.*, concentrate on selfish pleasures and animal gratifications and become blind not only to the just claims of humanity but also to their own interests. The mention of the escape from their enchanted garden of the "noble few who can only regain their freedom of action and thought by cutting themselves adrift from all contact with, and obstruction by, the conventions of their fellows" is in a great measure prompted by the writer's own experiences; but much of this chapter would have been revised if the author had lived a few years longer.

The inevitable disintegration of the selfish privileged classes is described as following an invariable sequence. The collapse of a civilization starts at the top, through the degeneration of the dominant section. The autocrat, even when benevolent, is followed by decadent successors: "Super-men do not beget super-children," and their de-

generate offspring are demoralized by opportunity. The supernatural theory of monarchy was kept alive by interested motives; many people in high positions profit by the maintenance of corruption, and in the removal of poison centres the less guilty suffer for the sins of their fathers: "After all, the people ultimately make the Court; and sometimes have to unmake it".

Dealing with developed and undeveloped races—the latter without sense of cause and effect—Hubert Parry has an interesting digression on racial instincts as revealed by novels. Russian novels reveal amazingly primitive instincts along with "the greatest allowance of literary genius of any people in the world in recent times". The implications are significant, for progress on the lines of Hubert Parry's philosophy must eliminate the very qualities which make art and letters interesting and exciting. His view of Russian literature lends further point to what he has already said as to the emergence of genius being more frequent in primitive races. For Russia is "generations behind other races in religion and morality", and "her incoherence and stupefying indifference to primitive moral questions" led to the chaos into which she relapsed after the revolution of 1917, though he blames the ruling classes of the old *régime* as primarily responsible. In highly organized states the complexity of relations entails many readjustments; and the caution and hesitancy shown by the enlightened few amongst the wealthy classes is intelligible and up to a certain point defensible. The wisest reformers choose the most favourable moments for action, so as to minimize collisions. There are no short cuts in progress; "even the ideal good cannot be snatched from the grip of destiny".

In the evolution of government, oligarchies are no better than autocrats; they are just as selfish in exploiting humanity and more crafty in acting on what Adam Smith called "the vile maxim of the masters of mankind . . . all for ourselves and nothing for other people". Democracy is vindicated as not being the rule of blind ignorant masses or a perpetual reign of terror; "all it really means is the

provision of safeguards against the instincts of people who have obtained positions of advantage ". The conflict between the irresponsibles and the victims of irresponsibility is inevitable, and the alternative to revolution is the slow accommodation between the respective sections of humanity and the gradual discovery of effective safeguards. The French Revolution was a retaliation of instinct on instinct, in which quite innocent and amiable people had to pay for the sins of their class. This always must happen. Those who get in the way of the rectifying forces are crushed and exterminated though personally innocent. Ignorance is no excuse for wrongdoing and will not save the innocent children of the wrongdoer. The great curse of wealthy society is that the few with noble impulses submit to the majority with ignoble impulses. With true prescience Hubert Parry dwells on the " huge mistake " of supposing that a beautiful regeneration comes after a cataclysm. It never does. Great wars are followed by great distresses and upheavals, in which the governing classes are seen at their worst. He specially emphasizes the example of the period which followed the Peninsular War and marked the nadir of the governing and wealthy classes in Europe, and the blossoming of competitive commercialism, with a degrading national absorption in the instinct of vulgar and brutal acquisition. But it is clear that in 1918 he recognized that the horrors and orgies of savagery and destruction let loose by the Great War had reached an even lower level. The primal instincts are not yet tamed or even approximately controlled. Especially dangerous in their excesses are the instincts of sex, of appropriation, of herding, imitation and exaggerated self-esteem—all of them capable of promoting welfare under favourable circumstances, but in unpropitious circumstances its greatest destructives.

The final chapter, headed " Finding the Balance," opens with a discussion of the effect of experience on primitive instincts. The essential preliminary to the continuance of life is that it should be worth preserving ; most important of all is the need of convincing man, while preserving and handing on life, that he should recognize that he has

to make not only his own life but also the lives of others worth living. There is no need for altruistic motives or sentiment, since considerateness makes a neighbour a better neighbour; it is necessary to man's general satisfaction with life that it should be worth living for others besides himself — though men only gradually come to recognize the need for mutual accommodation. Brutal directness of method has always been defeated in the long run. Instincts were constantly accommodated to the needs of the race and impelled man to endeavour to obtain what he wanted through the concurrence of the rest of mankind instead of at its expense.

In achieving this result, association, *i.e.* the aptitude for discerning the connective and discriminative relations between things, has established itself as a very serviceable faculty in ministering to man's survival and well-being; it has also become of the highest importance in his spiritual outfit, and is at the root of the appeal of poetry and art. The best equipped mind is that which perceives the widest and most just group of relations; the absolutely undeveloped mind only sees things by themselves and in isolation. The legends and stories of primitive races illustrate this weakness by the prominence assigned to the ludicrous, impossible or inessential elements; but even great philosophers, artists and composers are not immune from this weakness—the inability to recognize essentials. This is only part of the shortness of life and the impossibility of verifying detail in all directions. Human co-operation is indispensable as a means of supplementing individual deficiencies. Otherwise, in face of the colossal accumulation of materials, people would despair of using them intelligently and revert to the guidance of instincts.

The discourse proceeds naturally to a discussion of the value and relations of Specialists and Generalists. Mutual suspicion is inevitable, and is most acute on the side of the active practical specializers. The man of action despises the theorist, and for his own purposes often does better without him. His methods are often efficacious by their very unconventionality and independence, but they react

injuriously on " feeble and foolish folk " by encouraging them to dispense with theory altogether. There are drawbacks on both sides. " Up-to-date " theories are mostly a generation behind ; the active practitioners outstrip them and wax scornful. On the other hand, practical " text books " inevitably deal with methods which change from day to day ; true theorists have greater, wider and more fruitful minds ; specialists cannot isolate themselves from all the great contents of life ; if they do, they contract the area of understanding. In this context Hubert Parry notes the dangers in education of a narrow cult of efficiency. " Specialized efficiencies have to be assimilated and correlated with all other specialized activities " ; one must look at things from outside as well as inside ; it is essential to social enlightenment and progress that men should be interested in wide questions concerning communities and mankind in general. Exclusive preoccupation does not always yield the best results even in the special subject, but the higher specialist, in love with the subject, has compensations denied to narrower minds ; he is not tempted to rebound into dissipation, but rather to develop his interest in other subjects, and cultivate the higher qualities of his nature. (This, one may add in parenthesis, was peculiarly true of the writer.)

The specialization of the prosperous classes in what brings them prosperity leads to the misuse of spare time, to the exclusion of everything but pleasure and inactivity of mind. At the same time, people tied to mechanical routine fly for relief to the crudest animal pleasures. The provision of real recreation thus becomes one of the great problems of the social reformer, but as regards the lower mechanics, it is one for the community rather than the individual philanthropist. For it is one great obligation of the community to afford the fullest possible liberty for the exercise of individual aptitudes in activities which are compatible with the general advantage. In its own interests the community has to control the undeveloped members. This control involves a limitation of liberty, and liberty is broadly defined as " the fullest opportunity to direct and

use vital energies in congenial and serviceable activities". Many people, especially in the wealthy classes, regard liberty as an orgy, a perpetual bean-feast; hence they oppose the general admission of the real principles of liberty as leading to a cataclysm of irresponsibility. The unwealthy classes, on the other hand, would for the most part be content to interpret liberty as the right to extinguish privilege and arrive at equality of opportunities: "As long as the masses misconceive the meaning of liberty, it is too likely to do them damage, if they have the handling of it".

It is obvious from the foregoing passage that in the opinion of the writer we are a long way from the point in human progress at which full democratic control can be safely established. The force which holds a community of human beings together is compared to gravitation; it pervades all individuals and serves to adjust the motions they represent so as to avoid collisions. The need of a central force was the ultimate source of the autocratic principle as a bond of unity. Diverse groups were united by the instinct of reverence. It failed, but we have to put up with makeshifts until the sense of mutual dependence is fully developed. Autocracy leads to anarchy, and then back to the old resource of undeveloped humanity—reverence for symbolic personality, hedged about with divinity. Such compromises only serve individual communities and do not guarantee against collisions with other similarly organized monarchical communities—the results of which Hubert Parry describes in consonance with the maxim *delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

Patriotism is next analysed. It has to be judged by its fruits according as it is merely primitive arrogance or emulation in service and recognition of relations to other communities. Mechanical schemes to safeguard communities are condemned, since their mischievous restrictions make life *not* worth living, but they will continue to be made. Socialistic experiments will not succeed wherever the race is plentifully endowed with a supply of the universal impetus; they may even throw humanity back into

brutality. Mechanical schemes obstruct free interchange of ideas ; they assume finality—which is non-existent. In short, " the absence of inducement to higher spiritual aspirations makes mechanical socialistic speculation unprofitable ".

Reactionaries who disbelieve in progress misread the past ; they exaggerate romance and adventure and overlook the misery of the lower strata of society in the " spacious days " of Elizabeth. The outburst of energy then displayed was generated by the feeling that a new liberty was in sight. But Elizabeth was followed by James, and the ignoble reign of the Stuarts changed the spirit of the dream. The nation was not fully emancipated from mediævalism, from the dominance of the privileged few, from false criteria of verities. Science was as yet unapplied to life ; and the rules of life were not based on experience but dictated by authority. The belief in the universal superintendence of an omnipotent Power was still prevalent—the nursery stage of humanity's development — and the transition to manhood was slow and painful. People reluctantly accepted universal law in place of the caprices of an omnipotent being. The progress of applied science in transferring its principles to the great general subjects which concern the race was at first slow, but the pace became a gallop in the nineteenth century, as discovery followed discovery, and invention invention. There were too many certainties ; too little room for imagination. Regret awoke in some minds for the days in which feeling played so large a part, and a new danger arose in the mechanical interpretation of life by superficial minds and the loss of the spiritual influences which make life really worth living.

Hubert Parry had already alluded to the consensus of feeling as the bond of coherence in communities. He now expands his definition in a long digression. Feeling, he observes, is the most indefinite thing in man, and yet a powerful influence. All religions are based on feeling, which can become ecstasy, and also lead to the worst aberrations of the excess of the religious instinct, the un-

appeasable antagonism of sects, permanent hatred or violent oppression. Feeling is " instinct half awake : vitality not decisively employed. It is persistent predisposition induced by a predominance of special instincts. It has the quality of colour rather than of line, and might be called the subjective atmosphere of the individual." Human experience recognizes it as " most conspicuous in blinding men to the facts of experience ". National interests of the first importance are absolutely unattainable when feeling has been generated on a basis which has no relation to genuine facts. Yet all spiritual good comes from it, though it is devoid of thought and often resents being disturbed by it. This sounds paradoxical ; but it is a perfectly logical outcome of the writer's statement that feeling in undeveloped natures is the influence which arouses instinct, which in turn is the source of all action. An amusing list is given of some thirty different types, drawn from various strata of life, who exist on feeling and adopt a corresponding pose—from the exact and punctual man to the waggish errand-boy. They were not invented to suit the context; Hubert Parry had encountered them all in his passage through life.

From feeling he passes to sentiment—the form in which feeling becomes most definite, since sentiments define the areas which the feelings represent. He refers to peoples analogous to the man with the grievance, and evidently had Ireland in his mind's eye when he speaks of " people who hug their sufferings in poetic ecstasy, and cannot face the possibility of an excuse for the removal of their sense of grievance ". The excess of sentiment ministers to falseness —to the suppression or manipulation of the facts which will not fit in with the exalted idea of self, family, class or hero. Thus the excess of sentiment tends to the excess of the reaction against it. So many impostures and false traditions have been exploded by the " great century of certainties " that a general mutiny and rebellion had grown up in hasty and headlong minds against *all* standards of conduct as well as of art and letters. The lesson of the age of inventions was to discredit all feeling and sentiment, and its tendency was inevitably towards materialism, which is the

expression of the specializer, while spiritual influences are the expression of the generalizer. Excessive preoccupation with special activities fosters the predominance of the self-against-all-else instinct, especially among the undeveloped masses. Hence raucous self-assertion, obscene gestures, contempt for lovely things and noble creations of art, and the desire to abolish them. Hubert Parry excuses this attitude. The offenders never had the chance to understand this beauty. They know no better; the fault is not theirs; they had been trodden down, and signalize their emancipation by an orgy of earthly pleasures and crude excitements. And the great opportunity thus offered to the "commercials" is sedulously exploited by them, for the masses are at their mercy, and it is to their interest to prevent them from developing intelligence. The poison spreads upwards, infecting artists and causing them to repudiate and abandon standards and join the mob of iconoclasts or those who only worship novelties of phraseology. Thus art is divorced from sanity just as mediæval religion divorced reverence from conduct.

Once more, the only remedy is to be found in the enlightenment of the community, the gradual learning of the lesson that it is unprofitable to be hoaxed. Happily the very same people who are a prey to the "commercials" are often capable of being moved by noble things nobly expressed. The common herd are not merely fit for common things, just as, *per contra*, the fit and few are not always gazing into infinity from the heights. The reaction against feeling and sentiment is only temporary; feeling is the alternative to and the correction of specialization, and the community feeling has been growing of late years, not only in recognizing the interdependence of mankind in physical matters, trades, etc., but in mental activities as well. This growth includes also the appreciation of the fact that society is responsible for most of the aberrations of the individual; and the tendency to regard crime as largely the result of ignorance and stupidity—*i.e.* partly of heredity and environment—leads at times to an excess of compassion for the criminal. Respectability is to blame

in so far as it is only a mindless makeshift for self-respect, a veneer without any guarantee of soundness, prevalent among classes wilfully ignorant of their poorer brethren, blinded by self-complacency, but already threatened by the concerted action of the under-dog conscious of his powers.

But while the influence of social opinion and the average standards of honour and energy become more powerful, it is vitally important that the individual should not be swamped. Perfect progress is impossible without the just poise of the community and the individual. The super-man theory is liable to be over-emphasized: stress laid on individuality needs discrimination. The unconventional waker up of slumberers is a valuable asset so long as he is not violently and brutally assertive and self-complacent. Even the greatest conquerors win more by outwitting than by crushing their enemies. As social consciousness spreads wider, egotism may perhaps increase as a sort of protest against suppression. "The existence of an opposite determines the direction and control of activity. Nothing exists without its opposite." This was a favourite maxim of Hubert Parry's, and he maintains that self-consciousness, as a phase of the growth of the community feeling, is not reprehensible. The term is misleading. There are unhealthy forms, but at its best it implies "the consciousness of other people amongst whom the self is situated" and in higher natures it may be compatible with a judicial detachment, and provide for the need of making the activities of individuals fit in with those of other individuals, which is the true conception of self.

Society at large is wary of extinguishing the individual egotist, recognizes his value and condones even flagrant irregularities if the offender gives signs of serviceable gifts. Thus expediency seems to override the claims of justice, but is justified on a balance. Irregularities may be safely overlooked when the radius of mischief is local, or confined to certain professions or social strata. The social tendency is generally favourable to strong definition of character, unless the personality happens to humiliate society. Prophets

are destroyed because the general acceptance of their views would make society too uncomfortable. There is a tinge of irony in this argument, but the writer is evidently sincere in his view that the evil of this laxity is not great. Society overlooks the irregularities of a privileged class or a petted profession, but does not grant a general immunity, and safeguards itself elsewhere. Decent people avoid association with the strangely privileged classes. In fine, society is not really lax, but shows a vague impulse to weigh loss and gain ; to admit the value of variety ; and to accept compromises with the general interest, and such compromises are always in favour of the survival of characteristic individuality. None the less " the constant gravitation is towards the elimination of instinctive aberrations which injure society in general ". The fullest measure of serviceableness is only attainable when individual activity is successfully adapted to the general activities : at the same time individual initiative is the basis of progress. It is therefore a question of poise and proportion.

So we come to Character, on which, as it was said in the opening pages of the book, the well-being or ill-being of the race depends. It is now defined as " the development and coherence of individual qualities which minister to the general good of mankind : the adaptation of special individual activities to general activities ". Character when merely forceful and erratic is of little use to the world. A man's responsibility to his fellow-men cannot be overlooked, nor on the other hand can the responsibility of society to the individual. Society, as it develops, comes more and more to admit that it *is* its brother's keeper. The recognition of social needs and human interdependence is implicit in the labours of law-makers ; a more direct consciousness of this responsibility is to be found in practical philanthropy and education.

Here Hubert Parry digresses to applaud the heroic efforts of the United States to cope with the " millionaire disease "—a formidable parasitic excrescence. America has the advantage of freedom from autocratic tradition, but labours under special difficulties in its immense area

and diversity of population, drawn largely of late years from the dregs of Europe; immigrants in whom the primitive instincts are unbridled. But there is saving grace in the solidarity of a great comprehensive community, animated by a common desire for its credit and well-being. Other incompletely developed communities are less well off; in them the masses are still " in the pit " —unhappy, discontented and vindictive. The process by which the men in possession come to reconsider their position and responsibilities begins with feeling, then thinking. Action to be useful depends on right thinking, *i.e.* the right interpretation of experiences. The power and effectiveness of the individual's ideas depend on the response of society.

The history of the human race, he continues, is a ceaseless struggle with the problem of organization. The system of food supply has grown to a marvellous complexity, with ramifications affecting the supply of many other things: " the whole world is something like a big railway station in times of stress". Illustrations are given from the old regime to show how lack of order leads to waste of energy, arrogance and injustice—through the appointment of highly paid incompetents and through nepotism. The real work had to be done by subordinates, and as it was Government work and ill-paid, it was scamped. But frauds are just as common under half-baked democracies as under the most wanton autocracies. Undeveloped instincts are absolutely the same in both systems. And the process of acquiring practical wisdom will involve even uglier results and more unsavoury conditions under democracy:

" When the gangs of governmental intriguers and wire-pullers conspired together a few generations ago, the vast fortunes they gathered were expended with an air of decorous elegance, and were often used for purposes of spiritual service to the world in general; as for instance when the Duke of Chandos in Queen Anne's time made use of his position as Paymaster of the Forces to amass a prodigious fortune, he used it to afford Handel some of the

most favourable opportunities to produce the finest manifestations of his genius. But when a democratic Board of Guardians in the present day put their heads together to rob the public, their activities are not redeemed by any civilizing associations; and if they succeed in their conspiracies it is obvious that this plunder would be spent in all the lowest gratifications by which human beings are discredited."

Hubert Parry might have supplemented his illustrations of princely enlightenment from the experience of Wagner, who was encouraged to complete *Tristan und Isolde* by a message from the Emperor of Brazil, who owed the production of *Tannhäuser* in Paris to the direct intervention and support of Prince and Princess Metternich, and later on was deeply indebted (for a while) to the munificent patronage of the mad King of Bavaria.

Organization of activities only comes through slow and painful experience and makeshifts, the lack of coherent action in the masses leading to the resort to "super-men". The organization of society begins in the recognition of the mutual dependence of all the factors of home life, working up through physical to mental needs. It is this imperious call of life itself to be amplified which impels to the organization of mental and spiritual things—the things of mind and feeling. This process, he admits, is so "mysteriously unsubstantial" that it might be plausibly argued that it is in no way the result of the instinct of organization. "Things seem to organize themselves as of necessity. . . . As soon as the mind became aware of things outside its individual circuit the interrelation of the sciences reveals itself." Every branch of human knowledge is supplementary to every other. Once the door was opened and the rubbish of scholastic philosophy cleared away, the progress was marvellously rapid; the mass of accumulated knowledge soon became so stupendous that it would have been overwhelming but for organization; and this was due not only to the craving of the instinct of order but to the urgent desire to relieve distress and disease and the need of putting things in immediately accessible places.

Hubert Parry compares the organization of life to a puzzle pattern always increasing in complexity. Sectarian and class antagonisms can only be reconciled by absorption in a comprehensive ideal, in which they can be helpful rivals and not enemies. The progress of humanity is that of school writ large. Small boys fight and forget and become lifelong friends and allies in the wider sphere of public life. The growth of the community feeling is still largely limited to one's own community: people do not yet realize that the greatest minds do not belong exclusively to any community. But the undeviating nature of progress towards this wider community sense is undeniable:

"The object to which human society necessarily tends is the wider extension of unity and such systematization of motions as enables things to develop completely the widest extension of their characteristic activities within an orbit perfectly adapted to the activities of other aggregates."

Force and destruction were inevitable in the past to eliminate the unfit, but the process was wasteful. Society at large gravitates towards appeasing the feelings of antagonistic individualities in small and uncontrolled centres. All its efforts are directed towards bringing the undeveloped communities into line, "which, in other words, means organizing them on principles which are stable". These undisciplined communities are like wayward children, with the difference that the life of such children may end before they are brought to reason, while the life of communities goes on and yields to restraining influences. Differences and even vagaries are, however, assets as supplementary qualities, and there is no gain in suppressing them.

Autocratic Government and Free Institutions are next contrasted: the former traceable to pride, dominance and self-centred aggrandisement; while the latter tend to the realization of combinations of free peoples for mutual benefit, not for insensate destruction. Under these institutions people look with friendly eyes across their borders and see not potential enemies but people like themselves from whom they can learn and profit by peaceful trade.

The autocratic State is a State that does not understand : " States and nations are generations behind the best part of the individuals comprised in them ". Free peoples no longer want the old battle-cries but the principles of right and justice; " the heroisms of more developed times are not represented so much by physical as by spiritual courage ". The worthiest efforts of a State are to excel in enlightenment, high standards of character and honour, and mutual service and goodwill on the widest scale, though goodwill alone will not suffice. Many obstacles have to be overcome: persistent racial predispositions ; the lack of opportunity for the free interchange of ideas ; the dangers of geographical isolation. Races with free access to the sea are far more advantageously situated than hemmed-in peoples who lend themselves to autocracy as an easier way to keep them separate from others. For frequent contact is the best solvent of antagonisms and of the resentment against and contempt of the unfamiliar.

The " Relation of Antecedent and Consequent to Responsibility ", discussed in the next section, brings the writer to grips with the problem of Free Will or Determinism. He leads off with the statement that those who look facts bravely in the face know that every action and every thought is predetermined by its antecedents. All sorts of investigations and schemes for bettering human conditions are based on the recognition of the certainty of the effect of causes on human will. But the vast number of alternatives at every stage gives the appearance of the will being free. " It is the predominant cause or group of causes which decides the choice of one course rather than another ". Millions of causes precede everything that happens : their relative weight decides the issue. There is always a chance which instinct prevails. The most influential of the causes determine the effect. The crucial question is : What does responsibility mean ? " Each individual man is the product of antecedent causes ; but every product becomes in turn a cause or group of causes. So each individual man becomes in his turn a cause or group of causes and is responsible for the consequences that ensue."

Hubert Parry dissociates himself clearly and emphatically from the "prevalent idea that man's spiritual and physical parts are separate". Spirit and body are *not* separate. Feeling and mind are developed out of body: body is self-preserving, mind is non-self-regardant. The progress of races depends on whether physical or spiritual capacities predominate. All the spiritual side of us is ultimately derived from physical experiences, and "the spirit seems to manifest itself most favourably in those bodies which are in the finest state of well-balanced health". One cannot help recalling in this context the fact that Darwin's great investigations were carried on, in the true words of one of his disciples, in conditions which would have reduced nine men out of ten to chronic invalidism.

Spiritual manifestations, the writer continues, are most highly revered as most essential to human welfare. This reverence for a spiritual ideal, and its deterrent effect in restraining men from stupid and injurious actions, beget the sense of responsibility:

"Man feels that he is responsible for his own individual sphere of life inasmuch as other people are affected by what he does. When once we grant that the choice between one action and another lies in the extent to which it serves other people, there is no limit to its expansion. The descendants are concerned as far as we can think of them. That is the result of the special cravings of special instincts which minister to the life of the species, and all that is comprised in life.

"So when it comes to be considered in all its bearings, the sense of responsibility proves to be a resultant of the interaction of instinct and experience, which in return reacts upon effects. And it is, as part of the chain of causes and effects, one of the most powerful influences in deciding which of several possible alternatives shall be adopted. Responsibility in itself is a cause. It is also caused, but that does not make it less responsibility. And it is not only related to previous causes but also to subsequent consequences, and the expectation of those consequences influences the relative effects of previous causes. In other words, a sense of responsibility implies the recognition of consequents and their influence upon antecedents."

The argument is continued in an examination of the relative strength of the sense of responsibility in the higher and lower types. In the latter it hardly exists: while the higher natures live more and more at the prompting of intelligence. As development advances instinct approximates to intelligence; by degrees they tend to assimilate until in the highest natures they are almost identical. This applies to communities as well as individuals, and in the long run those States will be pre-eminent whose qualities can be seen to be in the highest degree beneficial to the race and not only to the individual States.

There must be pauses and reactions; but the universal impulse does not wane. The gift of inexhaustible energy is not to an individual but to all. It is the race that has to find out and agree upon how to deal with it. Man is predestined to be a social animal, and can only master his destiny by agreeing with his fellow-men how to set about it. Wars will only continue as long as communities fail to understand each other. Hereditary traits and racial characteristics must persist for untold generations. Mendelism has shown us how the process works; and the most recent researches into and interpretations of the history of prehistoric man decisively confirm the inference that the lower races can never rise to the higher levels: that the hopelessly backward or inefficient types will die out or cease to count, in part because of their geographical distribution and isolation. "The world, in the ultimate outcome, will fall to the disposal of those who are competent to make the best use of it,"—carrying, where they can, the inefficient with them and transforming them into serviceable members of the general forces of self-conquest. But where they are recalcitrant or incapable they must remain outside, under the guidance of the more social races.

The essential need in regard to racial predispositions is mutual accommodation. Varieties of active qualities are found combined in every race, community or individual, and this combination is desirable so that the widest possible choice of various energies may be available, and the useless energies may be eliminated by the multitude

of those which are serviceable. This assimilation of variety necessitates mutual understanding, a problem beset by many difficulties.

The problem would be insoluble if races could be kept really pure, since the admixture of various races makes for efficiency and helpful mutual understanding. It may be noted in passing that Hubert Parry says nothing on the extremely thorny question of miscegenation.

The drawbacks of mental isolation are illustrated by the limited outlook of typical farmers and landed proprietors. Nations are for the most part extremely mixed, yet unified by laws and a local attitude of mind. Thus France, as he notes, has been compared to a kaleidoscope, but it is a kaleidoscope different from those of Italy, Spain, Germany or Russia. The combined influence of climate and racial traits reacts on national predispositions in regard to great world questions. Attitudes of mind, again, are infectious. Settlers or conquerors become more nationalistic than the original natives, and character is maintained by keeping things out as well as by bringing things in. Democracy requires a combination of all the attributes by which the human race may progress in well-being. Autocracy bars accommodation by limiting its scope, and thus paves the way to collisions and destruction. When races intermingle the characteristic qualities of different types are brought together, supplement one another, and make for enhanced efficiency. Richly composite peoples are ready for more and more eventualities, while pure races are less able to meet special contingencies. They may have produced "super-men" in the past, but cannot go on producing them: besides "they are not wanted"; they belonged to undeveloped societies in which the grossest inequalities were inevitable. Free democracies are only possible when the jars of contending classes and parties and sects are replaced by a competition in the excellence of their contribution to the general well-being: "The highest justice is not attainable until the nations desire to excel in the finest attributes of character rather than the basest".

Furthermore, the wider the range of coherence, the

greater the stability. This is proved even in the primitive brutalities of war, the acknowledged maxims of war treatises, and the resort to propaganda to promote cleavage amongst enemies. Wars are often due to the aberrations of small groups of individuals. Fortunately the great body of society is hostile to dishonesty, craft and falsehood, and obstructive or injurious activities are handicapped by incoherence: "honour amongst thieves is nonsense".

Thus the concurrence of general opinion keeps individuals and small groups in hand, and also inspires and sustains the individual in his higher aspirations. One gathers from this that as humanity progresses, the stoning of prophets will cease, because they too "will not be wanted". This concurrence also affects statesmanship and encourages far-sighted measures as opposed to opportunist improvisations. As social opinion is unified by the consciousness of common interests, it alters and raises its standards. Hubert Parry illustrates this by the condemnation of profiteering as practised a hundred and fifty years ago in times of national need and stress; but it is to be feared his satisfaction was premature when he wrote that "in these days if any one were proved to have made a monstrous fortune by taking advantage of the country in stress of war there would be a roar of rage from one end of the country to the other".

Man, he goes on, desires urgently to fulfil himself, but can only do so in relation to his environment: "he only exists, spiritually, as part of the universal organization. His success depends on his adapting his activities to the highest standards of the movement of his time". A long and interesting digression follows on the extraordinary persistence and value of the desire of mankind to be favourably remembered after death. It is a universal passion, and "one of the strongest influences in making people desire some form of individual continuance, such as the individual immortality of the soul". Even the most cynical and worldly men assume that society in general will adopt the highest criterions after their life is ended, and "the influence of the imagined judgment of a strangely

enlightened posterity has enormous influence on human conduct". For this posthumous reward "man will live a life that is little better than perpetual martyrdom". Alternative choices are thus influenced not only by the past but by the future: "The magic of the future reacts upon the present by anticipation of spiritual criterions".

The ideal of the great combination of humanity is not self-*against*-everything else, but self-*for*-everything else. Society at large gravitates towards the capacity for inclusion, not exclusion. The social ideal can only include infinite varieties of character and activity by being so broad, liberal, and widely spaced that there is room for all manner of divergent energies to move. In this context he notes the readiness of mankind, in virtue of the instinct of sympathy, to recognize fine traits in erroneous speculations and actions. Lost causes and forlorn hopes—even when intrinsically mistaken and perverse — can inspire heroism and nobility — witness the examples of Bayard, Lucretius (whose prescience Hubert Parry rather underrates) and great artists who harnessed their talents to autocrats.

Amongst those who seek out and glorify the qualities and characters which elicit admiration and reverence, he gives the first place to poets and makers of literature of all sorts. Their great mission is "to establish the standards of appreciation which will prevail in the community. . . . A country that has a great and noble and comprehensive literature has the greatest possession it is possible for a community to have." Unfortunately even great communities do not always profit by their heritage, and have often proved unworthy of it. "The vast majority of the population of England never read a sentence of their greatest dramatists and poets and are rather inclined to despise those who have. . . . Nevertheless it is the tone of a nation's highest literature which establishes its spiritual and progressive unity." Such literature not only supplies people with specific instances of blunders and antidotes but with means of distinguishing shams from realities. But the strain is too great for feeble minds to cope with,

and the " commercials " trade on their feebleness by supplying them with pap. Still the influence of the great literature on the few and fit radiates and insensibly influences the feelings of the many.

Literature is invaluable in promoting understanding between diverse nations, and reducing aggressiveness and antagonism. Art of all kinds also helps to bring nations into touch with one another, for art is of no nationality or sect—its object being to make the things which are reverable take possession of the spirit of man. But art often betrays its pledges ; like literature it has its plague spots. Still it is well that they should be revealed so that we should be better able to deal with them securely. Hubert Parry notes as a " suggestive trait " in the English that they have always been much interested in the art of other peoples. It is well that men should recognize the artistic sense in the strangest guises, and love the strangeness which speaks truly and has not been corrupted by commercialism : " The greater the variety, the richer the sum of spiritual experiences ".

The argument of the entire work is summarily recapitulated in a few pages of retrospect. The millions of motions which make up the sum total of the universe are saved from colliding and becoming mutually destructive by being systematized into definite and coherent associations : progress consists in the accommodation of characteristic predispositions in the smaller associations to the necessities of the whole system. Human instincts are the forms of impulse which become decisively established because they induced the survival and welfare of the race. Their function is absolutely the same as that of the instincts of animals, birds, insects and even the habits of some vegetable organisms. The difference is the result of man's being capable of much more comprehensive and rapid adaptation through the mental powers developed from his capacity to reason from experience, and discuss the relations of principles which have constantly become more comprehensive. Constant readjustment was entailed by the increasing complexity of man's social activities, since the

persistent tendencies of uncontrolled instincts produced activities violently at variance with the objects it was their function to serve. First the excess energies of individuals, then of small, then of large groups have been regulated so as to avoid conflict with the necessary activities of others. The huge aggregates of modern democratic nations are all associations of systematized motions controlled by consent from within rather than by force from without. Violent collisions between these huge associations are still possible, but the general trend is obvious towards more widespread systematization of associated motions. The need of providing against collision of these larger associations develops national responsibility: "Such responsibility is the human expression of the control of the forms of motion which are being more and more widely adapted to the avoidance of destructive collisions and the furtherance of that free expenditure of congenial energy which affords the highest satisfaction to the human creature and the highest benefit to the human community". This sense of responsibility works in the same way as an instinct, setting up cravings to do certain things in preference to others, acting as a predominating influence when the various alternative causes are nearly balanced, and moving with a force very like that of gravitation.

The adjustment and free play of infinitely various energies comes with the widening out of social consciousness, and ministers to human satisfaction: "All tragedy and distress and suffering are the result of energies impeded or exercised contrary to the interests of other energies. Man complains of injustice, but all the injustices are of his own making." They grow out of the insistence on the individual interest against the general interest, the disloyalty of the assertive energetic unit to the aggregate of which it forms a part. Such things are interpreted in terms of consciousness and feeling, but have also to be interpreted in terms of their physical counterparts, for what man calls "spiritual" is not isolated or dissevered from the system of the universe. Man's powers of reasoning are limited by the extent of his experiences. He cannot consciously

realize either the infinite or the finite; he cannot grasp either eternity or the ending of time. He is pinned to facts which his senses reveal to him and his mind interprets. And his mind interprets in order that his instinctive cravings may be satisfied. In this satisfaction happiness consists. But it does not consist in mere physical action, or momentary personal gratification, but in the permanent sense of attaining objects which minister to the benefit of others. The happiness of undeveloped man was a mere spasm of joy born of gratifying personal and animal cravings. The developed man distrusts such spasms which cause pain to others and ultimately claim payment with usury. The sense of life being worth living is the ultimate test, and it is created by "the self-adjustment of each characteristic form of energy to the needs of other characteristic forms in order that its own characteristic motions shall not be hampered". This freedom, which means independence from interference, is only attainable by avoiding interference with other forms of motion.

The complete development of human interpretation of experiences and the successful taming of aberrant forms of instinctive self-indulgence presupposes a constant supply of energy. When it flags or fails or lapses into contented routine, the community grows poor and languid, incapable of coping with emergencies, and will ultimately illustrate the law of the non-survival of the unfit.

The progress of interpretation, however, is aided by the urgency of instinctive cravings. Though their excesses cause all the evils from which men suffer, their urgent call keeps man's intelligence constantly developing. And as the universal intelligence is not concerned with the instinct of this man or that as against another, but with the conditions which will conduce to the most serviceable result for them all, it gradually moves in the direction of the highest well-being of the race.

The "Retrospect" ends with a brief survey of the influences which draw human beings together. Foremost among these Hubert Parry places the recognition of lovable and worshipful qualities in their fellow-men. The ultimate

basis of the thoughts which incite men to fruitful agreement is the just interpretation of experiences—the power to see through symbols to the reality of the thoughts behind them, to distinguish essentials from inessentials, principles from details, spirit from matter, thought from verbiage and gesticulation :

" All such capacities are the fruit of earlier experiences, to which those which have to be interpreted have to be added. The continuity is as unbroken as the continuity of life. It grows through the absolute necessity of interpreting experiences aright ; the penalty for not doing so being, ultimately, death."

This resourcefulness is engendered by urgent need. It is interesting to find Hubert Parry, in the culminating stage of his argument, drawing the last of his illustrations from the calling of those who go down to the sea in ships. It is the last of those touches which lend " Instinct and Character " a peculiar autobiographical value apart from its general philosophic importance :

" The reason why sailors are so extraordinarily resourceful is, that if they misinterpret what experience ought to have taught them and do the wrong things at vital moments, which may occur every day through the caprices of wind and tide, there is an end, and they will not see home any more."

Sailors, he admits, are in some ways fortunate, for it is generally easy to see what they have to provide for ; whereas human life, though in reality it closely resembles the vicissitudes of sea-going, is full of hidden dangers :

" But though men may be individually inattentive, slovenly, self-indulgent, the urgent stress of social existence forces mankind to delve deeper and deeper into their millions of experiences, and abstract the principles which will save them from being stupefied by the accumulation of details."

Inasmuch as the greater part of the experiences to be interpreted concern their fellow-men, reliance upon their loyalty and good faith becomes indispensable. Distrust is

one of the most poisonous influences in human life, while the sense of frank and loyal fellowship is one of the surest guarantees of the life that is worth living. The spread of this sense is capable of limitless extension. Good fellowship, based on mutual trust, can exist between men and nations of the most diverse dispositions and characters.

The constancy of man's endeavour to improve the conditions of life in the past is a guarantee of the future. In spite of the influence of bad habits contracted ages ago, in spite of mistakes and tragedies, man strives, as he has always striven, to make life worth living, and will not give up the exhilarating effort to master his difficulties: "It is the feeling of having made good and serviceable use of the allowance of the universal energy that each man enjoys which makes all the difference between content and discontent". But he cannot find out what things are injurious or correct the impulses which betray him by himself. The discovery can only be made through the fellowship of the millions associated together in human society.

Hence the conclusion:

"Man lives not by mind alone, but by all the impulses, qualities and feelings, convictions and hopes, efforts and aspirations which have been developed in him by his unquenchable ardour in the interests of the great fellowship of human kind. The multiform experiences of his long pilgrimage inspire him, and the search for the right interpretation of them makes the pilgrimage worth while."

The actual composition of the book, in its original form, was completed before Hubert Parry died, and it was submitted to Messrs. Macmillan. Amongst his papers the rough draft of the letter accompanying the MS. was found, and is so characteristic as to warrant reproduction:

"I am almost ashamed in these days to confess that I have been at work for some years on a book which is not ostensibly connected with music. But it was a sort of 'apologia', which I could not resist tackling in connexion with my having devoted my life to it. Indirectly it has a close connexion with Art, and one of its purposes is to deal

with the spiritual and the material influences in life which just in these times have become most urgent. If I was not at least egotistical enough to feel that the questions it dealt with are peculiarly urgent, I should be content to let it remain unprinted, as an attempt to think out my own interpretation of things which present themselves to my particular sphere of work in order, more or less, to thrash them out, as well as my wits would serve me.

"I am never the least anxious to be before the public. But the line that has presented itself to me is rather different from what I am accustomed to hear around me, and in some ways, however defective, it seems to me it might be of value. It works out to the same conclusion as Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution*, though by a totally different road, and it is the road I want to emphasize. As you published Kidd's book it is natural to offer it for your consideration."

The decision of Messrs. Macmillan not to undertake the publication of the book was a great disappointment to Hubert Parry, though he himself, as Mr. Arthur Ponsonby tells us, had been perplexed by the abundance of his material, and in doubt as to the best method of its presentation:

"In the last months he had actually come to the conclusion that the best way might be to rewrite the whole work, and he wrote some hundred pages of a digest or epitome of the larger scheme, so anxious was he to find a suitable form in which, if not the whole, anyhow an abbreviated version of his Vision might appear."

The sequel is thus described by Mr. Ponsonby, who was entrusted, after his father-in-law's death, with the task of editing these manuscripts:

"I was assisted by the vivid recollection of many conversations with him on his ideas while he was in process of working them out, and by the fact of his having read out to me and allowed me to read several sections of the book. I shared with him the uncertainty as to the best method of presenting his argument, though he adopted tentatively some of the suggestions I ventured to make.

"I have taken the responsibility of rearranging the sections of the original full version and dividing them

under headings and titles, which may assist the reader and guide him through the sequence of the argument. In doing this I have had to combine various passages and alter the order of several sections. By this process, however, only a few pages of the manuscript have been sacrificed, and not more than a connecting phrase here and there added.

"While I am inclined to think he would not have disapproved of the arrangement I have arrived at, it is probable that he would still have been dissatisfied with the general presentment of the composition and, had he lived, would very likely have decided eventually on a more drastic rearrangement of the design. It was his habit, moreover, to make copious corrections in his writings both in the manuscript and in the proofs, and I fear that this last work of his must to some extent suffer from being deprived of his own careful revisions."

These facts and details may serve to explain how it was that when the work, in its revised form, was submitted to the Clarendon Press, their verdict was adverse to publication. That verdict was only arrived at after most careful and sympathetic consideration. The late Sir Walter Raleigh, one of those consulted, acquiesced in this decision, on the broad grounds that the work dealt with many departments of human knowledge, and particularly science, on lines which did not represent the latest and most authoritative pronouncements of expert investigators; that the upheaval of the War and its results and lessons inevitably laid many of his conclusions and speculations open to challenge and controversy; and that to publish the book, as it stood, would not redound *in the main* to the author's repute. But in discussing the matter with me he added that all those parts which were based on Hubert Parry's own observation, and on his exhaustive and intimate study of his art, were of the highest value. "There are splendid things in it", were Sir Walter Raleigh's words, and his suggestion was that whole sections and chapters might be profitably included in the biography.

As a result of the decision of the Clarendon Press, the book remains unpublished, but typewritten copies have been deposited at the British Museum, the Bodleian, the

Royal College of Music and the Cambridge University Libraries. To carry out Sir Walter Raleigh's suggestion fully was impracticable, but I have acted upon it to a considerable extent. As Hubert Parry once said of the book, "I have been writing it all my life"; and in a sense it might be added that he had been *living* it as well.

THE VISION OF LIFE

A SYMPHONIC POEM

WRITTEN WITH MUSIC FOR A CARDIFF FESTIVAL

The Dreamer

From utmost distance of the dreams of thought,
The long procession comes ;
Shadows that follow shadows.

Changeless in change, tireless in the weary wandering
Death strews the path, yet the living ever come !
Millions on millions !

No echo of their speech,
No sign of what they were ;
No wakening to wonder
Of tokens that their passing left upon the way.
Lost in long night, where no light gleams,
They passed, and passed
And were forgot.

The Dream Voices

We wandered aimless in a world of dread :
Where'er life was, death lurked ;
We knew not hope, for us knowledge was not ;
By the law of our being strife was begotten ;
The weak grew strong in wariness ;
Cunning and craft were his weapons ;
He shunned the light in secret places,
And slew for safety, and found none !

The Lords of the tempest thundered,
The flame from the cloud consumed us,
The wielder of winds o'erwhelmed us,
The frosts of the night numbed us.

Homeless and houseless,
In caves and in clefts,
We hid from the terror
Of tempest and torrent,
Cowering, thirsting, shivering, starving, dying,
While the host wandered on.

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION

Yet shines the life-sustaining Sun!
The countless stars in their allotted courses move;
Day follows night with changeless constancy;
The world its circling course fulfils,
And while the ages wander by
The weltering tumult winds its helpless way,
From out the deeps of darkness and despair
Into the light of dawn.

The weary faces brighten as they fare;
The words we know and welcome as our own,
That tell of radiant youth that revels in itself,
And looks on life with eyes of wondering joy,
With hands outstretched to grasp the cup and drain it.
Tumultuous, eager, thronging on their way,
They take and turn to joy
All that the wakening world can give.

THE DREAM VOICES

To us is the glory of beauty revealed,
The glory of all that gladdens the eye;
The beauty of suppleness,
The beauty of speed,
Of litheness of limb and the wondrous fairness of face.

To us is revealed the wonder of words,
The wonders of thought and the passion of tears.

To us is revealed the delight in great deeds,
The joy in the prowess of peerless men,
The strife of the gods and the heroes.

We wielded the sword and the spear,
The bow we bent in the battle,
We drank to the depths the cup of the frenzy of fight !
We won the welcome triumphant,
The welcome of home-coming warriors,
The shout of the saved to their saviours !
The salt sea stayed us not,
The mountains delayed us not,
Forest and valley betrayed us not.
We won to knowledge and wisdom,
We learnt the lore of the heavens,
We knew the sun that shone for us,
The stars that made gay the sky for us,
The moon whose silvery light
Made wonderful the watches of the night !
To us the gods gave freedom and a radiant world,
Our way was flower-strewn,
Ringing with gladness and song.

THE DREAMER

Ye may not rest, O wanderers,
Time will not wait nor stay the ruthless rhythm of his march
To let life wander in the gardens of delight.

For other learning is our fate,
Long weary days to tread and bitter fruit to taste
Ere to the longed-for haven ye win.

Hark to the harsher sound,
The tramp of greed and pride !

THE VOICES

Pride ! possession ! the passion of power !
To us the world and its wealth !
To us the glory of greatness !
To us the dominant dower of Empire !

The free under foot are trodden,
As slaves are they herded to serve us,
As slaves shall they slay one another,
To glut our greed for bloodshed.

Kings shall go fawning for favour,
Chiefs of the vanquished go chained to our chariots.

The glitter and splendour of gold and of purple,
The shimmer of steel, the thunder of triumphs,
Luxury, licence, wanton and limitless!
What care we when mastery wins to defiance?
Where none dare question, no right but might!
And that right runs through the world!

THE DREAMER

To Death must all come,
How huge soe'er the mocking semblance looms,
And all the world should be enslaved
To minister to measureless desire.
Victor and vanquished, spoiler and despoiled,
A little span and they are gone!

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION

Yet while the roar of power triumphant rings,
A single voice, from lands remote and wild,
From humble cot of lowly peasant folk,
Speaks to the travellers as they toil along
Such words as held men wondering,
Such bidding to bethink them of their need,
Such teaching of the nothingness of pride
Beside the joy of faithful brotherhood,
That ever after all the path was changed.

A heaven dawned upon their way,
Far off, and dimly dreamed,
Encircled with a halo of desire;
And they forgot the roughness of the road,
The weary limbs, the parched throat,
The blows, the scars, the tears,
In watching far away a beacon in the sky.

THE VOICES

The Empire of the proud ones passeth,
They strive with one another for the sway,
And their reward is ruin.
We watch them as we wander on,
And it is nought to us!
The world is brooding, and we go stumbling
Through wrecks of ancient learning.
The heavens are full of visions,
The air is full of voices,
And we are faint with longing
To hear the message clearly.
The spirit within us
Striveth and seeketh,
The old life is over,
The new is yet dawning.

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION

So near to perfect joy and peace,
Their souls fulfilled with faith and love,
They linger, earthly lures forgot,
Wrapt in a dream of hope.

Does not the toilsome journey end
Full soon and near, the haven won,
The pledge of all desire attained,
Rest to the weary given?

THE DREAMER

Yet onward still the shadows come,
Relentless need their steps constraining;
The voice that called them groweth dumb,
The light of love is waning.

THE VOICES

To us only is the truth known,
Ours the word that bringeth safety.
To us heaven's portals are open,
Heirs are we of endless glory.

They that heed not shall be harried,
Flame and sword shall be their portion.

March we onward, never failing,
Sure of foot and sure of future!

THE DREAMER

Faint, faint the beacon light,
Cloud, mist and gloom once more.

The pathway lost, men cry to one another in the dark,
This way and that way,
Deep in the hollows,
High in the bleak fells,
Striving and falling,
Wrestling and clamouring,
Working confusion,
Each laying hold of the thing that is nearest,
Snatching—grasping—lying—cheating!

THE VOICES

This is mine, out on thee,
Slave that hast no rights!
Starve thou, the bread is mine!
Thirst thou, the wine is mine!
Hide thee in hovels!
Thou and thy foul brood!
Rot in the gutter!
Die in the ditch!
The earth is mine!
Its fruit is mine!
Its wealth is mine!
Thou shalt not rest,
Thou shalt not hope,
Thou shalt not think,
Thou shalt not breathe
But at my will!

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION

Ah! baleful dower of blinded self,
The prize is poisoned!

Surfeit and despair
Are mingled in the cup the victor drains.
Red is the wild revenge the vanquished claim,
Red the swift horror of descending steel
That slays the guiltless with the vilest
In raging thirst to right such wrong.

THE DREAMER

Yet, in the weltering chaos of waste words,
Slowly the madness of strife and of hatred
Yields to the spirit of love and of truth,
Dimly the certainties wake in the hearts of men!
Certain and sure are the stars in their courses.
At dawn unfailing the great Sun upriseth.
As summer follows the spring,
As seed-time follows the flower-time,
As waves are wind-born,
And green grass rain-born;
As bird is not wingless,
Nor flame without fuel,
So are there mounting up
Witnessing certainties,
Day by day,
Year by year,
Age by age,
Ever and always,
Marvellous, obedient, faithful and fruitful.

THE VOICES

Hearken, O brothers,
To the music of the song of the world!
Hear the hum of earth and air,
Feeding the forests;
Hear the bass of mighty trees,
Spreading, unfolding!
Hear the tender song of flowers expanding,
Hear the whisper of the green grass growing,
Hear the rustle of the wheat ripening,
Hear the shout of roystering winds,
Rousing the echoes,
Rousing the thunder

Of wild thronging waves !
Hear the mighty harmony of all the powers unseen.
Orderly, steadfastly, each in their ministry
Ceaselessly singing !
Hear them and love them,
And join in their jubilant song.

THE DREAMER

Nearer they come, and ever more near !
Of our own time they are, and here !
And sweeping onwards in an endless stream,
No longer phantoms of a dream.
The form of each is clear !
There a dear familiar face !
There a friend long lost !
A child, a loved one !
Maybe there—myself !
A spectral shadow,
Doomed to strive a little space
And pass away.
What help ? Is there no stay,
No word of solace,
Nor a word of greeting anywhere,
To one left dreaming here alone ?

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION

None will be dreaming alone,
Nor hungering vainly for comfort !
See, in the infinite distance
Where the unbroken flood moves on,
How hope and helpfulness unwearied
Make all the path a radiant mead ;
And brother sees in the eyes of brother
The trust that makes toil's best reward.
They hold out hands to help the faint,
To make the stumbling footsteps sure ;
They sing the song of spirits freed
From pride and fear and barren greed ;
They sing the song of spirits undaunted,
Of spirits purged of earthly stain,
The everlasting song of the way made plain,

THE VOICES

We praise the men of the days long gone,
Faithful and brave, loyal and sure,
Who cleared the path their firmness won,
Making it plain for men unborn and for all time secure.
We think with love of those who fell,
Lost in the stress, living in vain,
Who knew not light nor wisdom's spell,
Wandering helpless, maimed and blind, condemned to helpless pain!

Wise ones or worthless,
Helpful or hindering,
Martyrs or cowards,
Heroes or cravens,
All pace the same path,
All face the same death.

Limitless oneness binds us together,
Passing on life from one to another,
Seeking to solve it,
Seeking to know it,
Seeking to make it of worth to each brother.

Awake, ye that live in darkness!
Darkness serveth not for deeds of light.
Awake, ye that love folly!
Folly is no making for the life of man.
Awake, ye that heed not man's worth
And laugh to see him faint and fall!
Awake, ye that mock at the right,
Ye counsellors of corruption!
Ye cannot stay the Sun!

THE SPIRIT OF THE VISION AND THE VOICES

Where faith is there is strength!
Where truth is there is joy!
Where trust is there is love!
Where love is there is heaven!

Onward ! onward and upward
The path has ever been !
Onward ! onward and sunward
The traveller's way will be !
From hand to hand the token passeth on
Though millions after millions pass away ;
Another takes the quest when our life's tale is done,
Come night to us, to others comes the day.
Hands across the ages,
Voices echoing voices,
Heartbeat answering heartbeat,
Joy surging triumphant ;
The vision binds eternal life in one.

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